JUNE, 1946

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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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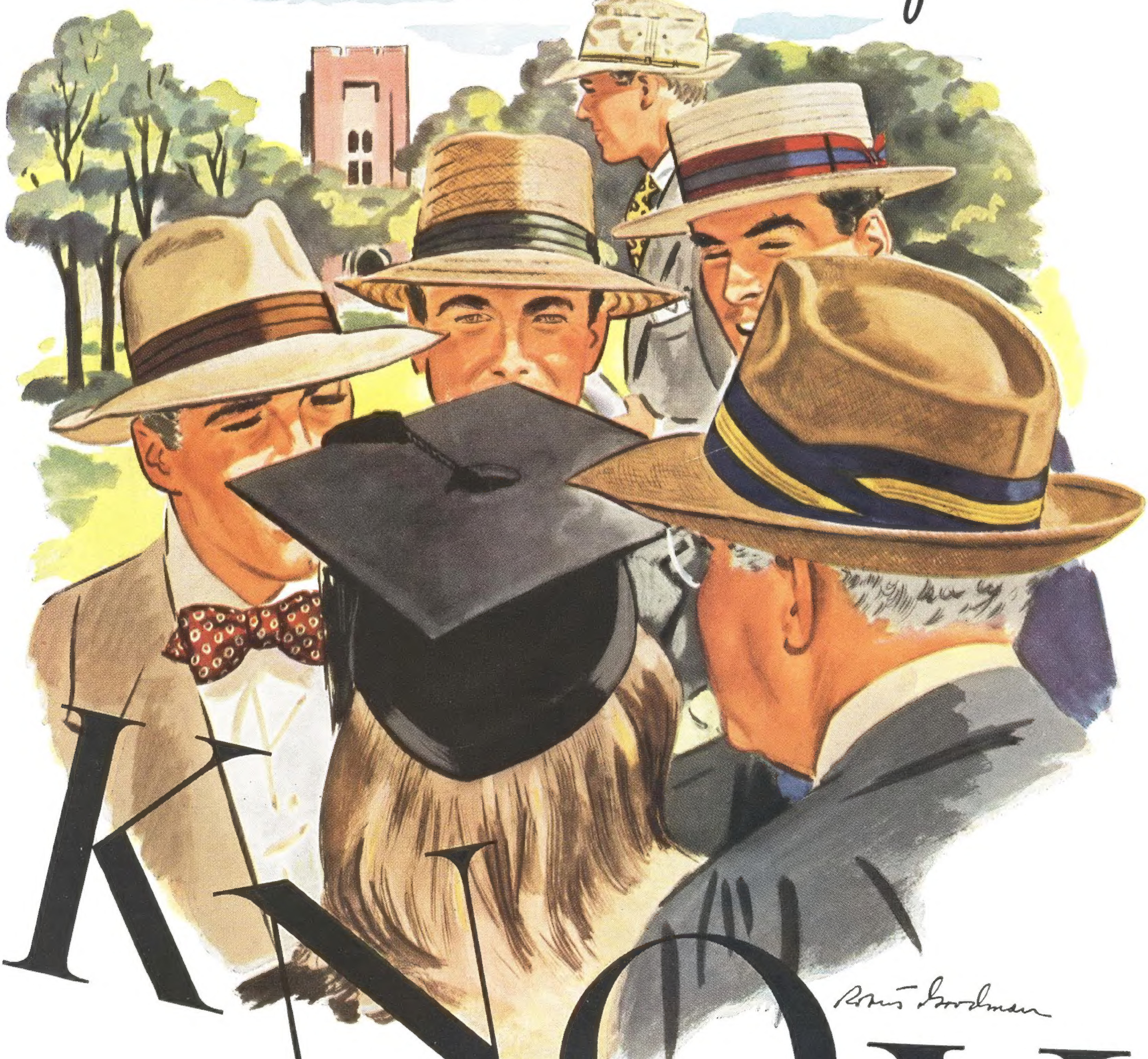
AMONG MEN WHO KNOW...

"*If the label is Knox the Hat is right!*"



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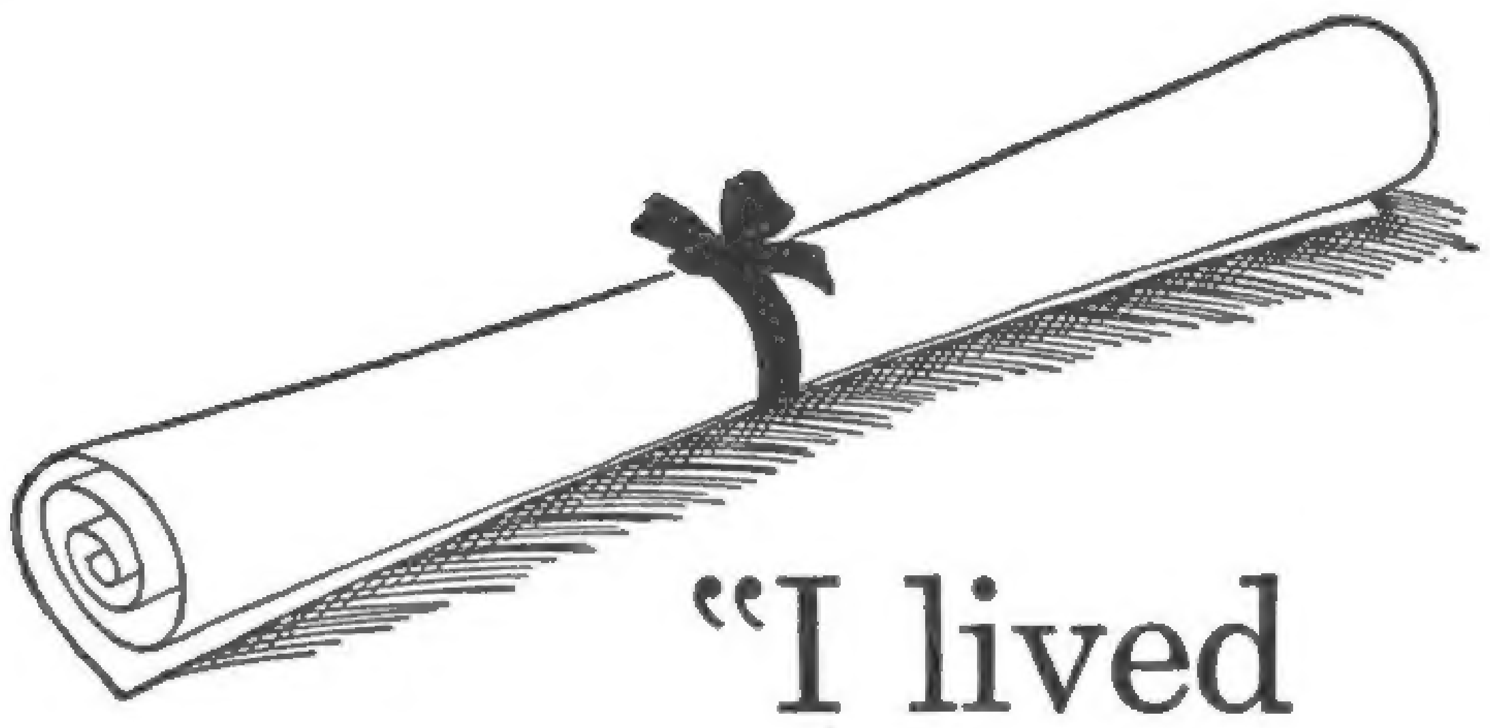

"I lived a lifetime

in those few moments!"

In just a few minutes I'll be a Bachelor of Arts. I guess I should be looking ahead. But my mind keeps going back . . .

Back to the Christmas morning long ago when I found Blackie under the tree. (The folks must have seen me with my nose against the Pet Shop window.)

Back to the time I caught pneumonia. Mom wouldn't leave my bedside until the fever broke.

Back to the day I skidded on the ice and wrecked Dad's new sedan. All he said was, "Never mind the car—are *you* all right?"

Mom and Dad gave up a lot to send me through college. Do you wonder why I couldn't find words to thank them this morning? On top of everything, they gave me the graduation present I've always longed for—a brand-new Hamilton Watch!

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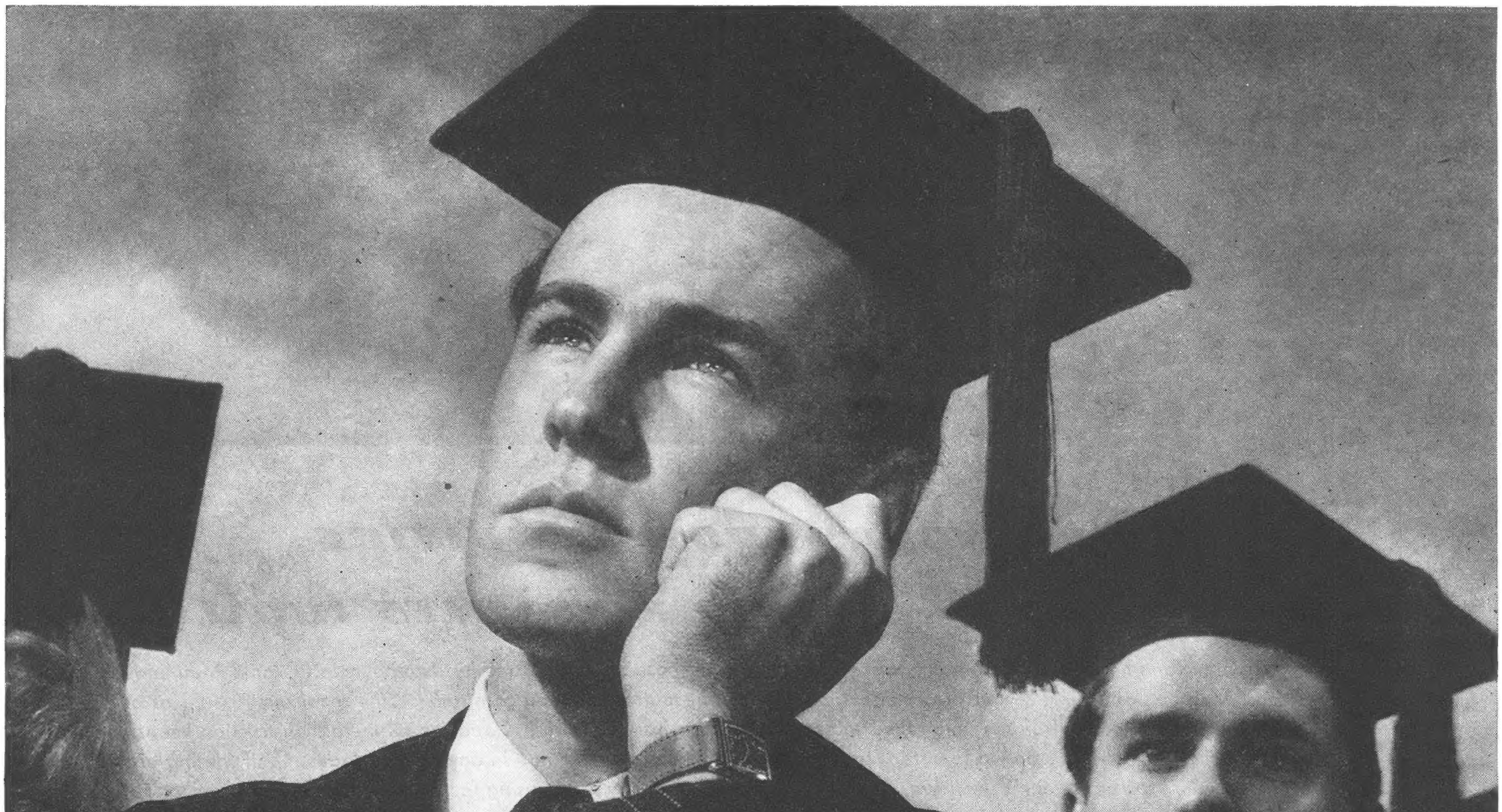

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Discovery of the Month

All during the war our desk was swimming with G.I. letters. We like this sort of thing, and we're happy to hear that G.I. guys still know their own minds. From the mists of a radio control tower of the Army Air Force, witness our word from Sgt. William A. Oden:

> "I have only recently discovered a magazine. It's name is Esquire! That may not sound so remarkable now or at any time to you, but it makes sense here. When discussing books and magazines with friends the question has arisen: 'Have you seen such-and-such copy of Esquire?' The answer has usually been 'Yes.' But seeing the magazine is about all there is to it. For a number of years (ever since I have been old enough to understand) I have enjoyed 'The Magazine for Men.' I have looked at the pictures, drawings, advertisements, and found them sufficient to satisfy my curiosity. To tell the honest truth I think the advertisements have been the most fascinating of all. (Messrs. Baer, Shermund, Webb and others . . . will probably register disapproval at this, but as we all know their efforts are not in vain and stand closer to the top by popular vote.) But the main point in this paragraph is that it is my personal opinion that few subscribers have discovered the excellence of the articles appearing in your publication. There really should be some means to bring this to the attention of your readers. I do not think that I am the only one who has for years overlooked the fact that the magazine contains some fine reading."

Thanks, Sergeant Oden! We do feel sometimes a little like the character who discovered to his amazement and delight that he had been talking prose all his life. But there it is in Esquire every month, for those who want it.

DAVID A. SMART
Editor and Publisher

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Esquire

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ESQUIRE is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-Pres.; Alfred R. Pastel, Vice-Pres. in charge of advertising; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer; A. L. Blinder, Vice-Pres. and Circulation Director. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Dec. 15th, 1933 under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage if their return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., New York City 17. Subscriptions in the U. S. and possessions, Pan-American Union and Canada. $5.00 a year in advance; elsewhere, $7.50. In changing subscription addresses both *old* and *new* addresses *must* be given 30 days before change is to take effect.

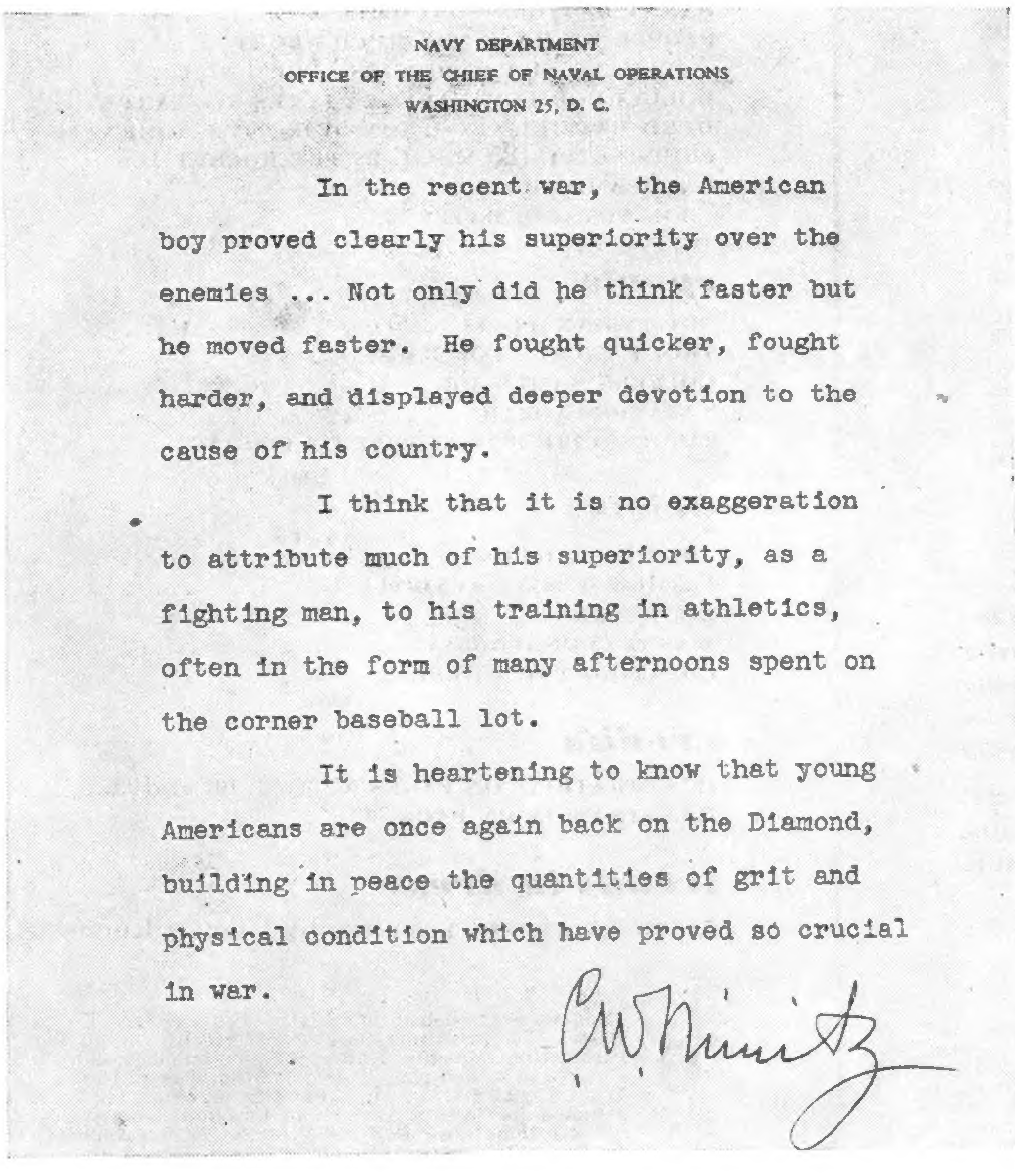
T. M. REG.

Editorial: A Word from the Bleachers

Admiral Nimitz, meet Johnnie. Johnnie, Admiral Nimitz. Johnnie is a good man when the chips are down, too, although he's only eleven. In fact, he's eighteen good men, each with a batting average over .300, as he can prove very handily. His version of two teams playing baseball is a little hard on the wind, but the Navy should certainly approve. It goes like this . . . Johnnie slugs the ball and then hightails out to field it himself. It takes a fast man to cover his own peg to first base, but Johnnie makes it, egged on by his "chatter." He can handle 'em high or low while he covers first, although he's been badly spiked in his day on close plays. But he sees the game through to the bitter end, no matter how the luck runs. Johnnie's idea of heaven, it must be confessed, would be a sandlot with seventeen other players on it.

The Admiral understands that. So does a teammate of his, a guy called Ike, who used to bust fences in the bush leagues, before he took up things on a bigger scale.

Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, U. S. N.



NAVY DEPARTMENT
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF NAVAL OPERATIONS
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

In the recent war, the American boy proved clearly his superiority over the enemies ... Not only did he think faster but he moved faster. He fought quicker, fought harder, and displayed deeper devotion to the cause of his country.

I think that it is no exaggeration to attribute much of his superiority, as a fighting man, to his training in athletics, often in the form of many afternoons spent on the corner baseball lot.

It is heartening to know that young Americans are once again back on the Diamond, building in peace the quantities of grit and physical condition which have proved so crucial in war.

CWNimitz

We were thinking along the same lines as we read the returns from the Esquire Sports Poll this month. A lot of Johnnies, just a few years older than he, who never had the chance to eat big stadium turf or breathe arena smoke seem to have impressed the nation's top sportswriters and sportscasters fully as much as the big shots. One of the questions we asked our experienced and far-flung colleagues this month added up to: "What was the most unforgettable sports event you ever witnessed?" The answers that highballed into our mail box took us right back into schooldays when a touchdown in the wrong column brought on black thoughts of life and death. Your favorite poet of the sports page, it seems, often lets his mind wander over the opening of the queen's gambit or the figure of the blonde in front of him, during a Rose Bowl game, but he will bend the ears of his pals in a pub all through the night with a sizzling play-by-play description of the semi-finals in an all-county tournament, witnessed from a pile of sassafras grass in Earmuff, Montana, in 1922.

This is heartening news. It gives us a good feeling that the thousands of teen age sandlotters and schoolboys who try out every year for the now-famous Esquire All-American Boys Squad may be doing more than just taking a cut at a career in big-time baseball, or having the thrill of a lifetime at our expense. It's true, of course, that the trimmings are strictly headline stuff—the boys tried to park them in the bleachers at the Polo Grounds last year, and this year they'll try to chip the paint in Wrigley Field, where the Chicago Cubs store their bats. But the real pattern goes deeper and wider, beyond the reading areas of the big dailies, and the sound of the subways, to where the small talk in the general store gets first choice over the family dinner table. Like our friends in the newspapers and in the radio stations, like Admiral Nimitz, we've got our eye and our hopes on the sandlots. If helping to stimulate junior baseball in out-of-the-way corners is going to pay off in the modest way in the shaping of future citizens, we're all for it. And when a representative American community such as Oklahoma City officially sets aside a full week to be devoted to boys' baseball, with the All-American tryout game as the climax, we can't help feeling at least a little proud, like the guy who gets an assist on a triple play.

Perhaps you haven't yet looked behind Esquire's junior baseball program, 'way back to where bat meets ball—sometimes—and where throwing rocks off the infield is standard pre-game procedure. Across the nation in hundreds of sandlot, high school, and American Legion leagues the call for aspiring big-leaguers was sounded this spring by thirty-two of the country's leading newspapers, which co-operate with Esquire in conducting the biggest boys' baseball event in the history of the game. The sports editors of these papers select the cream of the young crop in as many districts to form the crack East and West squads that finally meet for the championship.

Five hundred thousand boys seventeen years of age and under have taken part in these Esquire tryouts in the past two years, since the event was inaugurated. The winners this year have a schedule just as glittering to a young baseball player, as in the past. They will travel to Chicago to play in the big game on August 10 in Wrigley Field. Baseball immortals such as Connie Mack, Mel Ott, Babe Ruth and Ty Cobb will coach these lads in playing secrets that have written drama into the record books. The boys will live for a week like big-leaguers, stopping at the best hotels, eating and sleeping baseball, sharpening their fielding and batting out where the crowd will roar on the big day. And that day is something to see. You'll never behold a big-leaguer, in or out of a World Series, round into third with an expression on his face quite like the one Curtis Simmons flashed last year when his ninth-inning triple started the scoring that won for the East team. That was the All-American smile we had in mind when the whole idea was started.

That's about all there is to it. We thought that maybe you'd enjoy hearing something about the game you'll be seeing or reading about, in August. Any of the kids in your neighborhood can tell you more than we'll ever know, though, so don't take our word for it until you've checked with the experts. ##

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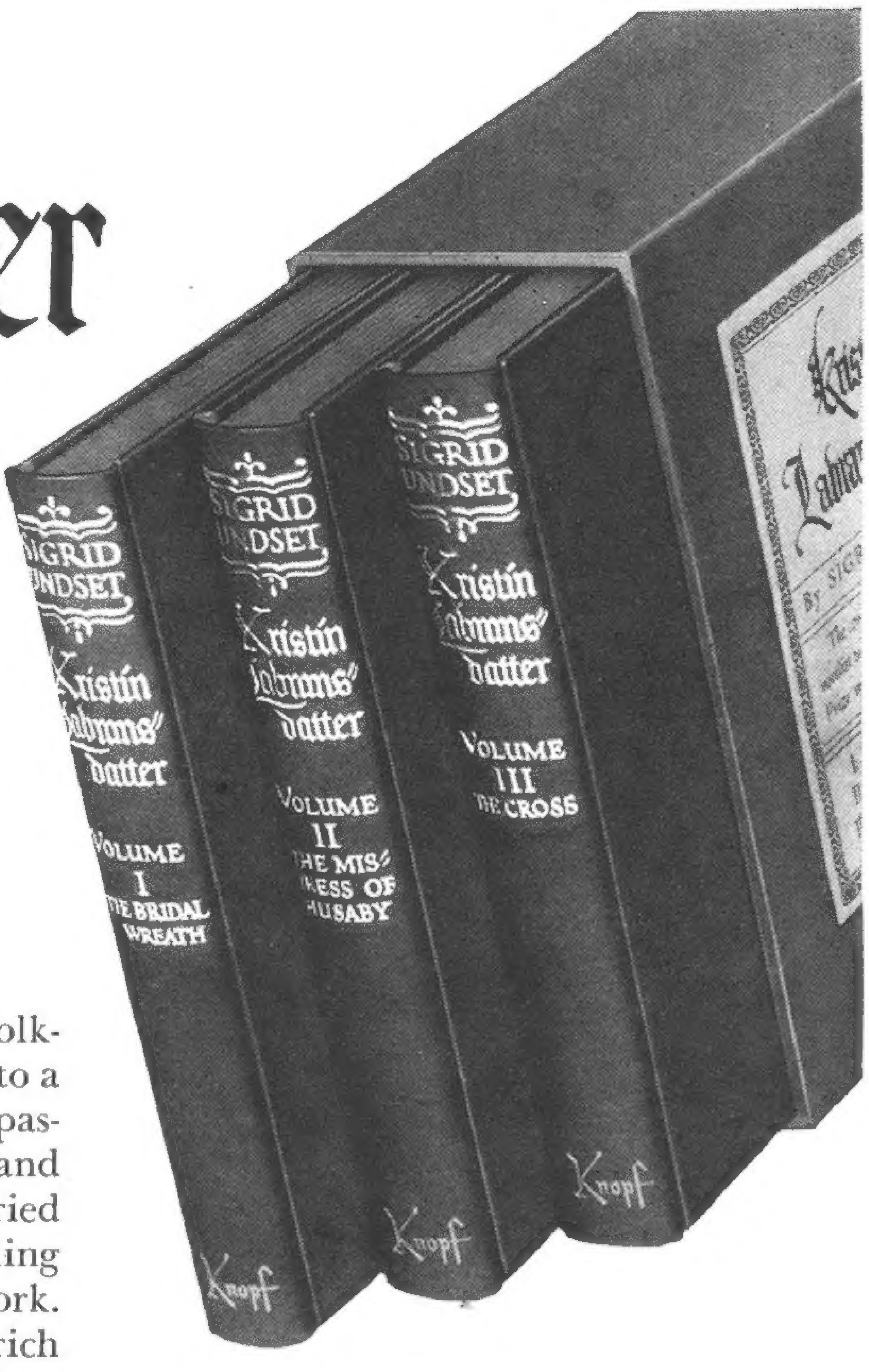

"HERE ARE THE VIKINGS in their homes as well as upon the seas—barbarians becoming Christians; and here is a winsome child amongst them, such as you might delight in and be proud of as her knightly father was of little Kristin. This is how she grew up and loved madly and sinned, and broke her father's heart, though he would not say so; and how she quarreled with and loved again her charming, irresponsible husband, and how she bore many children to him and what happened to them. The folkways of the time are here as background to a story as modern and as ancient as the passions of humankind. People grow old and die in this book; little girls become harried mothers, puling infants become brawling warriors. Long years pass, and do their work. This is a book, in short, that leaves you rich in memories, as Time itself does. That, surely, is the supreme test of a work of fiction."—*From Book-of-the-Month Club News*

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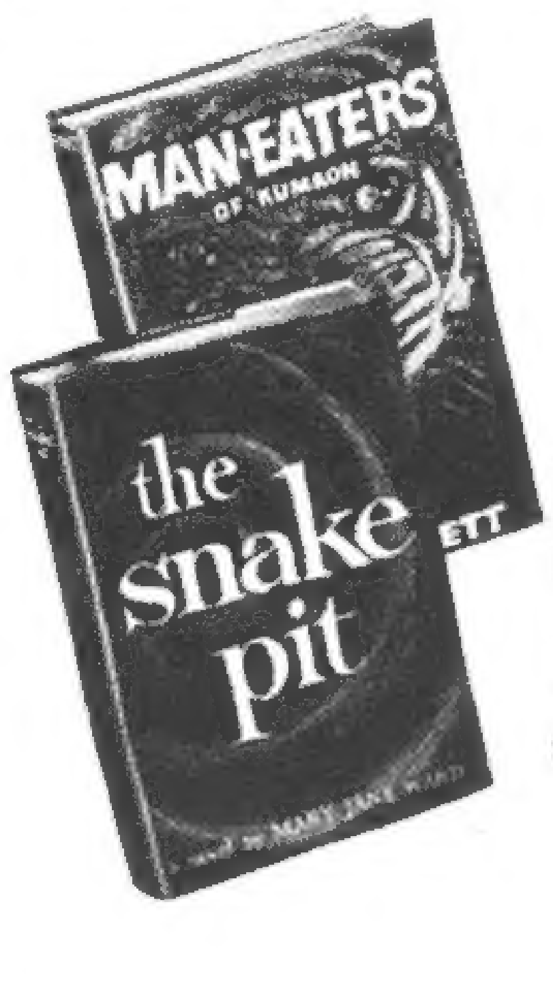

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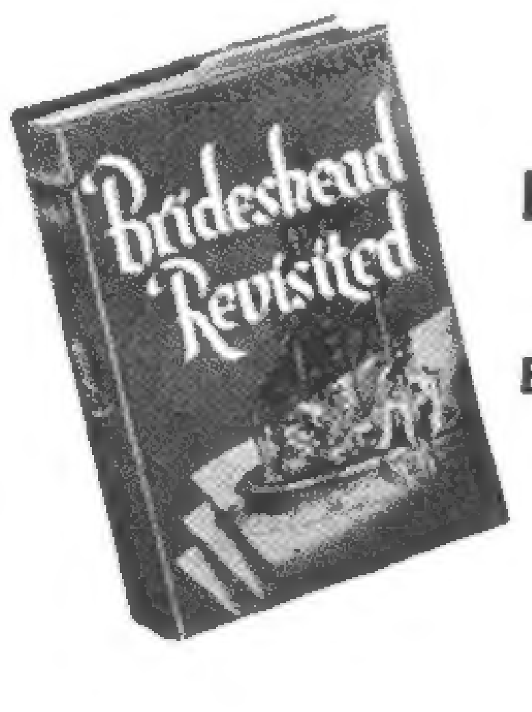

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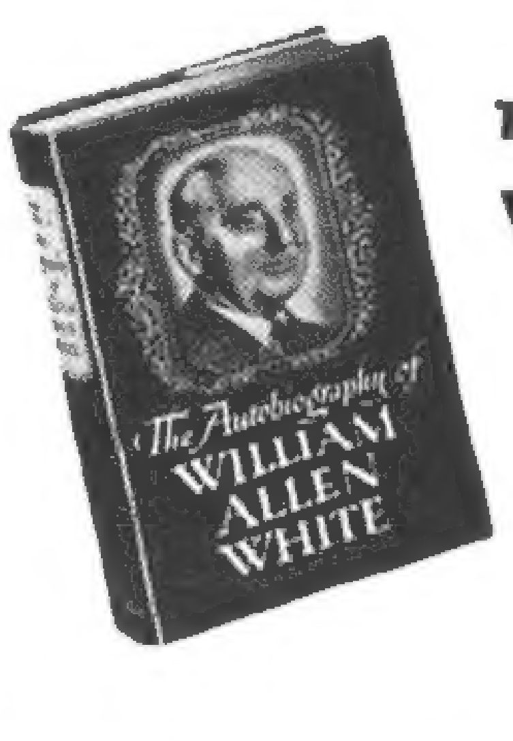

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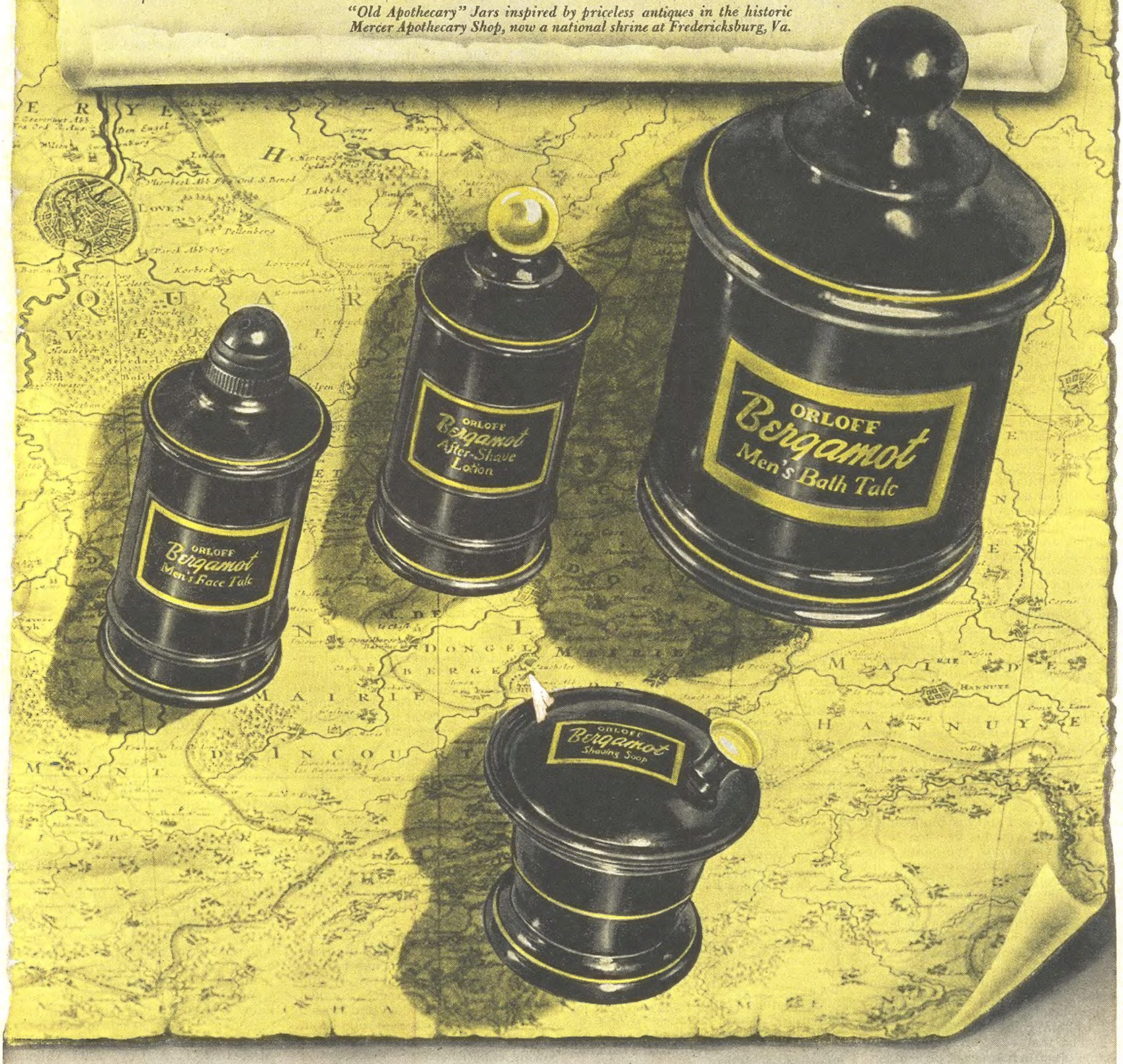

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The Sound and the Fury

the word from London

We'd like to thank Esky (as a representative American) for phrases like "The Voice," "The Shape," "The Look," "The Threat" . . .

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RODERICK TOOP
"London Opinion"
Strand, London

Explanatory Note: Dr. Dalton takes our money, songbird Vera Lynn breaks our hearts, Anemin Bevan builds our houses (we hope) and Sir Stafford Cripps exports absolutely everything else.

a letter to George Jean Nathan

As professional writers we are prepared to accept critical punishment as well as praise for anything we write for the theatre. We realize that George Jean Nathan's dislike of the play *Deep Are the Roots* is a free expression of his opinion, and we, the authors of the play, would naturally be the last people in the world to argue the matter with him. We are well aware of the critic's rights and privileges.

But in Esquire for February, he makes serious misstatements of fact which are damaging to us professionally. In the past three months it has repeatedly come to our attention from those who read his Esquire pieces, that his review more than implies that we plagiarized *Deep Are the Roots* from *The Nigger*, by Edward Sheldon. We doubt that he consciously intended to create this impression, because it is so utterly false, but when readers of the magazine believe that he by implication charged us with plagiarism, our professional reputations are damaged—regardless of his intentions. As a matter of fact, until his erudite but somewhat-inaccurate memory exhumed the Sheldon play from oblivion, we had never been aware of its existence. Naturally, upon reading his curious review, we hastened to the public library to examine *The Nigger*.

The Nigger is a play about a white man, Governor of a Southern state, engaged to be married, whose fiancée is horrified to discover, rather late in the second act, that he is one-eighth Negro. Later in the play, she overcomes her horror and pleads with him to take her back, but he will have none of her. The top points of the play would seem to be the white man's discovery that he is one-eighth Negro and his confessing it to his fiancée, and his decision to remain as Governor of the State, notwithstanding a threat to expose his color to the electorate. *Deep Are the Roots* is a play about a Negro, a veteran of World War II, who finds himself in love with a white girl, who is not horrified at all. For her sake, he refuses to marry her and dedicates himself to the cause of his people. It is startling, to say the least, to find it said that our play is "basically the same" in theme as the Sheldon play; and yet it was said, by him, right out in print.

> "The theme . . . was much the same (and its manner of presentation not altogether dissimilar) that Edward Sheldon had maneuvered in his play, *The Nigger*, shown in the local theatre all of thirty-six years ago. And not only was the theme basically the same but so were some of the characters . . ."

The last phrase, "and so were some of the characters," is a large scale untruth. There is no single character in *Deep Are the Roots* that has the slightest similarity to any single character in *The Nigger*. Over and beyond this Nathan states: "and so was the essence of some of the dialogue (basically the same)." This is utterly fantastic simply on the objective comparison of the two plays, line for line and scene for scene, and we urge him to make the comparison. For our protection and for his own welfare, we must warn him that the statement that the "essence of the dialogue" is "basically the same" is false in fact, and false in its implication to Esquire readers that we borrowed the dialogue from Sheldon. We rather doubt that this was his conscious intention. We can understand that the review was in all probability written hastily without too much real study of either *Deep Are the Roots* or *The Nigger*, and without any realization of the possible libel it contained.

We respectfully urge Mr. Nathan to re-read *The Nigger* and refresh his memory as to its content. And we must request him, in all seriousness, to refrain from repeating in the future the damaging falsehoods concerning us and our play, *Deep Are the Roots*.

JAMES GOW
ARMAND D'USSEAU
New York, N. Y.

of Gallico's war against colonels

Methinks Paul Gallico's outburst against army colonels, page 42, February Esquire, springs from some unpleasant experience with one, or more, colonels during World War I, or World War II. It is not stated whether essayist Gallico was too young to carry a gun in WW I, or too old to get into the eagle-on-the-shoulder society in WW II. At any rate he seems to have been hard up for essay material when he put the colonel on the pan and gave him a thousand word fry. What poverty for essay material; what a waste of ink and paper. Putting Gallico's sarcastic insult to the army colonel in the same issue with Jack Moffitt's grand piece about "They Were Expendable" was like putting an overripe tomato in a sparkling dish of delicious apples. Moffitt had something to write about; Gallico's piece was mostly a figment of imagination.

Essayist Gallico says: "colonel" is a "treacherous rank," and Lieutenant Colonel is a "bastard rank."

Bill Mauldin says: "The colonel, for my money, is the perfect soldier. He is a professional soldier; he likes the army; he likes his job; he likes the men under him; and he knows his business. He carries his rank easily because he is capable of earning respect without ramming his eagles down somebody's throat." I'll take Bill's definition of a colonel. Bill slept in the mud with colonels and G.I.s in Italy.

Esquire could have saved itself quite a piece of change if it had cut Mr. Gallico's essay on colonels to read: "Colonels in the U. S. Army ought to be eliminated because they have too good a time during a war to want to give it up when the war is over." Gallico himself says: "That is really all there is to my idea."

Mr. Gallico's essaying on colonels is like using a ten-ton truck to haul a ten-pound, overripe cabbage to market.

BEN H. WALKER
Glen Haven, Wis.

P.S.: I have a son who got into Mr. Gallico's "bastard" rank of Lieutenant Colonel at 24 years of age. The end of the war saved him from getting into Mr. G.'s eagle-on-the-shoulder society. He was in the Class of 41-E, Kelly Field, July 11, 1941. Nearly half of this class of 210 men never came home alive. I don't like to see these kids get kicked around by an essayist whose means of combat was a typewriter instead of a gun.

shut yo mouf, Seldes

Being an old fan of Gilbert Seldes' and a follower of his fine work in Esquire, I was quite surprised to read his report on our "Speaking of Animals" short subjects.

Just as any proud father would defend his own child, I would like to "go to bat" for my talking animals, since I am solely responsible for their advent to the screen.

First, Seldes' article will occupy a place of distinction in our scrapbook, since it is the only one we have ever received that was not favorable.

Nevertheless, he is not alone in misunderstanding the process by which our animals are made articulate, and since I realize that you did not deliberately misinterpret our work, I hasten to explain that we do not use any mechanical devices whatsoever. We merely photograph the animals in the usual manner, and then animate the mouth action by a special process developed in our studios.

At risk of seeming boastful, I cannot resist mentioning the fact that the motion picture industry has twice awarded "Speaking of Animals" the Academy Award as the best short subject of the year. In addition, these pictures are consistently listed in the top bracket of all the popularity polls conducted by motion picture exhibitors.

Although we regret that you are not one of our devotees, we want to thank you for at least mentioning our pictures in your popular column. We will make every effort to win you over to our side, so that someday you may have a change of heart, and join the millions of theatregoers all over the world who enjoy "Speaking of Animals."

JERRY FAIRBANKS
Scientific Films, Inc.
Hollywood, Calif.

man bites Robinson

It is probable that I am only one of many highly incensed dog lovers from whom you will receive letters concerning Mr. Hubbell Robinson's article entitled *A Dog's Best Friend* which appeared in the March issue of Esquire. If I seem a bit vehement in my denunciation, remember that it is only righteous wrath asserting itself.

Obviously this character attempted to concoct a witty and very amusing story, but it was to the contrary with its nauseating slander directed at man's best friend—the dog. And if I may be so bold, may I ask Mr. Robinson the reason for his obtaining another dog after the death of his first which, by the way, he possessed for ten years? He offered the feeble explanation that it was due to the fact that considerable time had elapsed and his strong contempt for dogs had weakened or entirely subsided. But it seems strange, after owning for ten years a dog that was in every way appalling and obnoxious, that he would ever forget such a harrowing experience.

I know that dogs are ideal friends. They have many desirable traits seldom found in man. They are loyal and afford great companionship. I could relate several incidents in which they have saved small children from loss, drowning, and other catastrophies. Dogs have also saved many families from burning to death in their homes while they slept.

Of course there may be exceptions, for it is quite possible there are occasional 'morons' in the canine family the same as there are in the human race. It is also possible that Mr. Robinson's dog was one of these mental deficients, and apparently drawing an abrupt conclusion that all dogs were so, Mr. Robinson wrote a story filled with vengeful tirades against dogs in general.

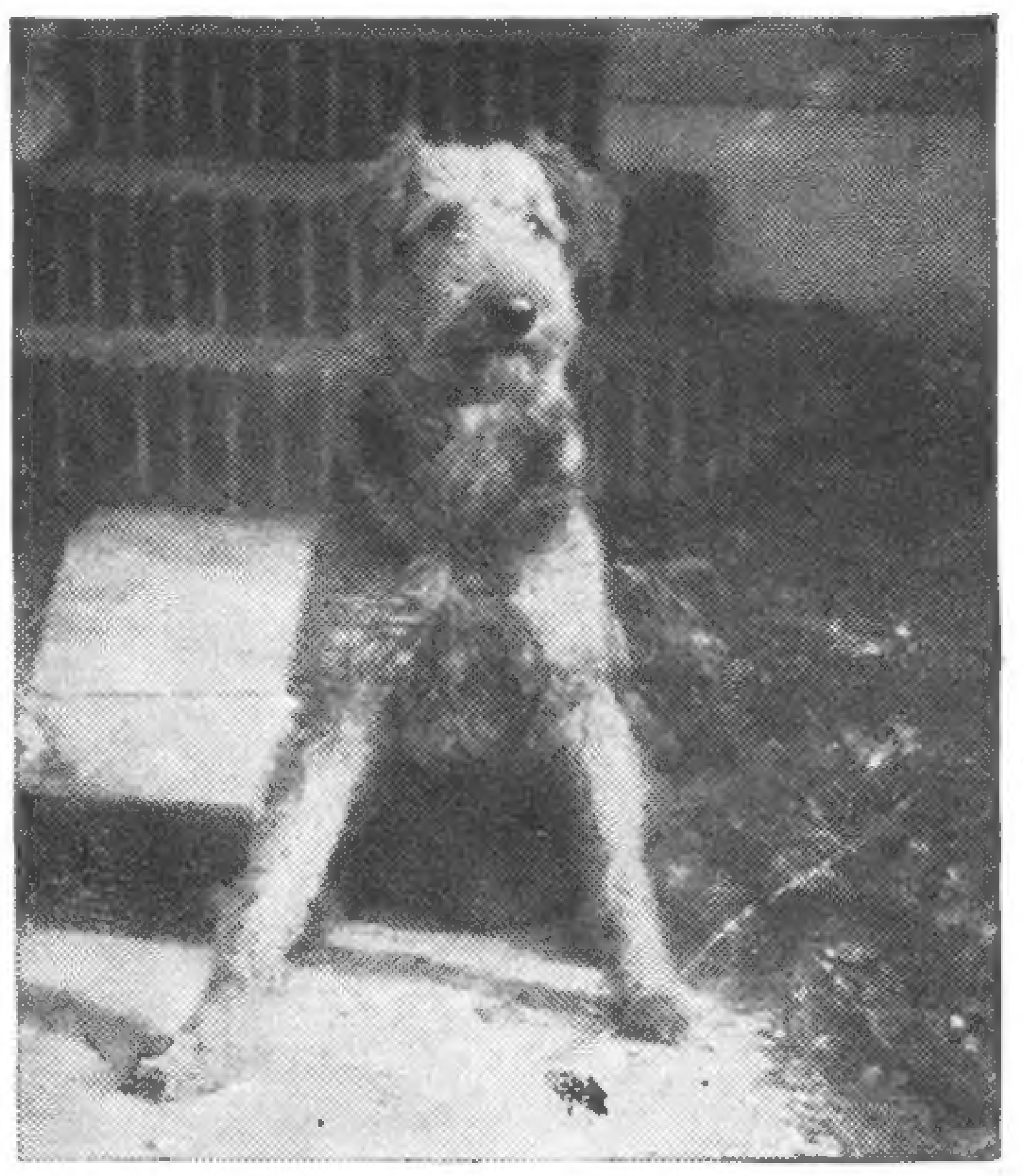
CHARLES W. BAIN, JR.
San Pedro, Calif.

dog trains lady

Thank you for Mr. Robinson's story *The Dog's Best Friend*.

Besides being delightful reading it has added to my morale in my constant feud with my husband over my pet Airedale.

You see Whiskey has a will and when he wants something like my favorite reading chair, he takes it over.



My husband says he needs training but I find it is useless—if he listens three times, he immediately repents on his good behavior and goes back to his original ways.

He loves bindings of books, gloves, all small wooden objects, liver and for desert a chunk of my mattress.

Here is his picture. You will agree that he is well-fed on the above diet.

MARIE S. GREENE
Wantagh, L. I., N. Y.

now it can be told

Thought you'd be interested in this clipping from the Louisville *Courier Journal*, throwing new light on your author Gavin Gorman, whose story ran in the March issue of Esquire.

A FRIEND
Louisville, Kentucky

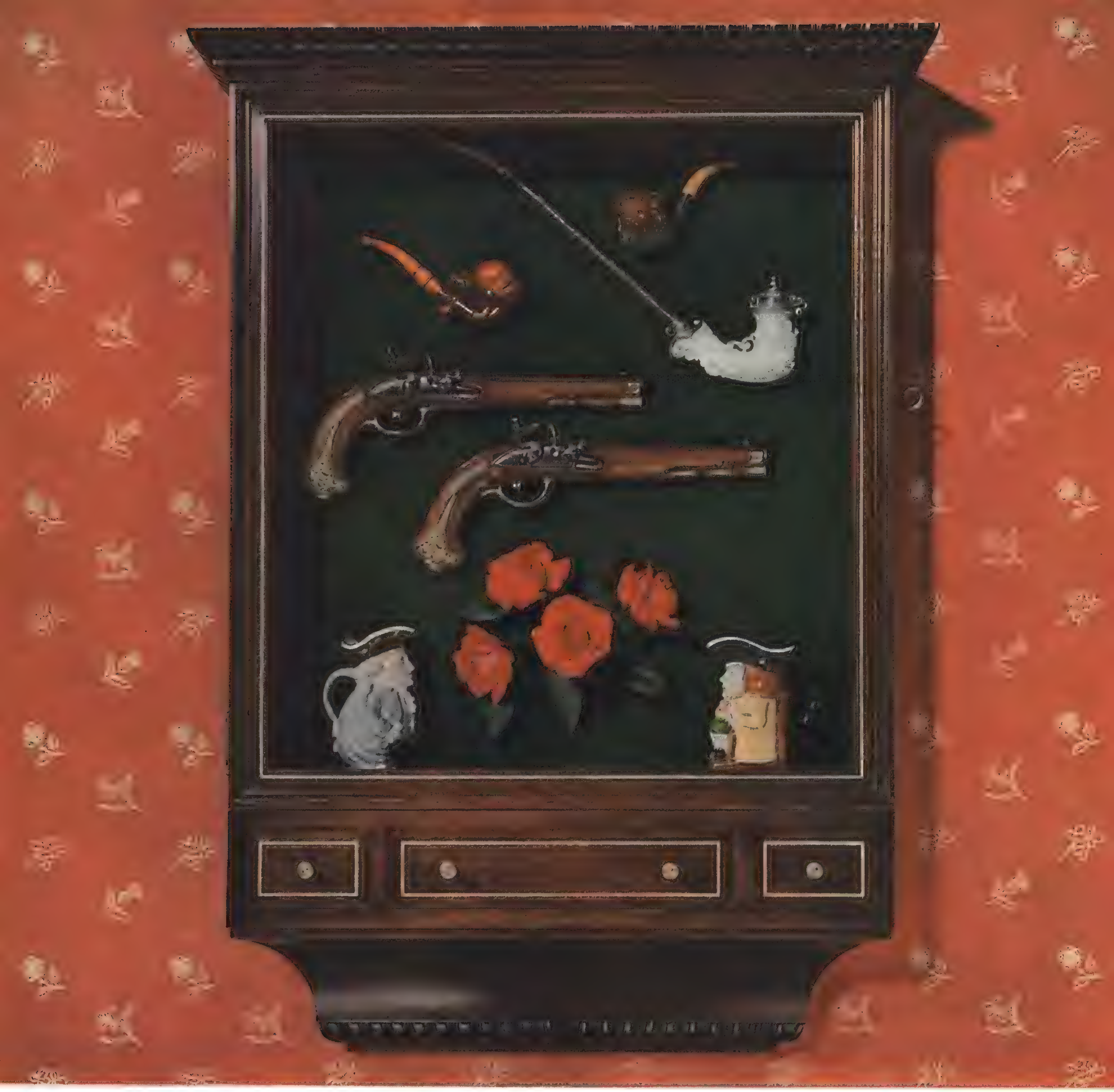
A MALE IMPERSONATION
Mrs. Roy T. McCoy made Esquire with a story, but by-line is that of nonexistent Mr. Gorman

When Esquire Magazine tells about one of the authors in its current issue, namely Gavin Gorman, it uses the masculine pronoun "he." Says the publication: "He writes: 'I am married and have two daughters who encourage me, by their youthful faith in my ability, to write the novel I have been working on for several years of which *Thy Will Be Done* (Page 84) is a small part. The purpose of my book is to show, by example of denial, that religion gains a tenacious hold upon man.' "

What the editors of Esquire don't know is that Mr. Gorman, whom they picture as a paternal sort of guy, is not a father at all, but a mother. "He" is Mrs. Roy T. McCoy, 2404 Valletta Road. They accepted the pseudonym without question, and the check arrived six months ago; to this day Mrs. McCoy has not revealed how she got it cashed.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Had Mrs. McCoy only known, Esquire is now accepting occasional stories with feminine by-lines, and her own name could have appeared. The payoff: She was nosed out of first place on the distaff side by Cynthia Harris, author of* Let Him Be Lord and Master.

Continued on page 196



The roses were our idea

We put the roses up with the collectors' items to remind you of two things . . .

First, those four red roses stand for a whiskey so distinctive in flavor, so richly mellow in its own special way, that Four Roses has become recognized as a "collector's item" among fine whiskies.

For Four Roses is *all* straight whiskey, every drop. And, being an exclusive combination of *specially distilled straight whiskies,* it can't be compared with any other whiskey you ever tasted.

Secondly—like some other collectors' items, Four Roses is in such great demand that it isn't always easy to find. But when you do, *what a drink you get!*

Note to collectors: We'll be glad to supply catalogue information on the rare pieces shown above. Write to Frankfort Distillers Corp., 50 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

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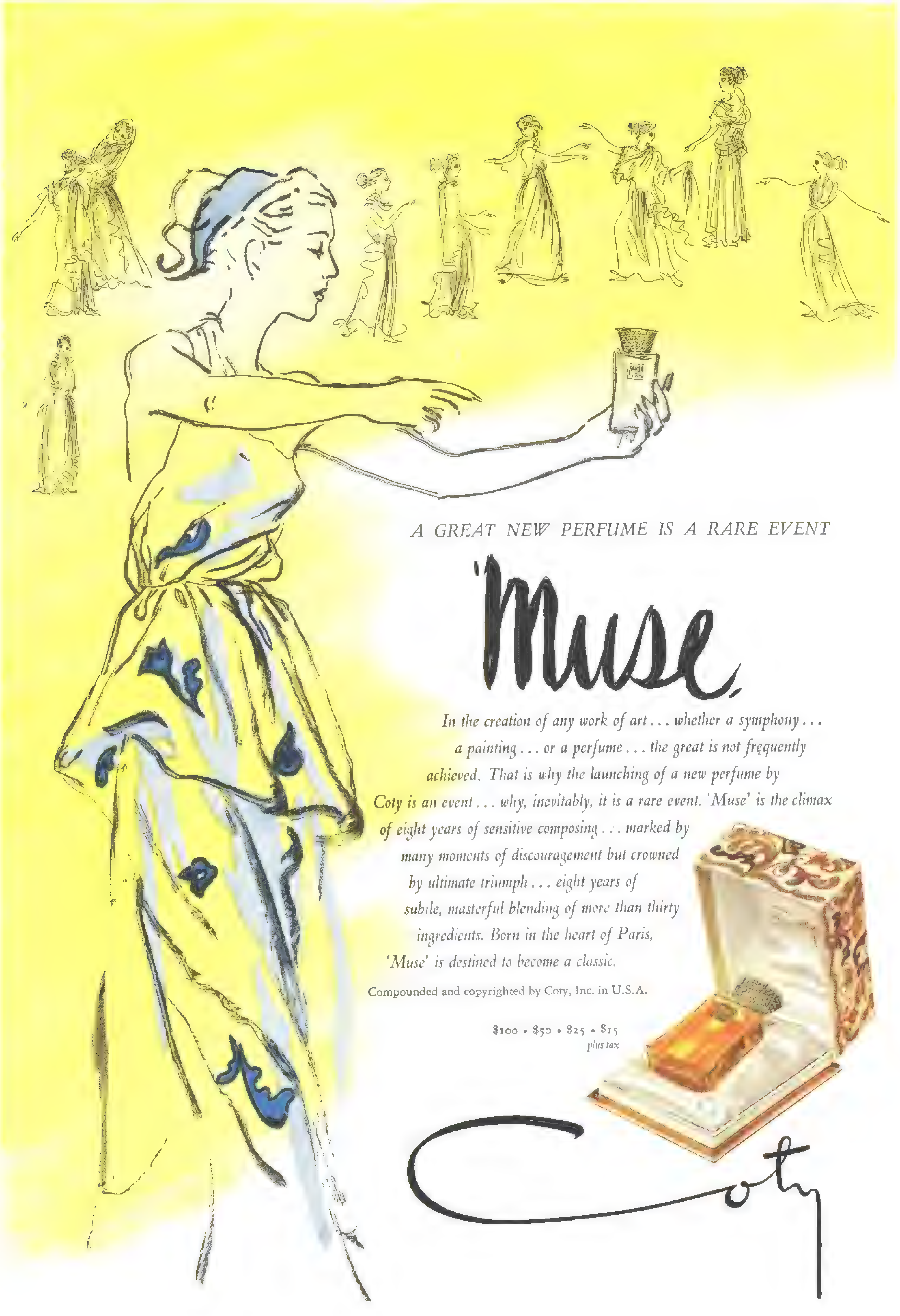
Still the same great whiskey as before the war

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies. 90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.



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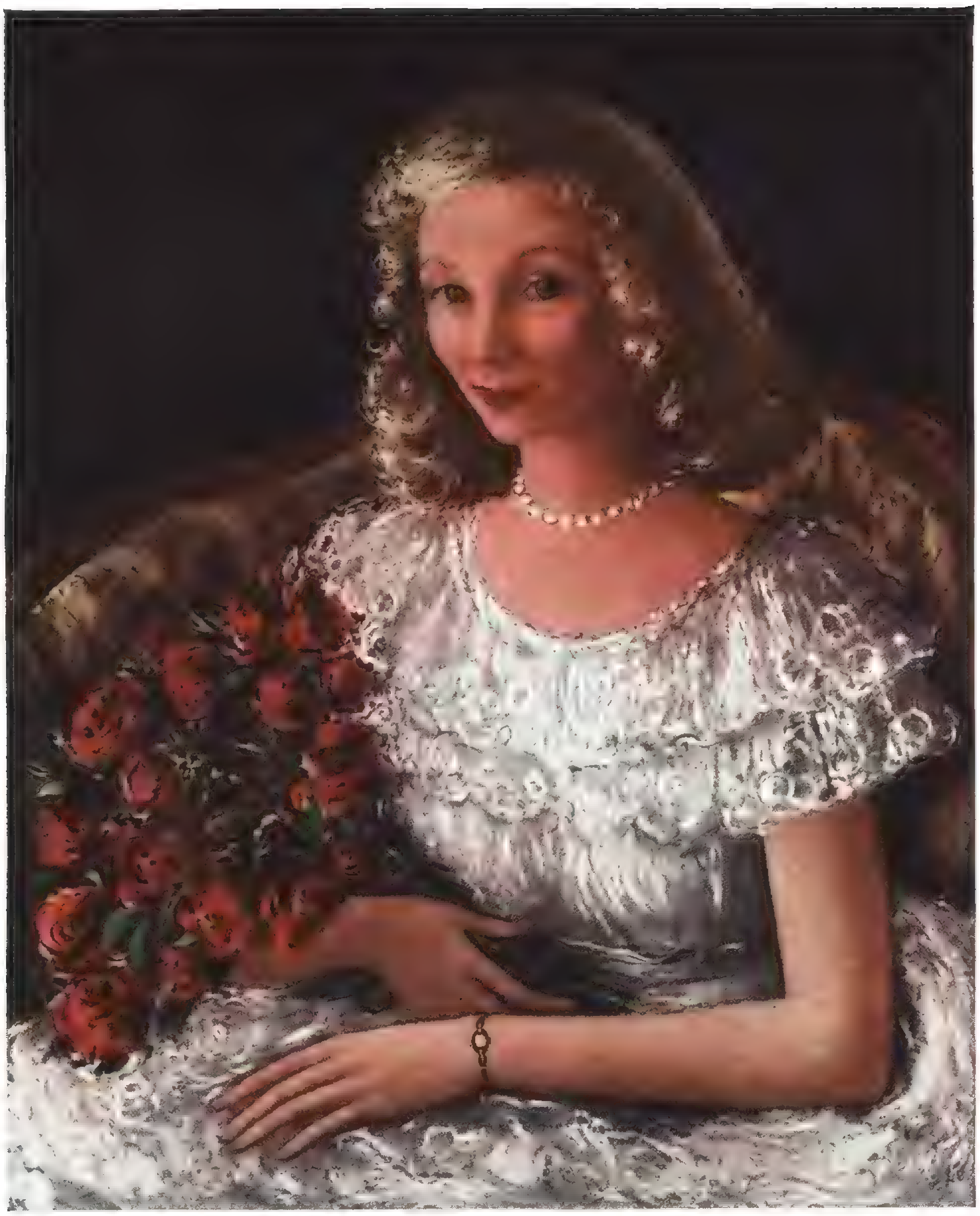

Gladys Rockmore Davis, *noted American artist, painted this lovely graduate for the Elgin series*

Gladden those hearts

NEW MODELS OF THE FAMOUS AMERICAN-MADE ELGIN WATCHES ARE PROUDLY DISPLAYED BY YOUR JEWELER

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A terraced case distinguishes this 21-jewel Lord Elgin

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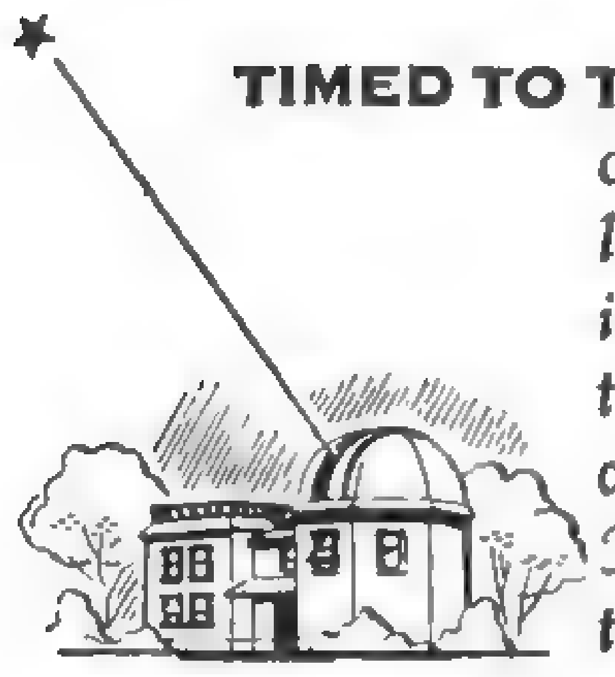
This Elgin De Luxe is a pridefully masculine timepiece



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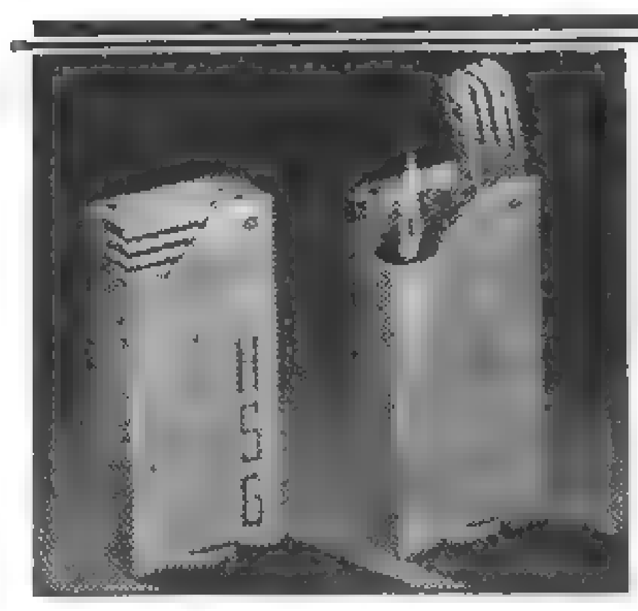

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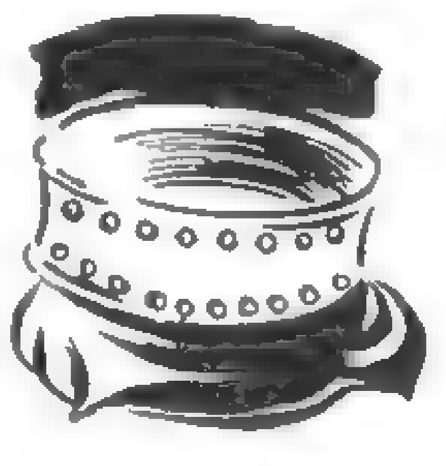
Talking Shop with Esquire

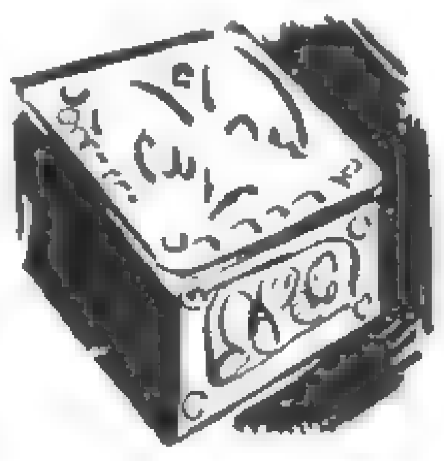
STRICTLY NON-G. I. Here it is fellows, by popular request . . . a shopping page just for Uncle Sam's Service Men. Every month you'll find here items current and choice . . . catering to the outer and inner man, gifts for those on the home front, various bits of advice and information. Write to us, tell us what you'd like to buy . . . what sort of dope you want to hear. RANGER, at your service.

"WITH THIS RING". The rest of it goes "I thee wed", just in case you've forgotten. Last month we expatiated at length on engagement rings, so here's the word on the tie that binds. We've located a jeweler in Manhattan who specializes in wedding rings and has 250 varieties ranging from a few dollars all the way into the grand class.



STONE-STUDDED. Since the increased demand for wedding bands studded with colored stones lately, if you can't afford a good engagement ring, don't fret, these are decorative enough to serve the double purpose. A new combination of stones for the gal who likes "something blue" is a yellow-gold band set with turquoise and lapis lazuli, or a half-inch wide Irish wedding band with turquoise alone. There's one beauty with sort of a wedge edge, studded with star-shaped rubies and banded with ruby guards. It sports 40 gems and will sure jolt the old bank account.

COSTUME JEWELRY. This is the polite way the trade says "synthetic". One novelty nicknack she'll enjoy wearing, inspired by the popular musical "Carousel", is the carousel horse-shaped brooch, in gold-plated sterling, with the body of the animal in a huge simulated ruby, aqua or emerald, with a plumed, gem studded head-dress. Then, for a neat anniversary gift, there's the bowknot or lover's knot brooch in 14 kt. gold set with shining rhinestones. There are dainty earrings to match and lend a very genuine look.



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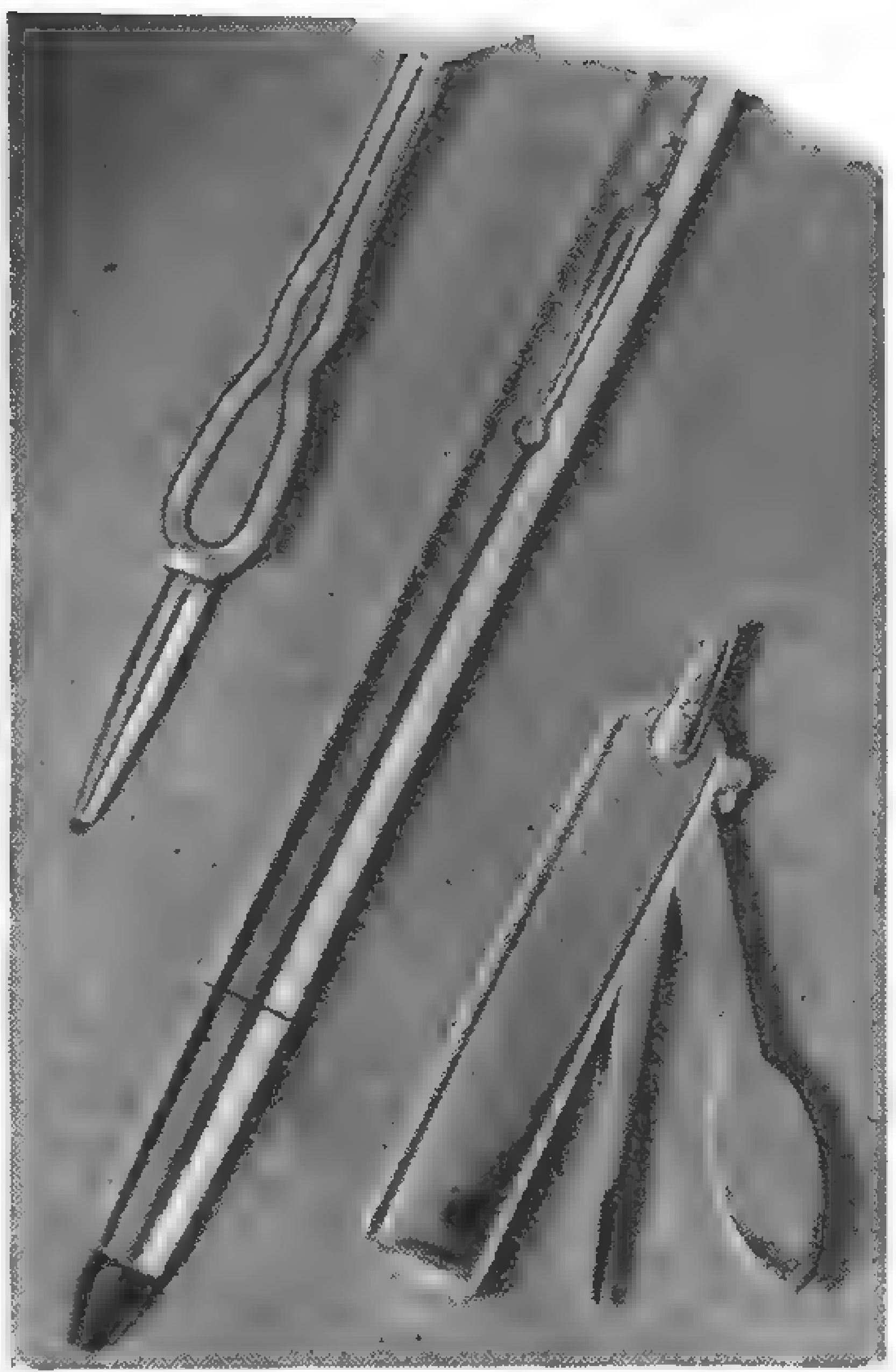

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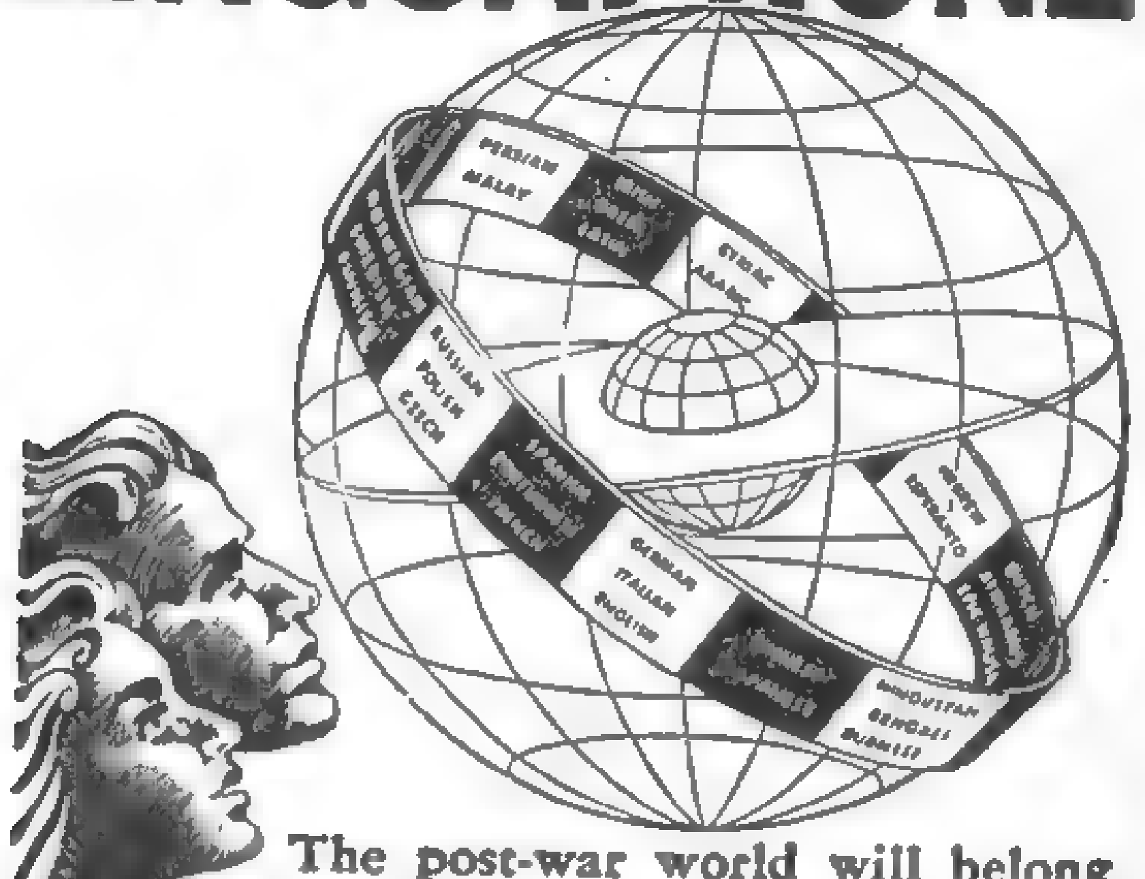

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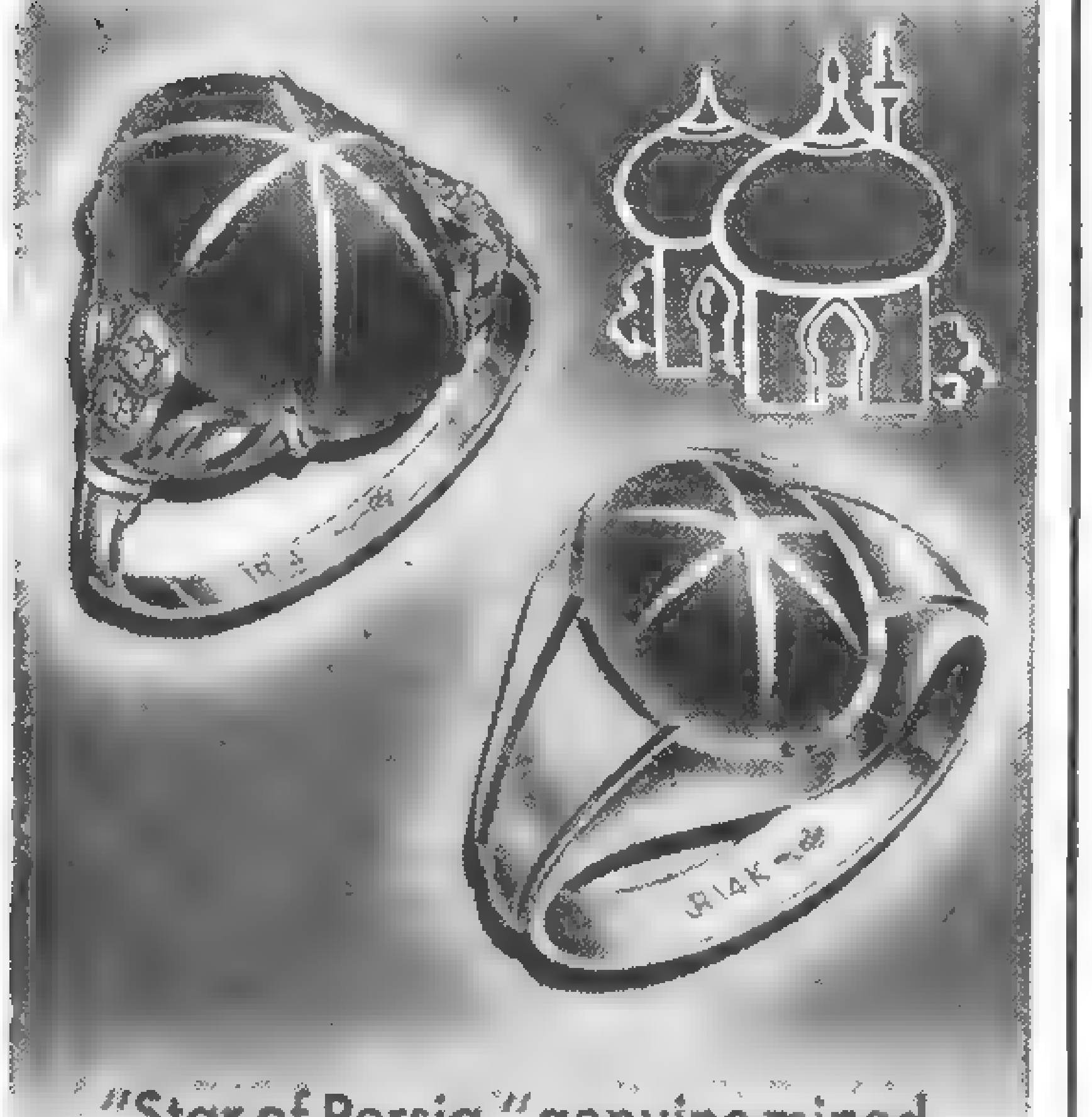

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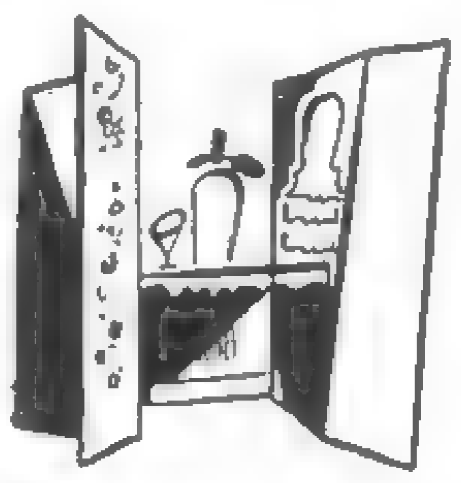
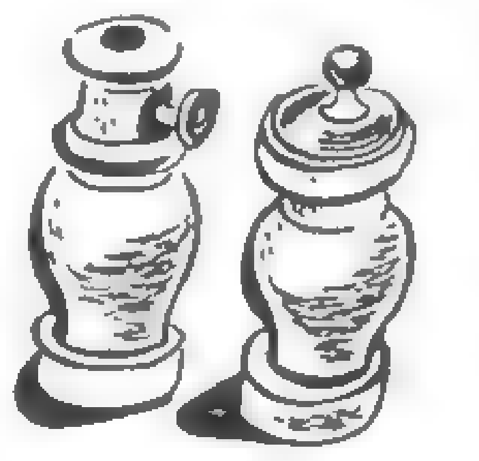
Talking Shop with Esquire

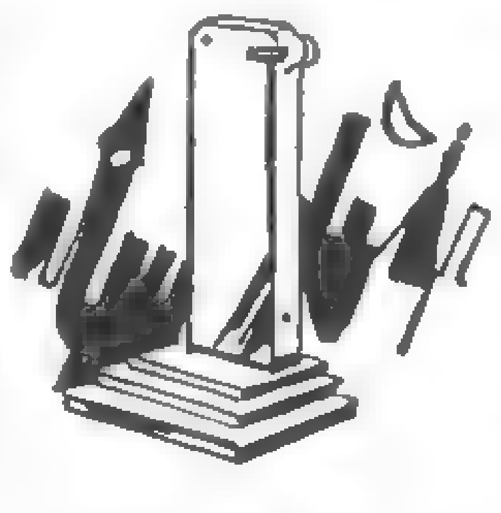
"THE WEDDING GUEST HE BEAT HIS BREAST . . ." and probably all this fuss was just because he couldn't think of a suitable present to send to the happy couple. Here are some beauties, guaranteed to bring unending joy to your more bibulous pals and, needless to say, unstinted praise to you for your discerning selection.



THE SCREEN BAR. You'll find this a perfect contraption when the WCTU comes to call. Over in the corner of the room stands a 4-panel, 6 foot screen, decorated in Chinese modern silvered paper on plywood. Said screen, however, is a blind. If you open up the center panels you'll behold a 34" liquor-proof bar flanked with 8 shelves for glasses and a neat storage space for a locked liquor cabinet. The whole contraption glides about on casters and can be easily transported from room to room. It's perfect for occupying extra wall space these furniture-scarce days. You'll be the envy of your friends.



SPICEY NEWS. Another useful and unusual wedding gift . . . a pair of salt and pepper mills, hand turned and finished in imported mahogany. The salt mill has no metal to corrode. When dampness clogs other salt receptacles, the grinder carries on faithfully. The pepper mill brings out the subtle zest of pepper corns, cloves or other spices. Peppers can be ground to various degrees of coarseness or fineness by adjusting the knob on the top.



SKYSCRAPER TABLE CIGARETTE LIGHTER. Modernists will go for this handsone, narrow 6" shaft of highly polished, solid bar aluminum. Typically 1946 in appearance and performance. The same firm makes a "round table" automatic lighter that need only be refuelled twice a year. The wick should last a whole year, and there's a 6 to 12 months supply of flint in a special compartment in the circular base of the lighter.

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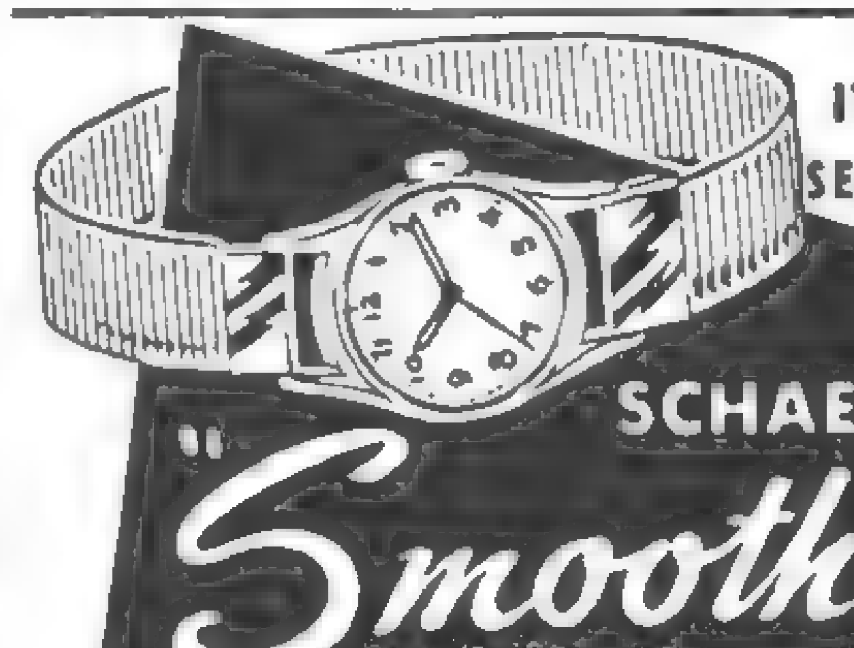

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SCHAEFFER'S
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Stainless Chrome Steel
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Insist on the Genuine "Smootheez"
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wear smart custom made Staturaids
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Millions of satisfied pipe smokers enjoy Weber pipes. Created from choice *imported* briar. Fine balance ...superior grains. modern designs, expertly hand finished. $3.50 to $10. At better tobacco shops.

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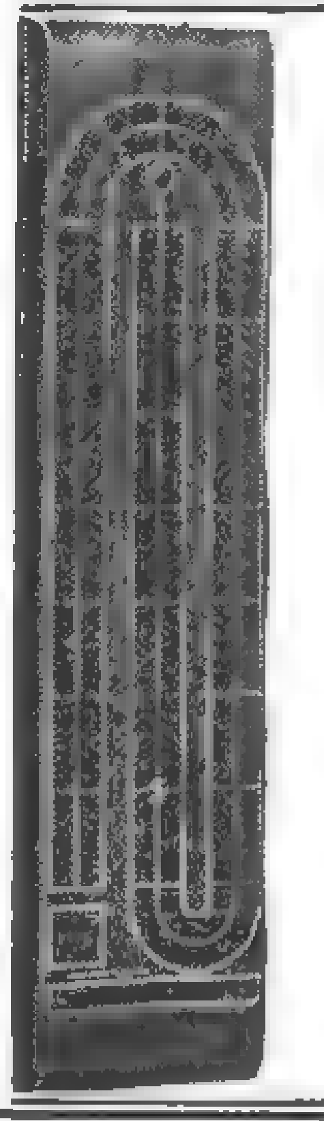

The New **BROOKS Cribbage Board**
A GRAND GIFT for Father's Day
Creates a New Interest in a Fine Old Game
No "Jumping the Fence"—
No Return Corners
No "1st and 2nd Around"—
One continuous Track
Pegs "Race" Side by Side—
Adds Zest to the Game
DE LUXE MODEL *POLISHED MAPLE* with Plastic Pegs $2.50
At Dealers or Write
GLANSON CO., 535 Fifth Ave., N.Y.17

Product of Lanman & Kemp-Barclay & Co., Inc.
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Florida Water

"he-man" shave lotion
Ideal Father's Day Gift!
The "he-man" will appreciate a gift of Murray & Lanman's Florida Water. Soothing, refreshing after shave. Peppy rub-down.
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And so its fame began to spread

100 YEARS AGO

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Those in the know...ask for

OLD CROW

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT

Bottled-in-Bond

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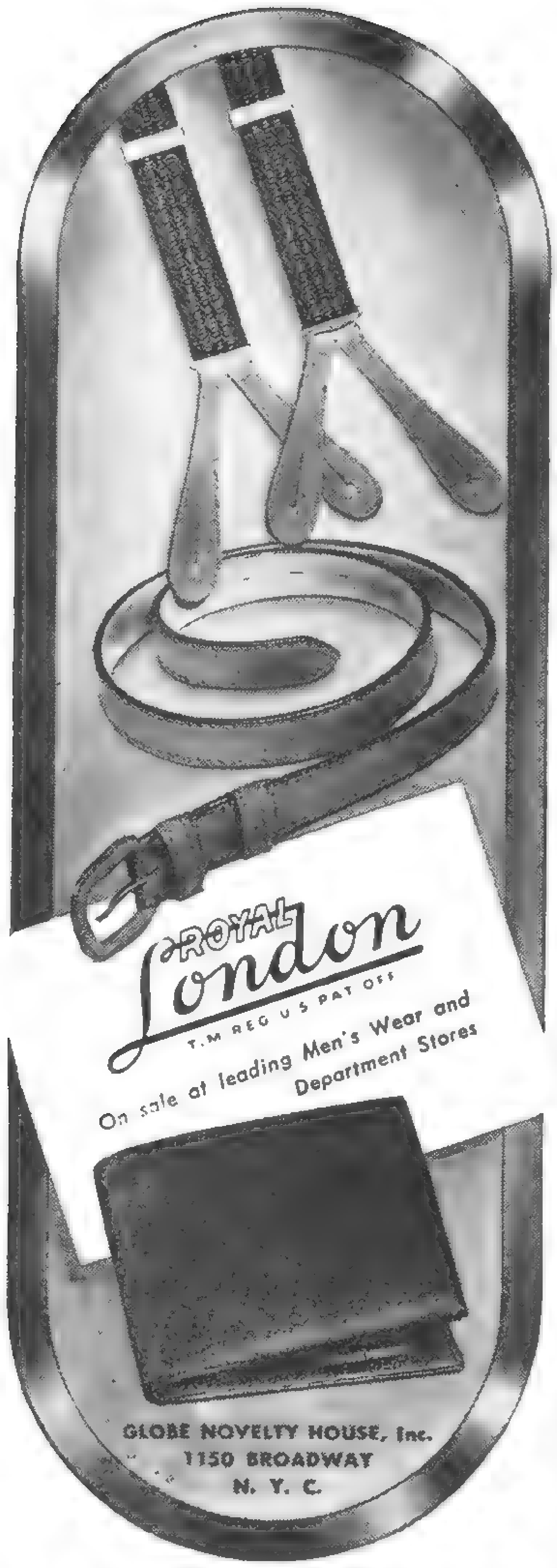
BOURBON WHISKEY

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Kentucky Straight Whiskey Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York



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N. Y. C.

Give Dad a HULL AUTOMOBILE COMPASS

A Father's Day Gift for his comfort and welfare when driving. He'll use the Hull Streamline Automobile Compass the year around, to stay on the right road, avoid lost directions, backtracking, delays. Circular free. At your dealer's. $3.50.

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Don't let a difference in height come between you.

MAKES

Especially when it's so easy for you to step into a pair of "ELEVATORS" Height-Increasing shoes.

YOU

You become almost **2 INCHES TALLER...** instantly. It's all confidential, too.

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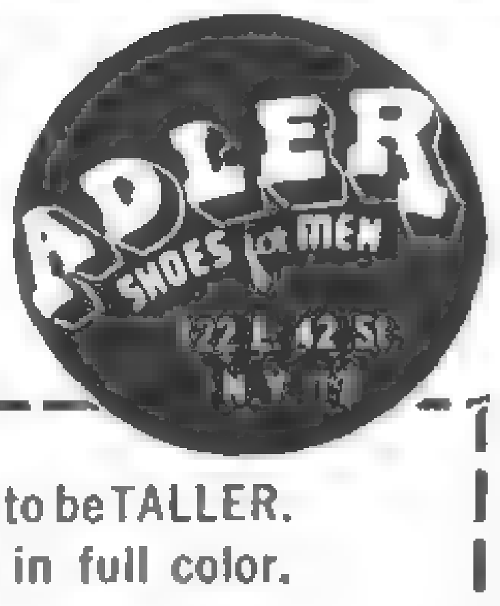

Dept. E6-46
Gentlemen: I'd like to be TALLER.
Send your Booklet in full color.

Name ....

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Talking Shop with Esquire

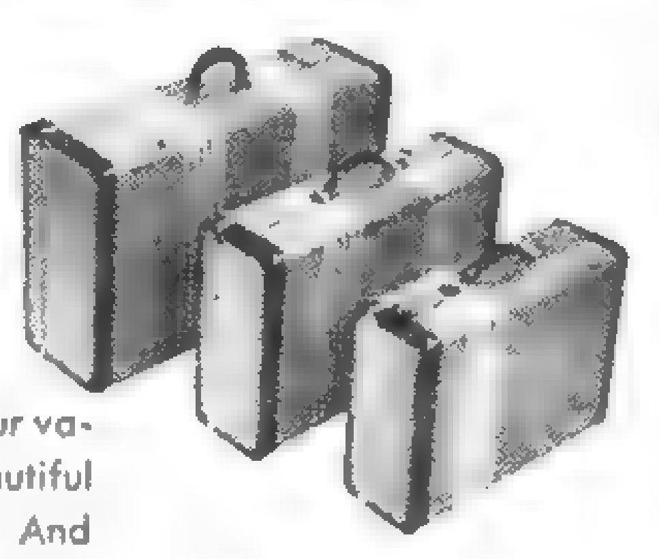
MR. AND MRS. CHEF. Cute gag to dyke yourself and the Missus out in barbecue aprons and caps. You can buy 'em in sets, made from washable, stainless, waterproof and rubberized material. Good idea to provide a set of heatproof pot holders, too, and a pair of fireproof mitts, just in case you're not too well experienced in the art of outdoor cookery. Very good for juggling hot potatoes.

BARBECUE EQUIPMENT. If you're really going into al fresco dining in a big way, you'll need a set of tools, spatula, fork, wienee roaster, hamburger broiler and stand. To complete your outdoor table, get a stainless carbon steel knife and fork set, specially designed for barbecue use. A set of the new heat-treated drinking glasses, with safe-edge rims are invaluable and can take rough handling. Pick up some 12-oz. beverage glasses, water glasses and small ones for juice, too. All the paraphernalia makes the outdoor life more pleasant and comfortable.

ITINERANT BARBECUE. How'd you like to have an outdoor fireplace that can be set up anywhere in the yard, or quickly folded up and tossed into the car to be toted to the beach, woods or lake? This new portable bar-b-q grill consists of four sides of ceramic material with a stone-like texture that can be painted to suit your taste. Its pieces are assembled with 8 non-corrosive metal corner brackets. The arms will hold 4 rust-proof steel grids in position. For broiling, the fire can be built in the sides where it will cook without smoking; for baking and boiling, the metal grids can be rearranged to have the fire built in the bottom. Meat can be laid directly on the grids and will come off sizzlingly tender and juicy. The size of the grill is 18" high, 17" across the front and 18" from front to back. You can prepare a meal fit for a king in one fell swoop...boiled vegetable, toast, coffee, and grilled or barbecued meat. And it's a meal you'll have no trouble remembering. Bet you'll want to do it often during the mild days to come.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



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for Men or Women

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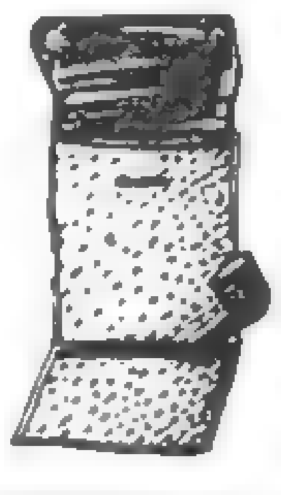

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love and youth and life are wonderful . . . and these new Jantzens are as wonderful as they look, hold their glamour in-and-out-of-water, fit marvelously as Jantzens always do. The new fabrics are potent, the colors deliberately romantic, the lines almost too thrilling to be true. For the girls 5.95 to 9.95.
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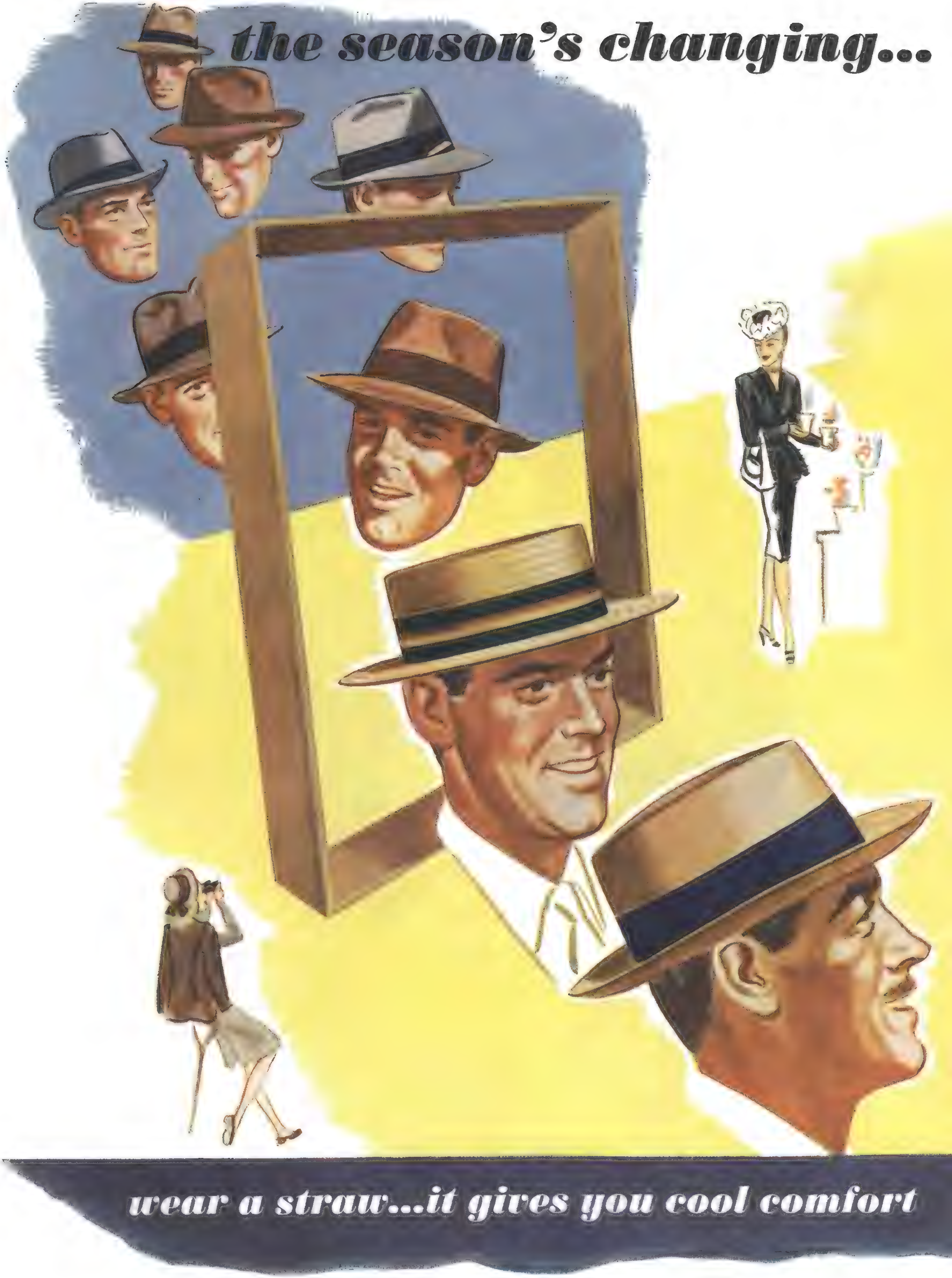
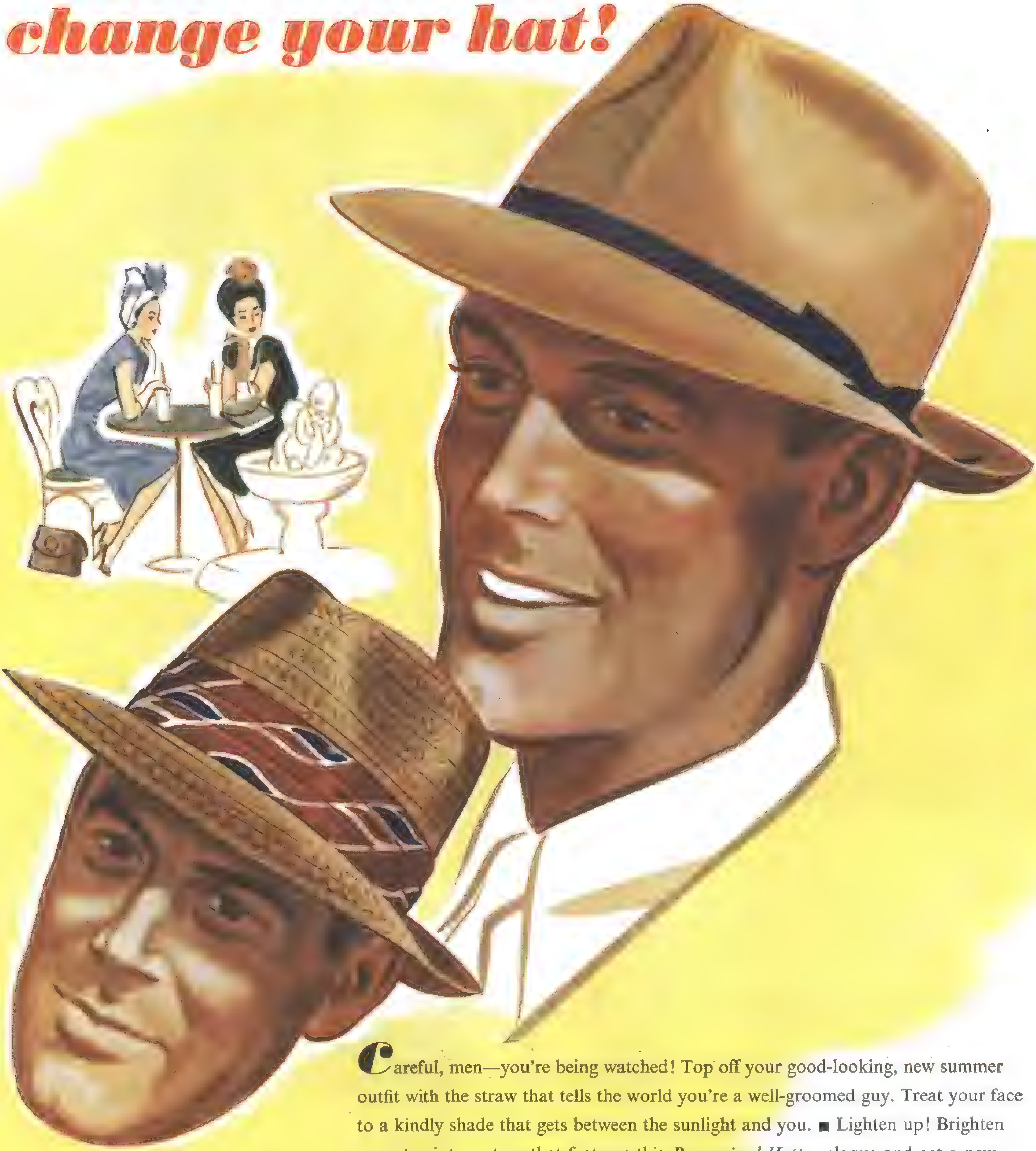
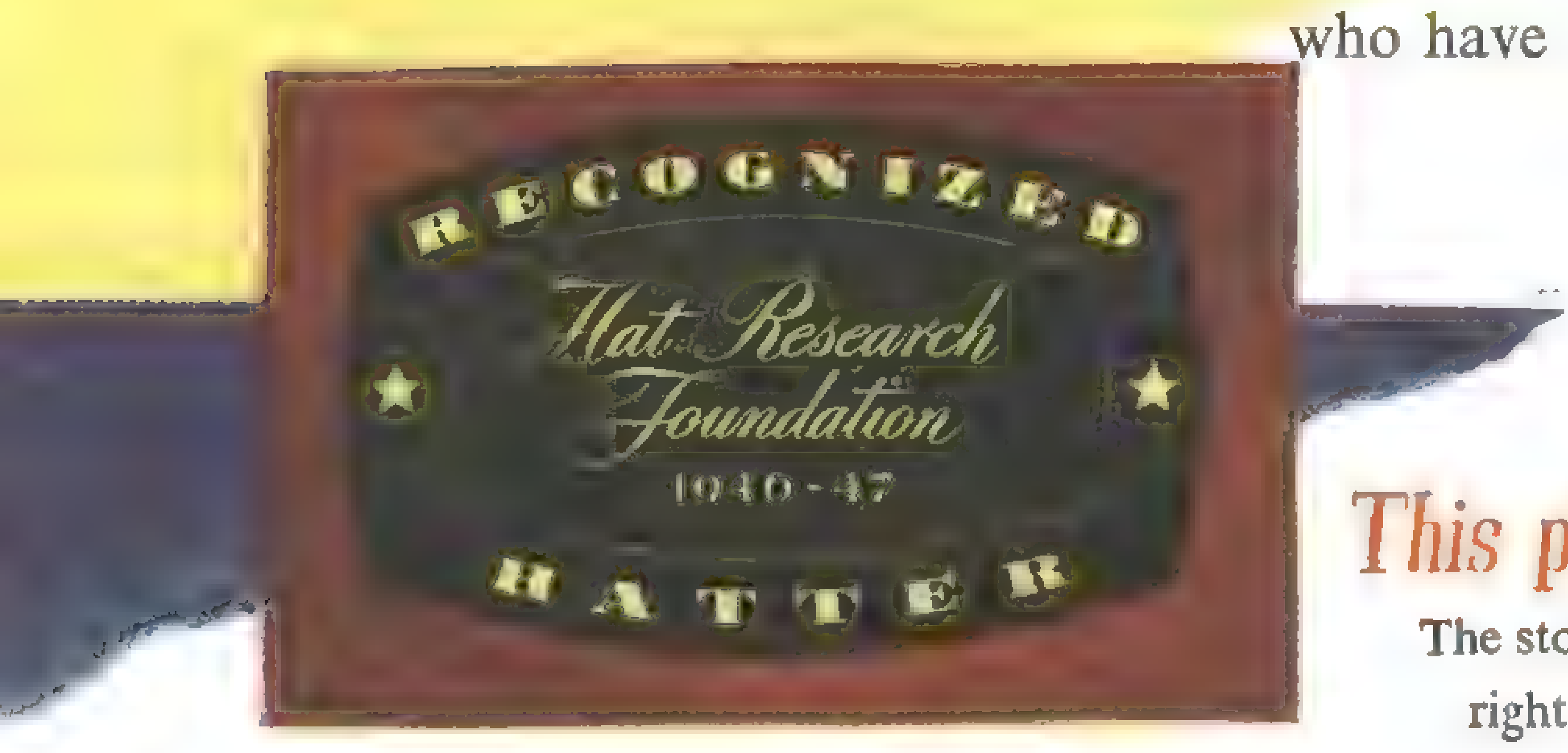

the season's changing...
wear a straw...it gives you cool comfort

change your hat!



Careful, men—you're being watched! Top off your good-looking, new summer outfit with the straw that tells the world you're a well-groomed guy. Treat your face to a kindly shade that gets between the sunlight and you. ■ Lighten up! Brighten up—step into a store that features this *Recognized Hatter* plaque and get a new straw that flatters your complexion—makes partners with the shape of your face—and compliments your character with a style that's right for *your* personality. ■ That's the way to get in step with the season . . . get in step with the millions of men who have made Springtime Straw Hat Time, all over America.



This plaque identifies a Recognized Hatter

The store that displays it is staffed with experts trained to fit you with the right shape, the right shade, and the right style hat for your personality.

Bring Romance

to your table... every night with VALLIANT *California Burgundy*

VALLIANT *and Son*
VINEYARDS
Under Vine Since 1849

VALLIANT
BURGUNDY
California

Serving Valliant California Burgundy with your meals is indeed an exciting discovery. It transforms even a simple dinner into a glamorous occasion. Valliant Burgundy is so smooth and well-rounded . . . a heritage of vineyard cuttings imported long ago from Europe. And of course it is bottled by the winery in California. Full-flavored and pleasantly tart, Valliant Burgundy blends perfectly with main course dishes. Sip it as you eat—and let its richness enliven every mouthful.

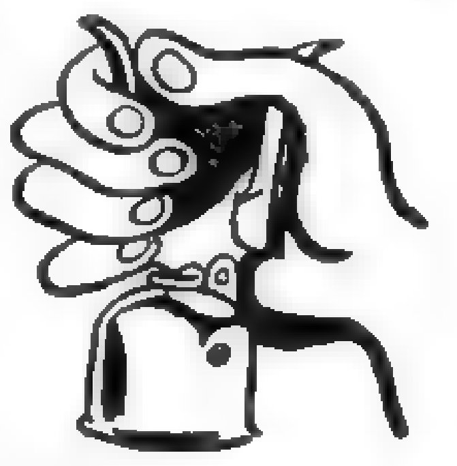
Also try the Valliant California aperitif and dessert wines: Valliant Dry Sherry, Valliant Sherry, Valliant Port, Valliant Muscatel. W. A. Taylor & Company, New York City, Sole Distributors for U. S. A.

GOOD TASTE WITH ANY FOOD

Few households keep an assortment of table wines. Many choose Burgundy because they like its flavor best. So—forget the "do's and don'ts" you've heard about serving wine and just remember that "Valliant Burgundy is good taste with any food."

Talking Shop with Esquire

LADY LUCK. If the little woman is a gambler at heart, send her a powder compact with a miniature roulette wheel set in the cover. There are black, red and green numbers and a regular wheel which twirls. Inside the case there's a roulette "cloth" made out of paper upon which she can place her bets. The compact is in gold plated brass.



BOTTLE OPENERS, 1946 STYLE. We thought we'd seen and tried everything in the beverage bottle-opening line, but up comes a dandy that pretty well eliminates the usual bottle-opening hazards. It's shaped like a small bell with a pair of polished aluminum handles. You fit the bell over your bottle top and press the handles together with a slight pressure of one hand.

BOON TO BACHELOR COOKERY. How'd you like to come home from the office and be able to sit down to a dinner of potatoes, vegetables and fruits, all of which took you from 4 to 10 minutes to prepare? The inventor of the famous frozen foods has come up with another process, "anhydrous" foods. The difference lies in the speed with which the water is extracted. Potatoes, beans, peas, corn, apples, berries etc., can be anhydrated in an average of 90 minutes, whereas ordinary drying processes average 18 hours. The foods are semi-cooked in the process. The water is extracted so rapidly that the product retains flavor, color, and aroma. All you do is add boiling water and in 5 minutes, your vegetables are ready. As quick as pulling a rabbit out of a hat.

SIGNAL LIGHT PAJAMAS. To make life a bit more interesting for those sheep she counts nightly, try a pair of black crepe lounging pajamas with red and green circular pockets labeled "stop" and "go". Perhaps she can work out a system whereby they'll "stop" when she gives them the signal—at the same time she "goes" to sleep.

Ranger

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SINCE 1904

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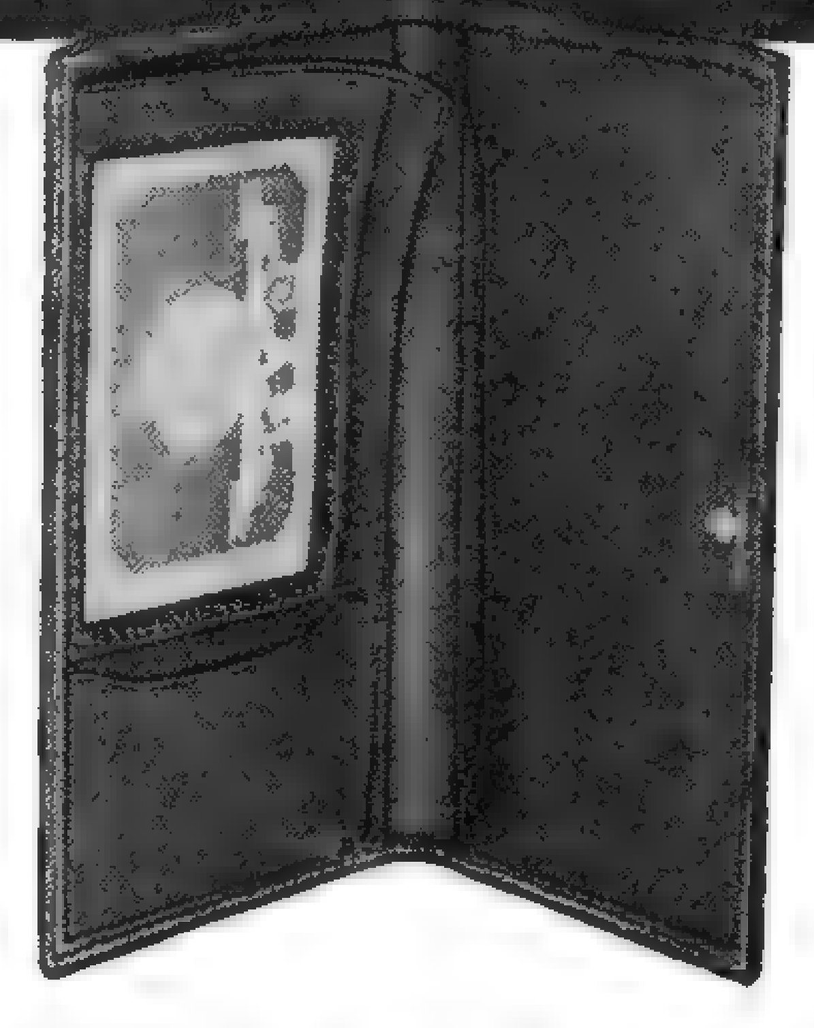
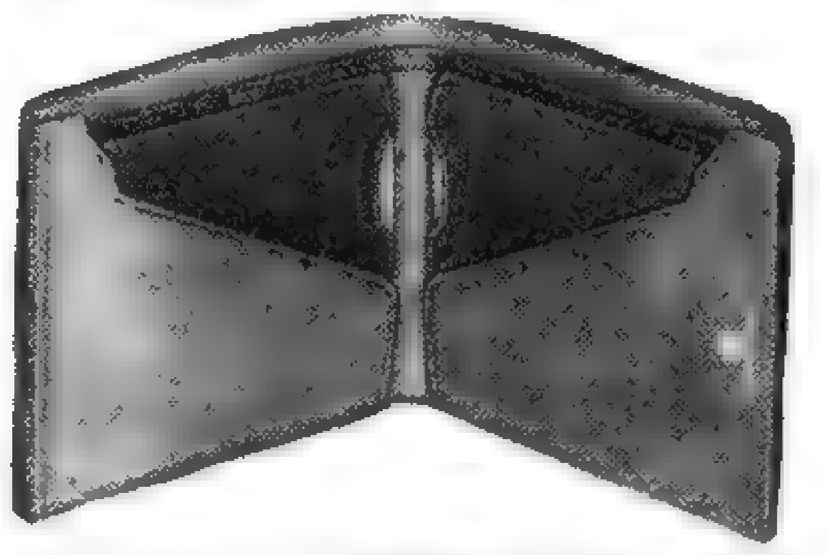
FOR MEN AND WOMEN · AT LEADING STORES



ELCO BREAST POCKET WALLET
Finest hazel pigskin. Secret pocket. About 9.00* Hand grained Morocco 7.00* Genuine seal 14.00*



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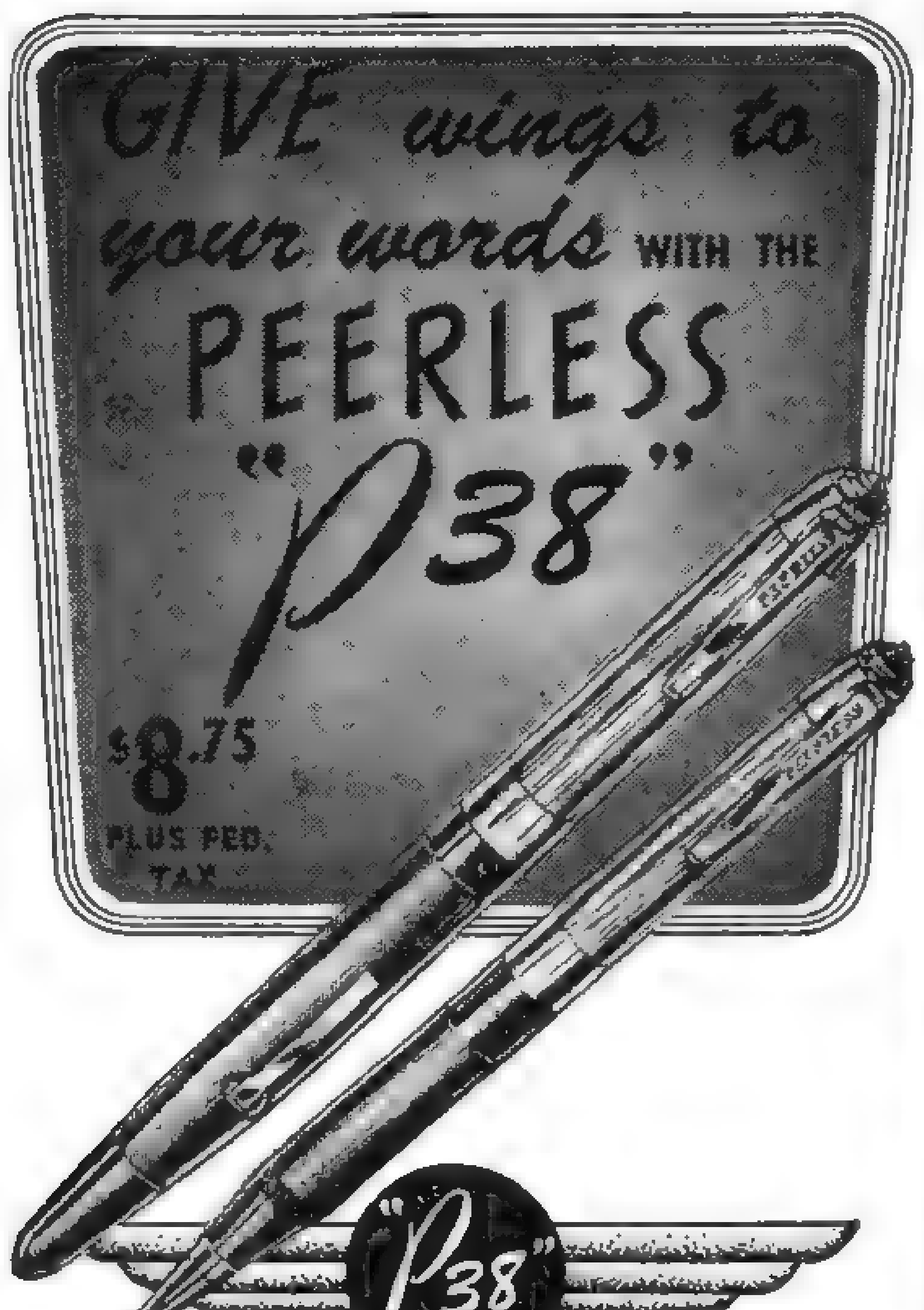
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"P38"

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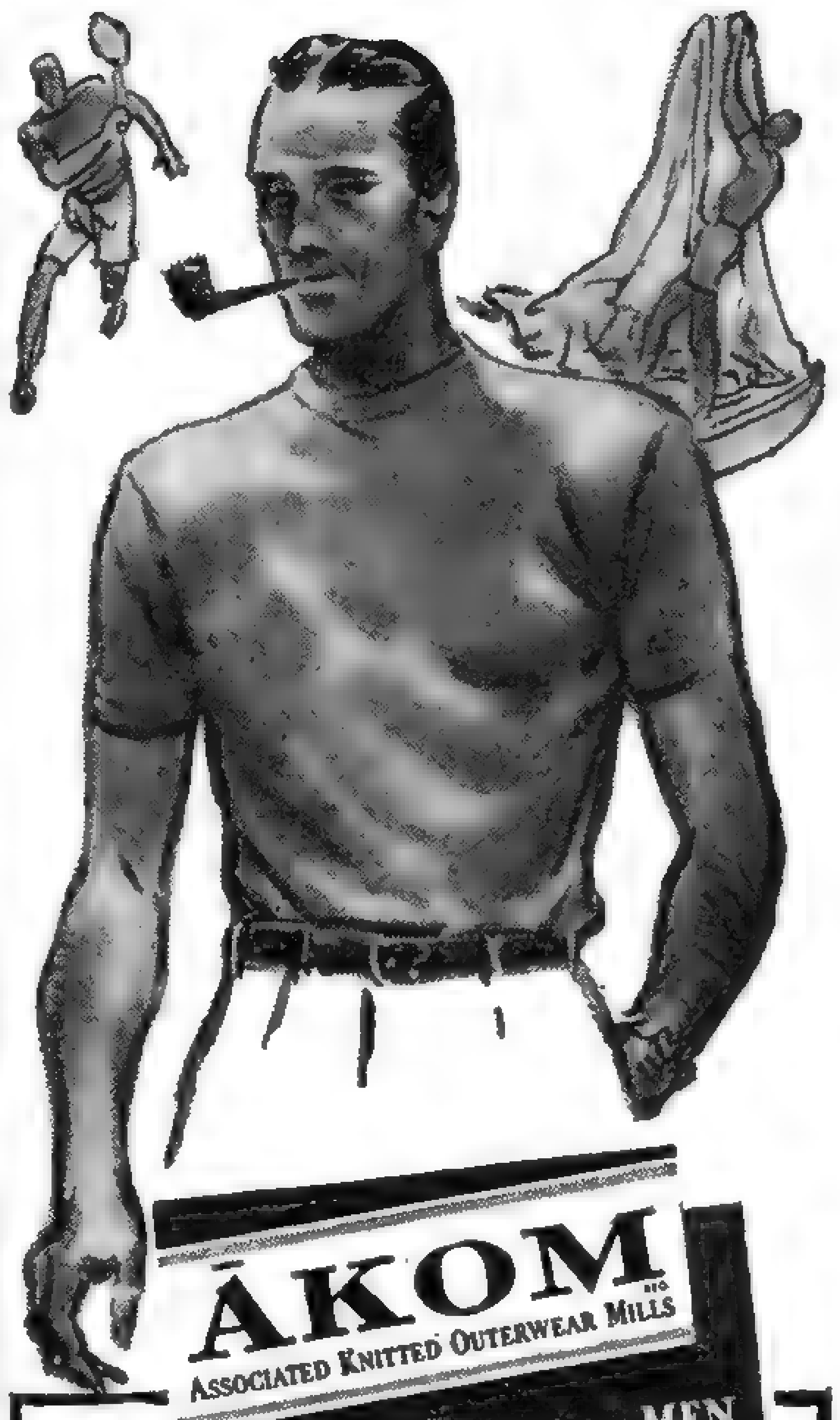

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THE MAN IN THE ĀKOM
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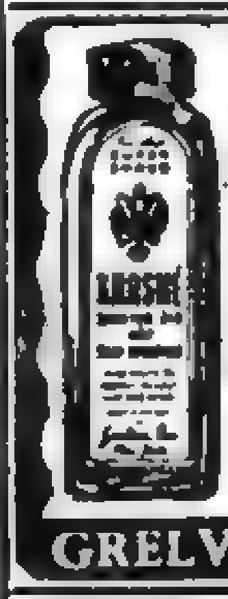

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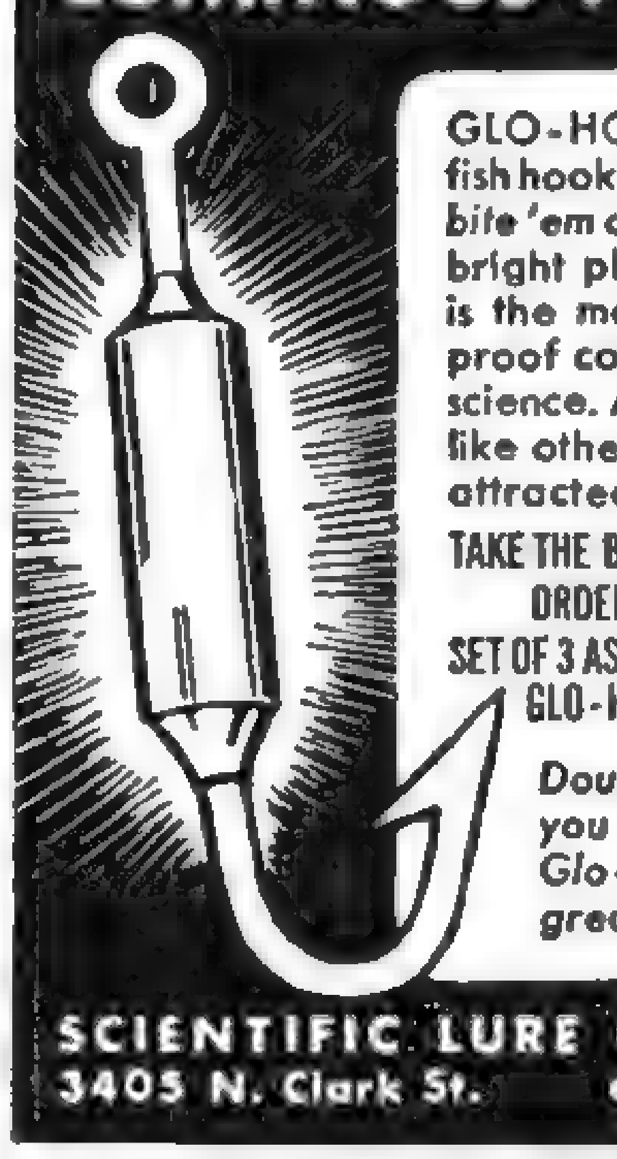

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LUMINOUS FISH HOOKS

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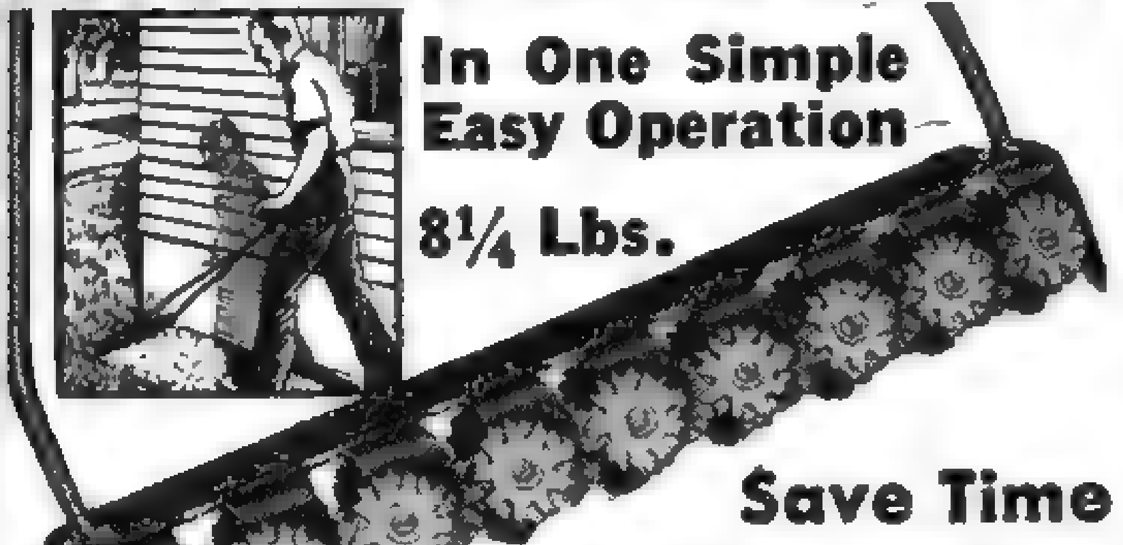

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Save Time and Labor with a
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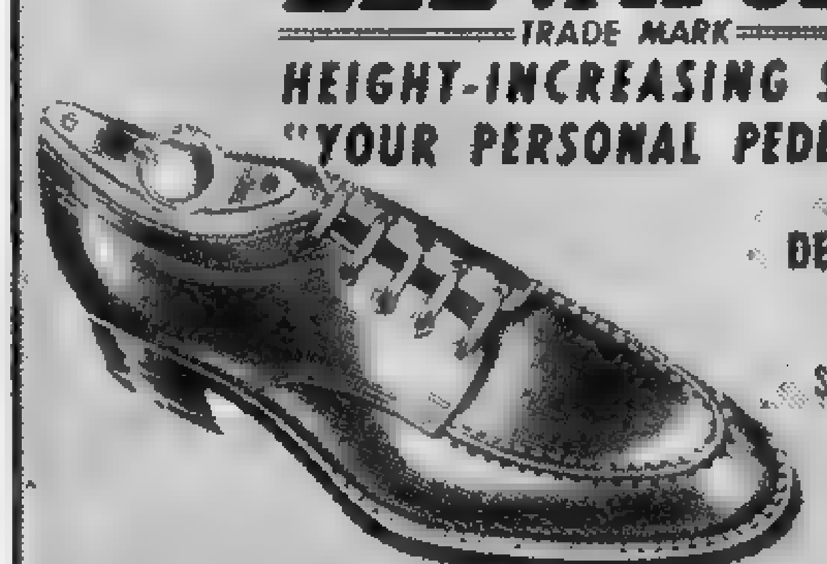

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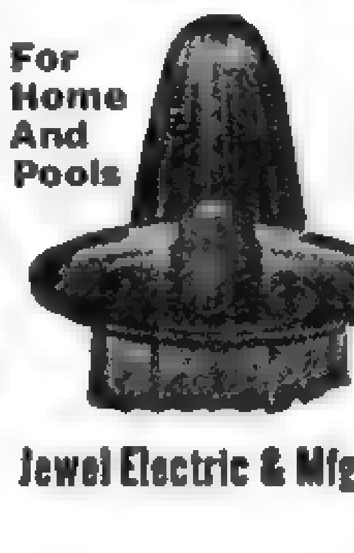

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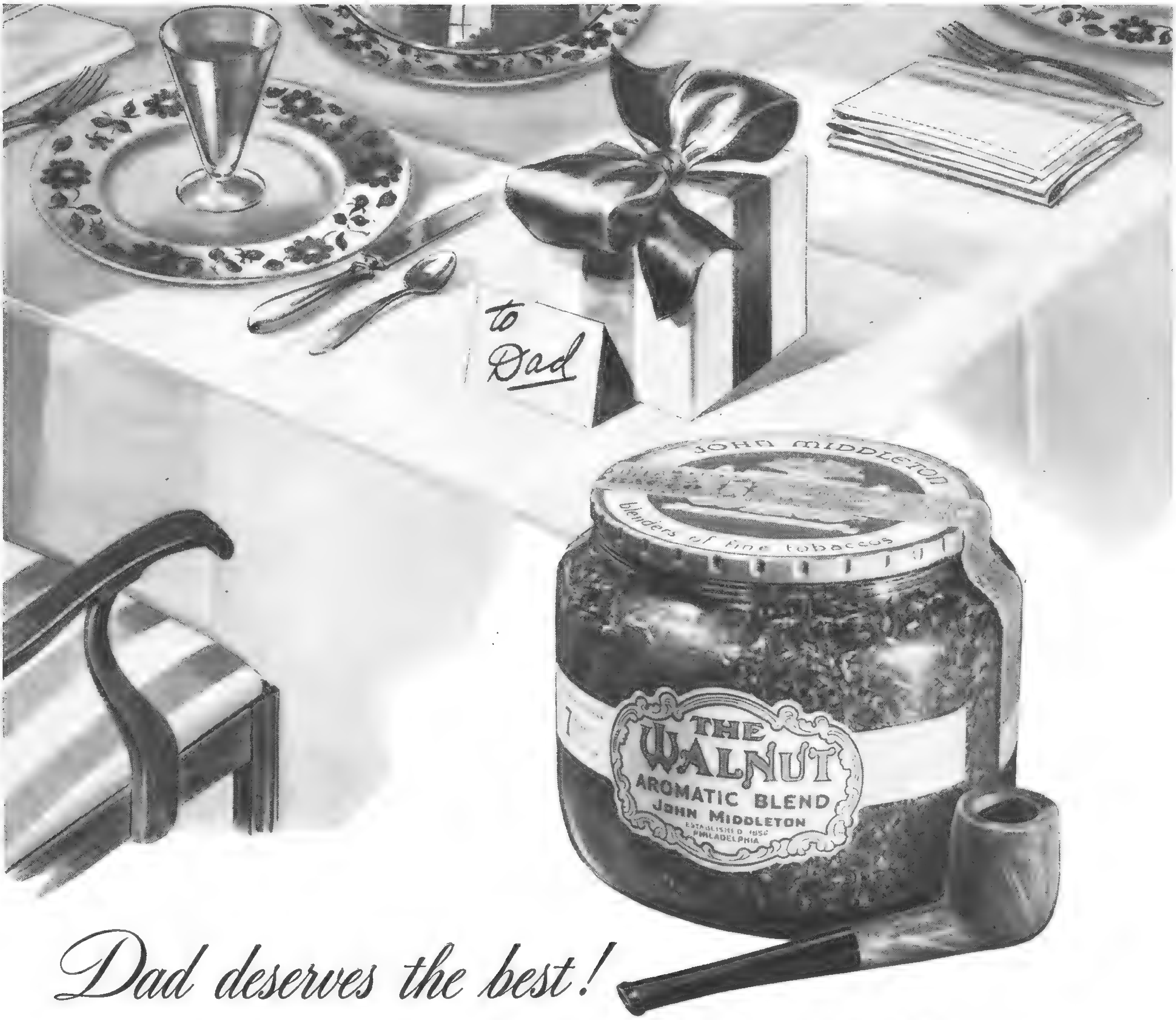
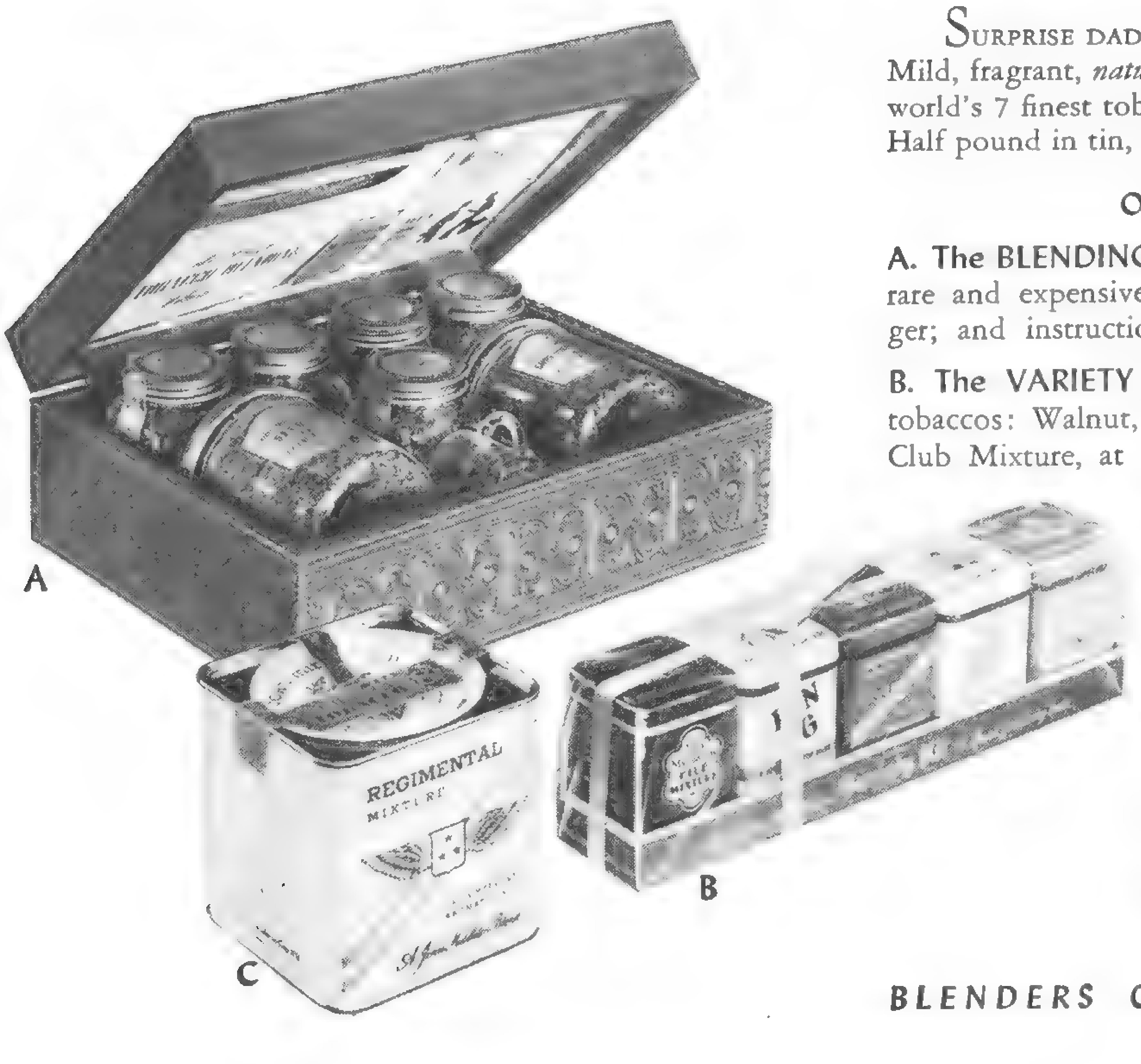

to Dad
JOHN MIDDLETON
blenders of fine tobaccos
THE WALNUT
AROMATIC BLEND
JOHN MIDDLETON
ESTABLISHED 1856
PHILADELPHIA

Dad deserves the best!

Make it MIDDLETON Tobaccos on FATHER'S DAY


A
B
C
REGIMENTAL
MIXTURE

Surprise Dad on "his morning" with WALNUT Pipe Tobacco. Mild, fragrant, *naturally* aromatic . . . Middleton's master blend of the world's 7 finest tobaccos. 1 pound glass jar (illustrated above), $2.30, Half pound in tin, $1.18.

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Tanbark Cologne
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Men's Lotion
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Lenthéric Brushless Cream

Among the Requisites by Lenthéric

Decanter of Men's Eau de Cologne or "Tanbark" Cologne, each $2.50 or $4.00. Pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion, $1.00. After-Shave Powder, $1.00. *All prices plus tax.* Brushless Shave Stick, or Lather Shave Stick, 65¢. Pinch-bottle of Shampoo, $1.00. Shaving Bowl, $1.00. Brushless Shaving Cream, or Lather Shaving Cream, each 50¢. Men's Toilet Soap, 3 cakes, 75¢.

QUIET, PERFECT GROOMING

Requisites by Lenthéric

AT THE BETTER SHOPS

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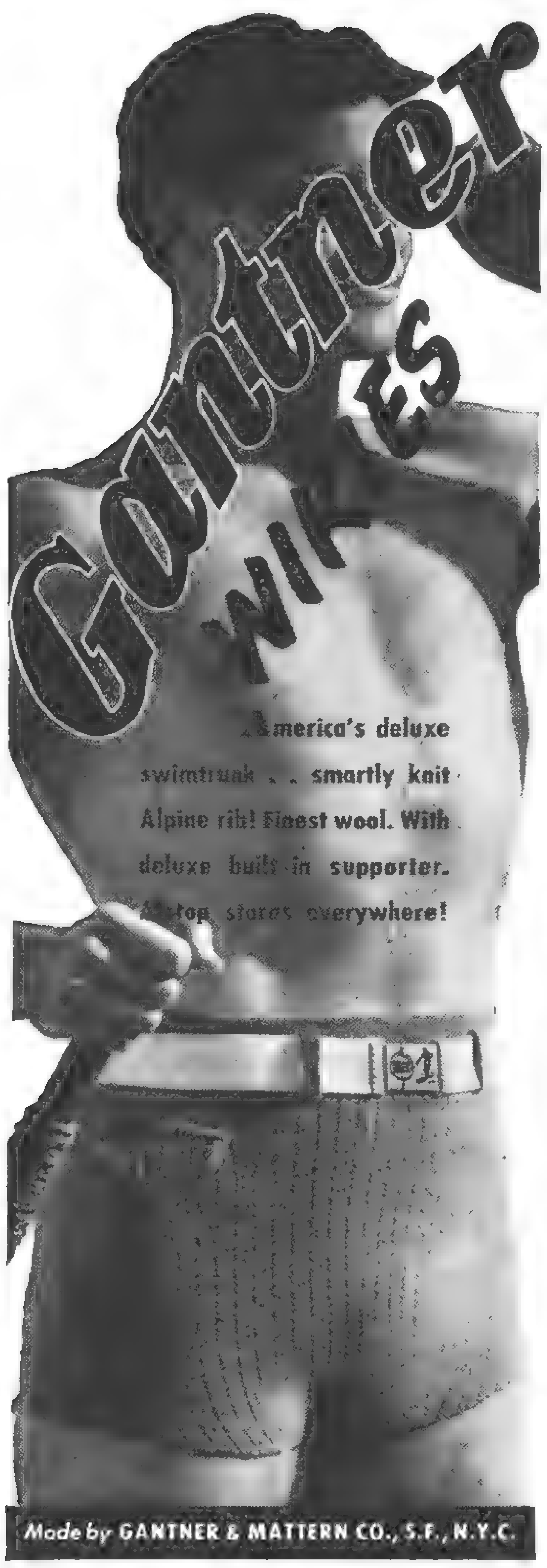
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America's deluxe swimtrunk . . smartly knit Alpine rib! Finest wool. With deluxe built-in supporter. At top stores everywhere!

Made by GANTNER & MATTERN CO., S.F., N.Y.C.

Talking Shop with Esquire

"OH YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL." Practically every guy, upon viewing his favorite curvaceous star on the screen, has muttered in his beard, "Why can't I have one like that". Well, pals, you can. At least a reasonable facsimile of same. You can buy dolls, replicas of famous stars of stage and screen, exact to the smallest detail. The dolls are made by a well known French artist who has won numerous medals. He uses three different materials in making his dolls. The sculptured cotton dolls are covered with silk stockings, then painted and chemically treated. His famous breadcrumb dolls cannot be made in this country because American bread doesn't crumble as well as French *"pain"*. Other dolls are made of an unbreakable plastic.

SWELL SWILL. Neat waste receptacle for your bar is a good looking funnel shaped, spun aluminum container on a wood and cork base. With it come 10 waxed paper linings. Then there's the ice mallet of hardwood, complete with canvas bag for ice crushing. Mallet can also be used to tenderize the meat.

EXCLUSIVELY HERS. One of the neatest femme gifts we've seen in many a moon is a satin cocktail or evening bag, shaped like a flat envelope, with an exact facsimile of your lady's signature and address hand painted on the side in a contrasting color. There's a real airmail stamp under isinglass and a postmark stamped in gold paint. They come in white, black and luscious pastels—painted of course in contrasting colors.

Miss Elsie
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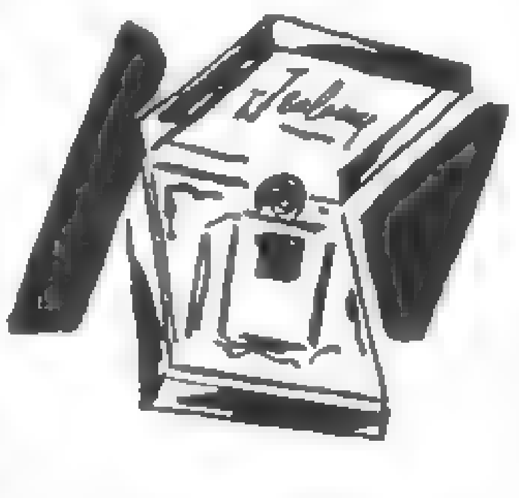
N.Y.C.

"JEALOUSY". If you continually harbor unpleasant apprehension of rivalship don't make a scene, send the babe a bottle of perfume yclept, "Jealousy". A "challenge to conquest" it says on the box. You can also send along from time to time "Jealousy" toilet water, bath powder and other toilet accessories.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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RANCH HOUSE BARBECUE

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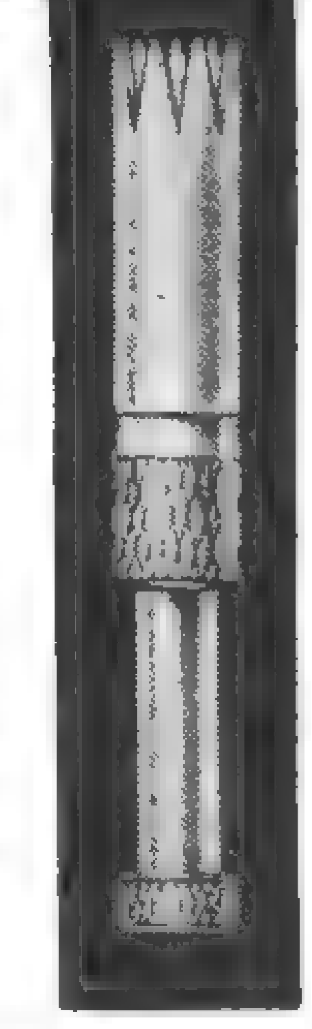
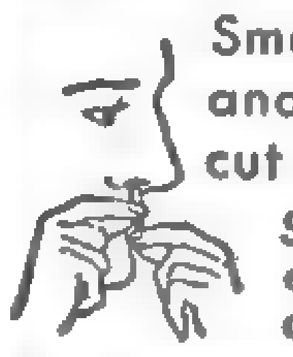
Flows perfectly. Does not feather-edge. Eliminates pen troubles. Ten brilliant, striking colors. Sanford's—the world's most famous name in inks.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NEW INVENTION

You can cause serious infection as a result of pulling hair from nose. Use of scissors or tweezers is also dangerous and impractical. There is no better way to remove superfluous hair from nose and ears than with KLIPETTE. Smooth, gentle, safe and efficient. Cannot cut or prick the skin.

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Enclosed is $.................for............KLIPETTE(S) at $1 (no tax);........in gold plate at $3.50 (plus 70c Fed. Tax). If I'm not entirely satisfied, I may return the above for refund.
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See Smoke Smudge Erased

by longer polishing action

● Next time you brush your teeth, *notice* how quickly your dentifrice foams up and disperses. Its polishing action gone.

No wonder embarrassing smoke smudge and other surface discolorations cling to your teeth.

For the brilliant smile Nature intended for you, change to Iodent No. 2, amazing modern-day dentifrice made by a Dentist. It contains millions of tiny particles *scientifically treated* to safely polish teeth. They *do not* dissolve—but get finer, tinier as you brush. It's the way a jeweler polishes precious jewelry.

It's America's favorite dentifrice "for teeth hard to bryten." *Let your own mirror tell you why!* Tooth Paste or Powder.

IODENT

For children—and millions with teeth easy to bryten—IODENT No. 1

father's day june 16

—do you know what is meant by a sweater's *hand?*

. . . the slick feel inherent in quality knitwear—a Bancroft exclusive feature. This cable stitch available in white, beige, maize, blue.

Sizes small, medium, large.

About $3.95

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Stradivari *The perfume with a love song in its heart.*

In gold-encrusted crown bottles . . .

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At Bonwit Teller, dinner dress
inspired by Stradivari Perfume

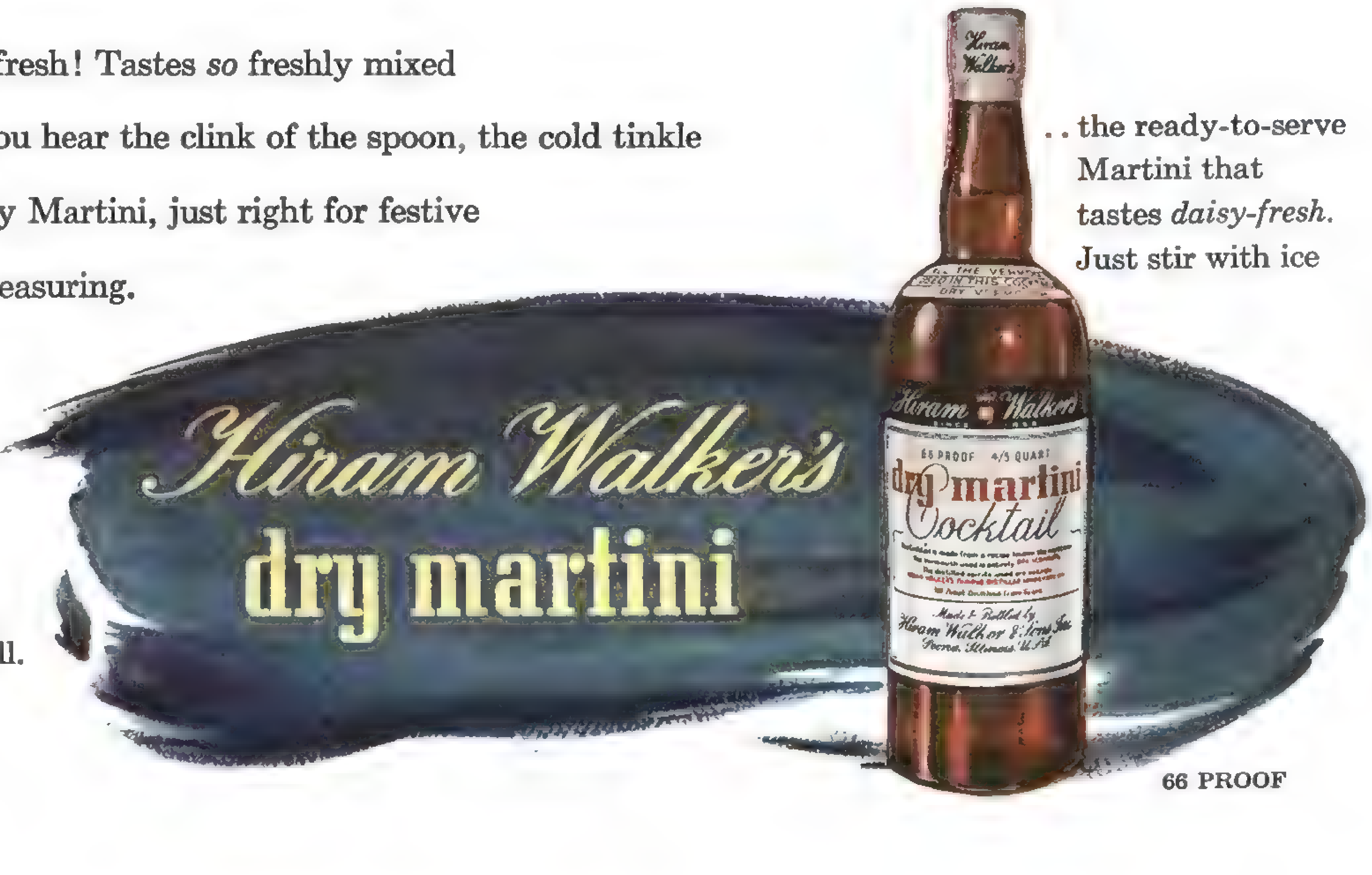
Like plucking a Dry Martini right off the vine

It's *that* easy . . . tastes *that* daisy-fresh! Tastes *so* freshly mixed that with each sip you'll imagine you hear the clink of the spoon, the cold tinkle of the ice. Here's a "just right" Dry Martini, just right for festive times—without mixing, muss, or measuring.

And best of all—Hiram Walker's Dry Martini *keeps* tasting delightfully fresh-mixed right down to the *last* drink you pour!

Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

. . the ready-to-serve Martini that tastes *daisy-fresh.* Just stir with ice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dry martini
Hiram Walker's
66 PROOF 4/5 QUART
dry martini
Cocktail
Made & Bottled by
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66 PROOF

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MEN! Insist on MIST for after shave, scalp and dandruff

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RABSONS 111 WEST 52nd STREET DEPT. 19, New York 19

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P.O. Box 260, Port Elizabeth, South Africa

Painting the Town with Esquire

TAP-HAPPY Bill Robinson, bojangling upon the stage of Broadway's Café Zanzibar with all the jauntiness of his five dozen years of foot-lighted foot-lightness, could carry any show. But this Zanzibar revue has other able toters. The Mills Brothers, heavyweight juke-boxers (in person; no nickle necessary), harmonize some of their best sellers, each number getting a hand as it is launched into. Acrobatic exertionists Tip, Tap & Toe knock themselves out in the name of Terpsichore. Slinky Marie Ellington slings songs. Howell and Bowser are neat with the comedy. Standup keyboarder Maurice Rocco out-terrifics himself with a boogie-rumba climax involving jungle drum thumpers and the supple Zanzibeauts on voodoo duty. Backgrounding the proceedings, and playing for dancing, is Claude Hopkins and his bang-up band. So go early if you want to dine undistractedly.

THE BIZARRE bearpit-and-balcony layout at 40 East 58th Street that lured various bonifaces into luckless endeavors, has finally clicked as Ciro's, hosted by Arthur Davis, stalwart believer in the efficacy of juicy roast beef, special broiled sirloin, double thick lamb chops with water cress, grilled filet mignons, butter-fried veal cutlets, and whole broiled lobsters. Wines and liquors are reliable. Mood is friendly, service amiably attentive. The only tension you are conscious of is on the belt.

QUITE a distinctive dash of color has been added to New York's nocturnal playground with the opening up of the spot called Mardi Gras on 7th Ave., corner of roaring 50th St., with Comus himself as doorman. In lieu of a float, there's a big bar equipped with a deck on which mimes and mummers warble and instrumentalize while whitecoaters mix and shake your quenchments. Fodder for customers ensconced at tables is geared to fit all notions, from Long Island rarebit, to British mixed grill, to caviar of the Beluga craving a vodka wash-down.

YOU MIGHT think that only hardy explorers would roam as far off the beaten path as 330 West 31st, yet Bonat's, flourishing at the location (opposite General Post Office's southern exposure), teems with applicants for its unclothed tables, enticed by the tastiness of Bonat frogs' legs, chicken sauté Marengo, minced tenderloin of beef à la Deutsch, and other specialties—all calling for wines, which America's vineyards obligingly come up with. For that matter, you can even have a cocktail to start with, and a brandy crowned Café Royale as fragrant finale.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

MOST BEAUTIFUL NIGHT CLUB IN THE COUNTRY!
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NEW YORK

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DINNER *and Music* TIL 10 • NO TAX

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NEVER A COVER

THE FINEST CHINESE AND ISLAND FOOD SPECIALTIES

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Culinary Crossroads of the World

BWAY AT 50TH ST • NEW YORK

ALWAYS
THE SMARTEST LITTLE SHOW AND THE BEST MUSIC IN TOWN

For DINNER at 8—
Then at 12—Again at 2

P.S. The Food's Good Too!

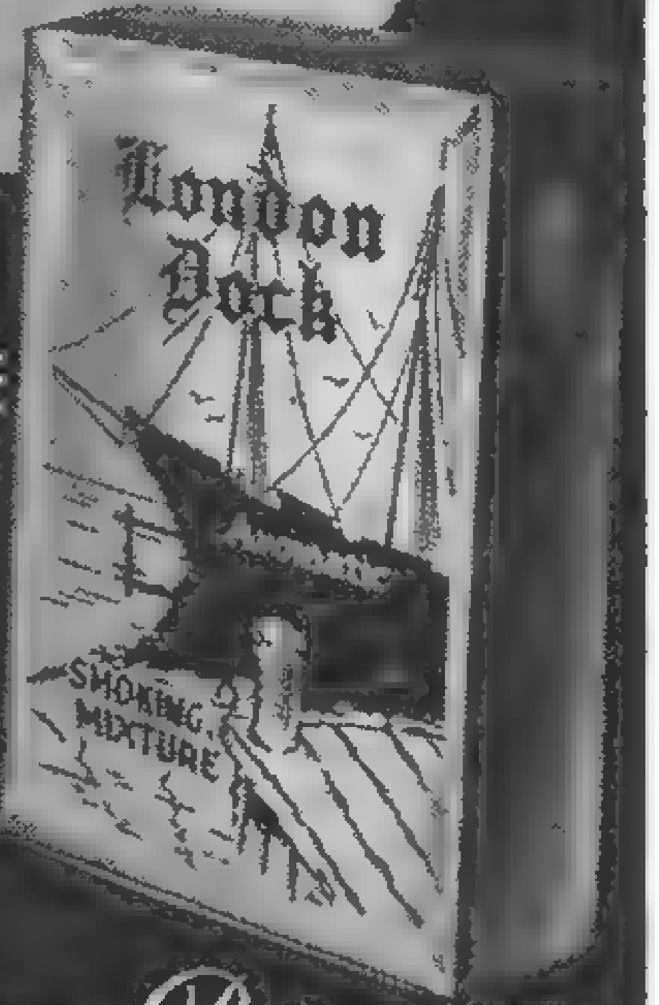
Monte Proser's
COPACABANA
10 EAST 60 • PL 8-1060

"Joe can't carry a tune—he'd be sunk without London Dock Tobacco!"

"America's Finest Aromatic Tobacco"

POCKET PACKAGE 40¢

$3.00 PER POUND



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HOME OF THE STARS

DELICIOUS FULL-COURSE DINNER

Served to 9:30

SHOW & DANCING

ALL FOR THE PRICE OF DINNER ALONE

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Also visit the three White Turkey Restaurants in New York City.

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NEW YORK'S DISTINGUISHED CONTINENTAL RENDEZVOUS

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at DINNER and SUPPER

A Compliment to Your Foresight . . .

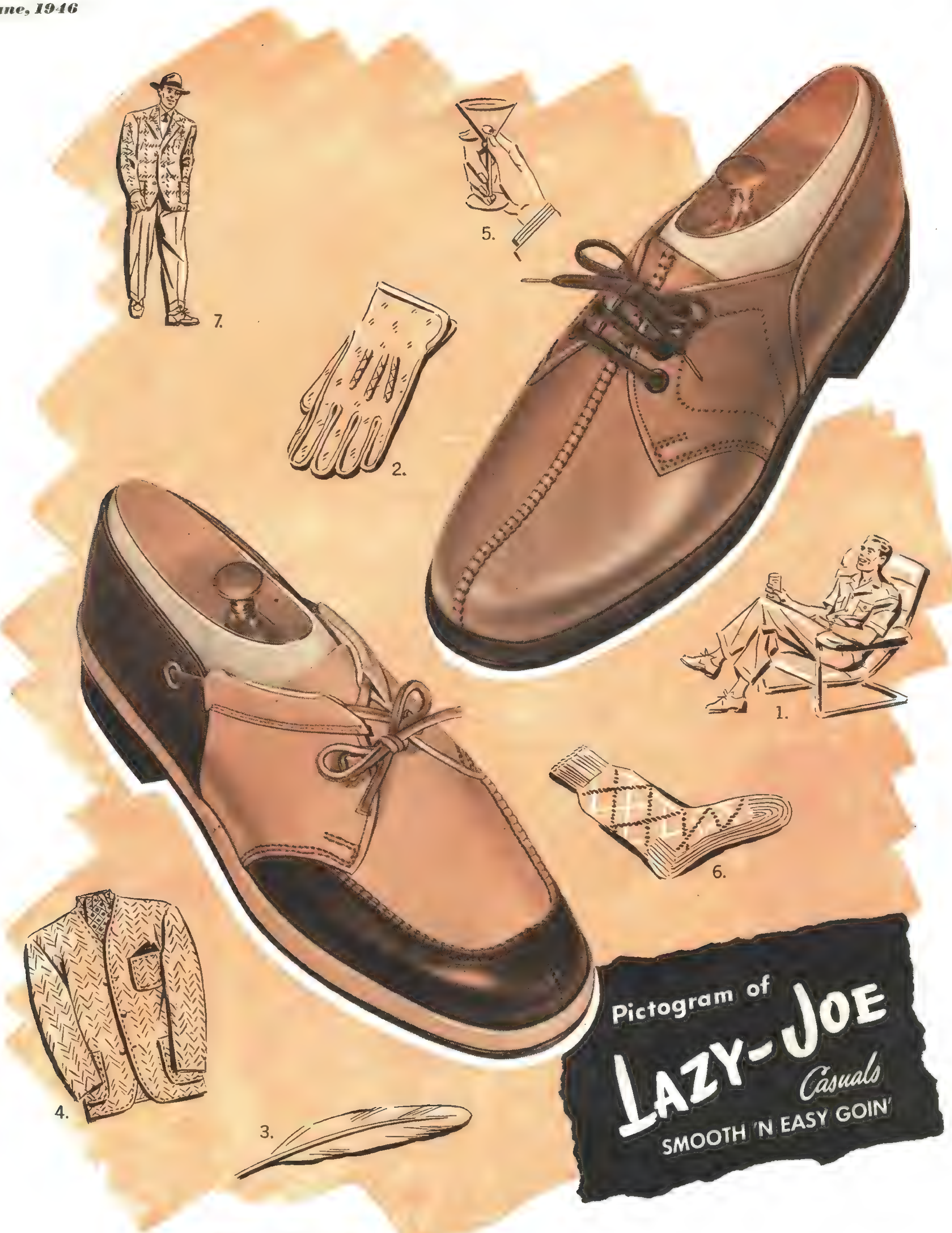
To those who would reach into the achievements of the future . . . Omega offers the watch of the future . . . the Omega Automatic. For Omega has produced the ultimate in an automatic watch . . . one that is ultra-precise, wafer thin and completely self-winding. With normal movement of the wrist it stores up a 36 hour reserve of winding power, yet can never over-wind itself. The Omega Automatic . . . a compliment to your foresight . . . may be examined at leading jewelers.

Awarded the highest rating ever achieved by a watch in the British National Observatory tests.

OMEGA

Fifth Avenue, New York

WORLD WIDE SYMBOL OF ACCURACY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Casuals
SMOOTH 'N EASY GOIN'

MEET LAZY-JOE:

1. A new kind of casual shoe for all-round wear. **2.** Fits like a glove. **3.** Bends and flexes like a soft-soled slipper. Light as a feather. **4.** Smart as a fine tweed jacket. **5.** A real cocktail in leather to your feet. **6.** Casual as Argyle socks. **7.** Keen-styled comfort for sport, casual or business wear.

A CLASTON SHOE FOR MEN

STYLED BY PETERS SHOE COMPANY, DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS 3, MO.

Painting the Town with Esquire

THE EMBASSY (149 East 57th), sprung upon us super on all counts, has become a haunt. No show; the floor is reserved for the exclusive use of the patrons dancing to the rhythms of a smooth orchestra and a brisk rumba band. Cuisine, dedicated to gullet delectation, embraces every dish known to chefdom. If what you've been yenning for isn't among the suggestions of the day, nor to be found among the à la carte offerings—31 hors d'oeuvre, 10 soups, 11 fishes, 17 entrées, 14 grilled specialties, 11 cold platters, 23 vegetables, 13 salads, 19 desserts, 8 cheeses, 6 styles of coffee including bonfired—just drop a hint to maître d'hotel Marcel and the magicians will get busy. If, on the other hand, you desire to shirk the ordering chore, Marcel will do a mind-reading job. You'll know that he and his attachés are persons to be trusted the moment you cast a lip over a recommended Embassy Cocktail (made of Benédictine, French Vermouth, and fresh-pressed lime juice), and let its charm creep up on you, same as the pleasantness of the whole place does.

FOR A LITERARY thrill, join the authors and publishers with a plate of alphabet soup at the Hotel Algonquin; followed by Epigramme de Veau . . . Blue ribbon entertainment at the Ruban Bleu these nights is headed by diminutive jive diva Maxine Sullivan with The Four Notes accompanying, wacky impressionist Doodles Weaver snaring guffaws, and calypso songstress Muriel Gaines juggling her patter. Captain Alfonse Mele, back from 31 months in the South Pacific, is C.O., responsible only to his dad, Anthony Mele, chairman of the boite . . . Most discreet dinner music in town: the Viennese tunes zithered at the Hapsburg House (313 East 55th), where side-whiskered Emperor Franz Josef (or maybe it's his twin) tucks departers into their taxis.

SWANS ponded across the way are looked down on from the Pent House Club, 30 Central Park South. They haven't the succulence of chef Clouet's chicken casseroled in wine. So let's ignore them and watch the waiter's skill as he eases the meat out of a lobster's red armor and arranges it temptingly upon a plate for its orderer to fly at. Frankly, Pent Housers are a bit pampered, noons and evenings, once they've gotten a table, which is no slight trick. Unless you're early or late, André and his assistant Dominic can only adjure patience at the bar. 10:00 P.M. brings on Onesco, offering fiddle aid to romance.

For information about any hotels, restaurants, or night clubs, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.

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ingenious new
VENUS BOTTLE GUARD
protects bottles while travelling

No More Bottles Breaking, Leaking or Spilling in your Bag. A Smart Looking, Practical Gift for Every Traveller.

You can now travel safely with bottled liquids—liquor, hair tonic, medicine, etc. Venus Bottle Guard protects bottles from breaking, leaking, spilling. Patented design of special suede-like, liquid-proof material. Highly absorbent padding. Zipper closing. Compact. Saves time and bulk in wrapping. Saves emergency cleaning of ruined clothes. In Quart, Pint and ½ Pint Sizes.

Special for perfumes

Special Venus Perfume Bottle Guard carries two bottles in separate pockets.

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Dept. E-6

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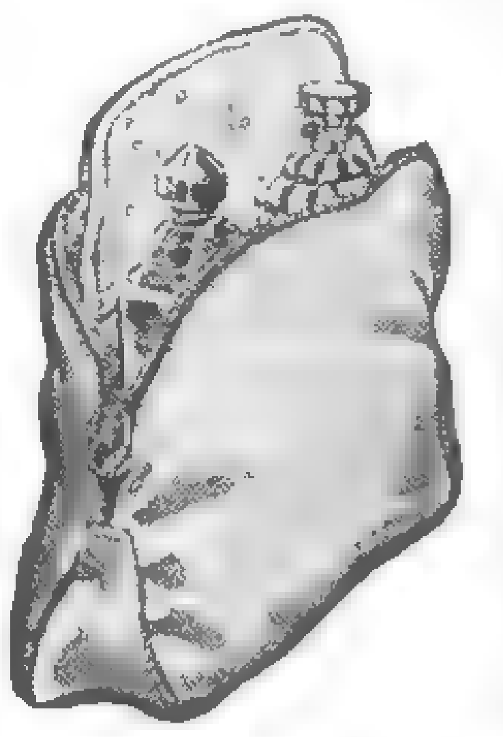

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A Honey of A Tobacco!

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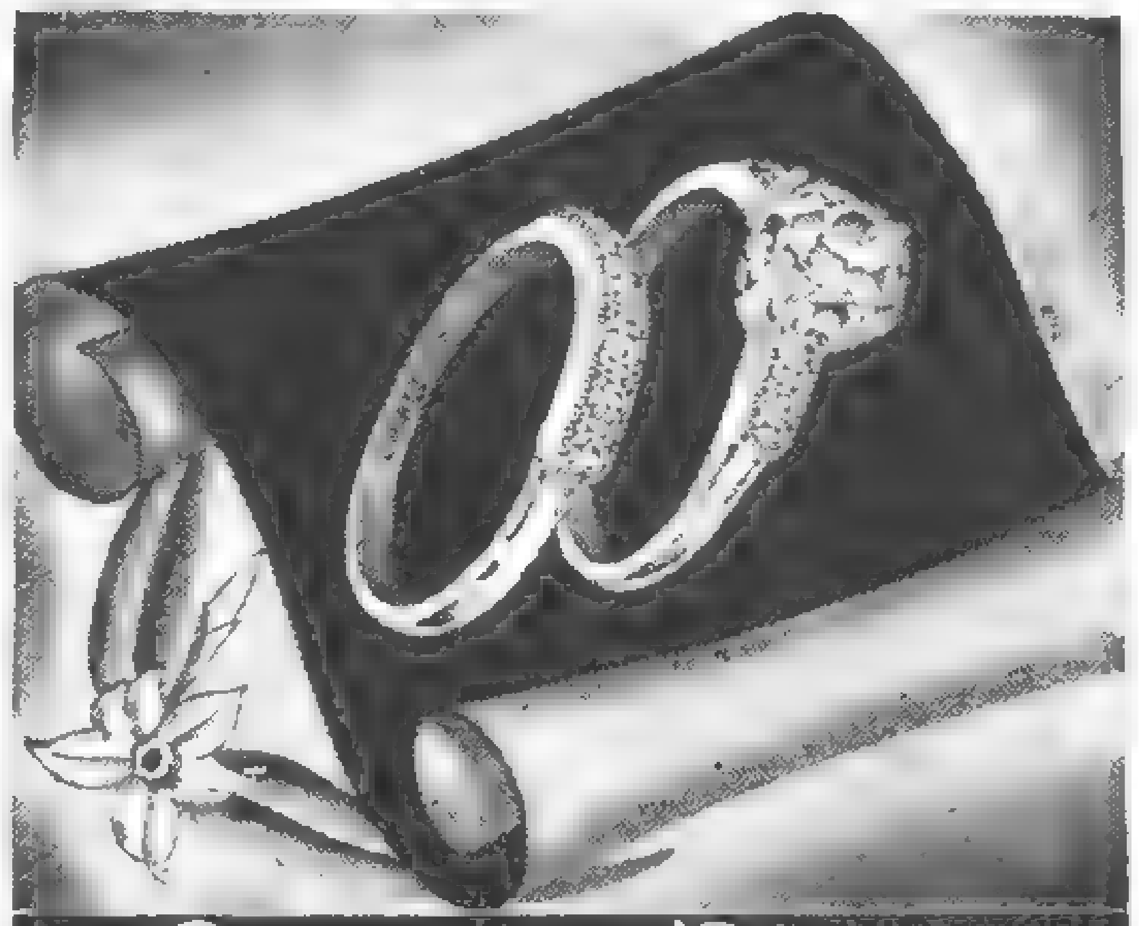

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Write for Illustrated Folder

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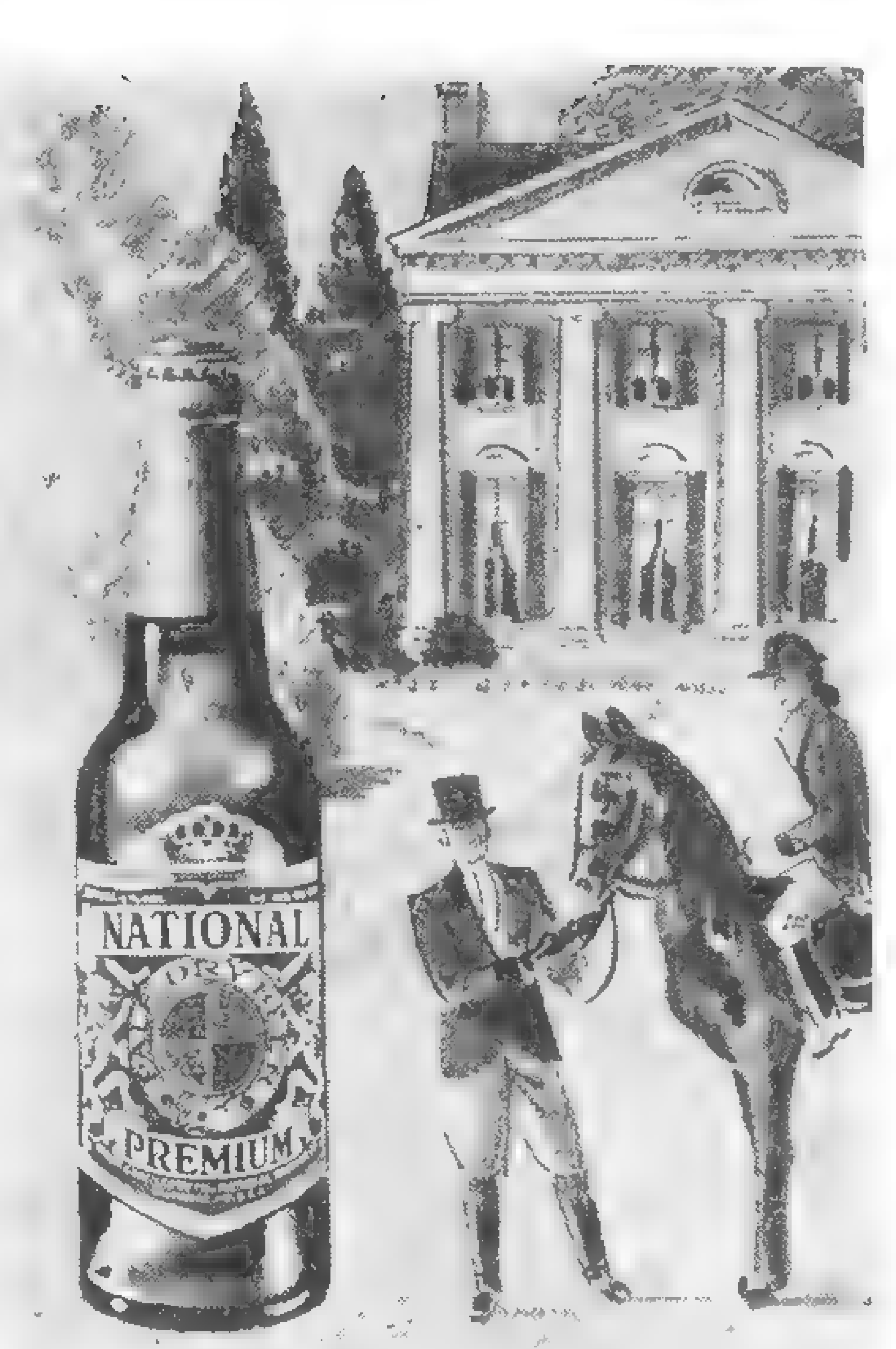

A delightful evidence of MARYLAND hospitality, this fine beer is, as one would expect, rather costly *but* considered well worth the price.

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Premium
BEER
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NATIONAL BREWING COMPANY OF BALTIMORE IN MARYLAND

Again Available!
TWENTY GRAND RAZOR BLADES 10¢ PER Package
WORLD'S PRODUCTS CO., Spencer, Ind.

PRE-WAR QUALITY
Famous through the years
Graves Gin
SUPERIOR *Distilled* Dry

Quality
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90 Proof 100% grain products neutral spirits, made from choice American grain

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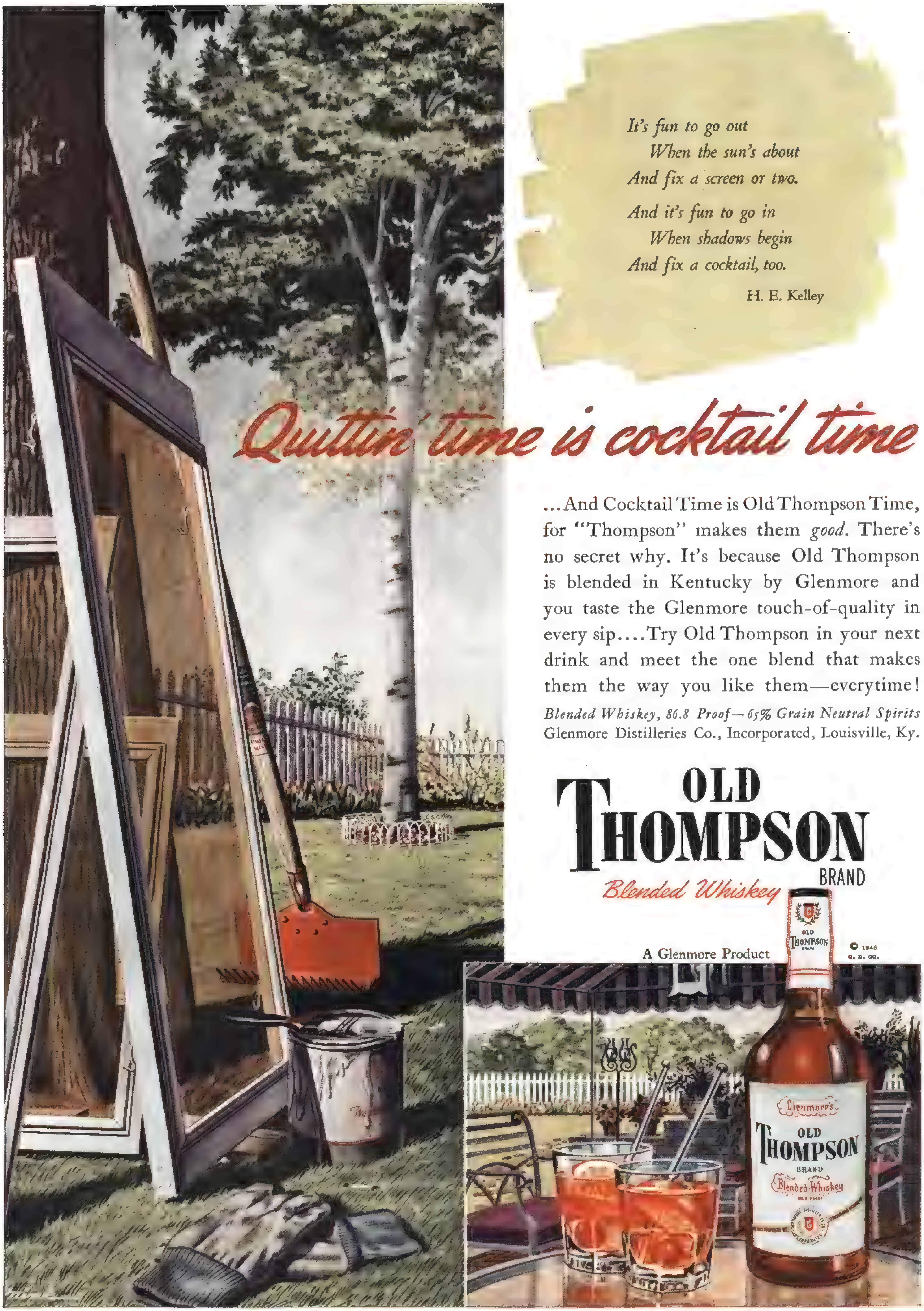

It's fun to go out
When the sun's about
And fix a screen or two.

And it's fun to go in
When shadows begin
And fix a cocktail, too.

H. E. Kelley

Quittin' time is cocktail time

...And Cocktail Time is Old Thompson Time, for "Thompson" makes them *good*. There's no secret why. It's because Old Thompson is blended in Kentucky by Glenmore and you taste the Glenmore touch-of-quality in every sip....Try Old Thompson in your next drink and meet the one blend that makes them the way you like them—everytime!

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits
Glenmore Distilleries Co., Incorporated, Louisville, Ky.

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A Glenmore Product

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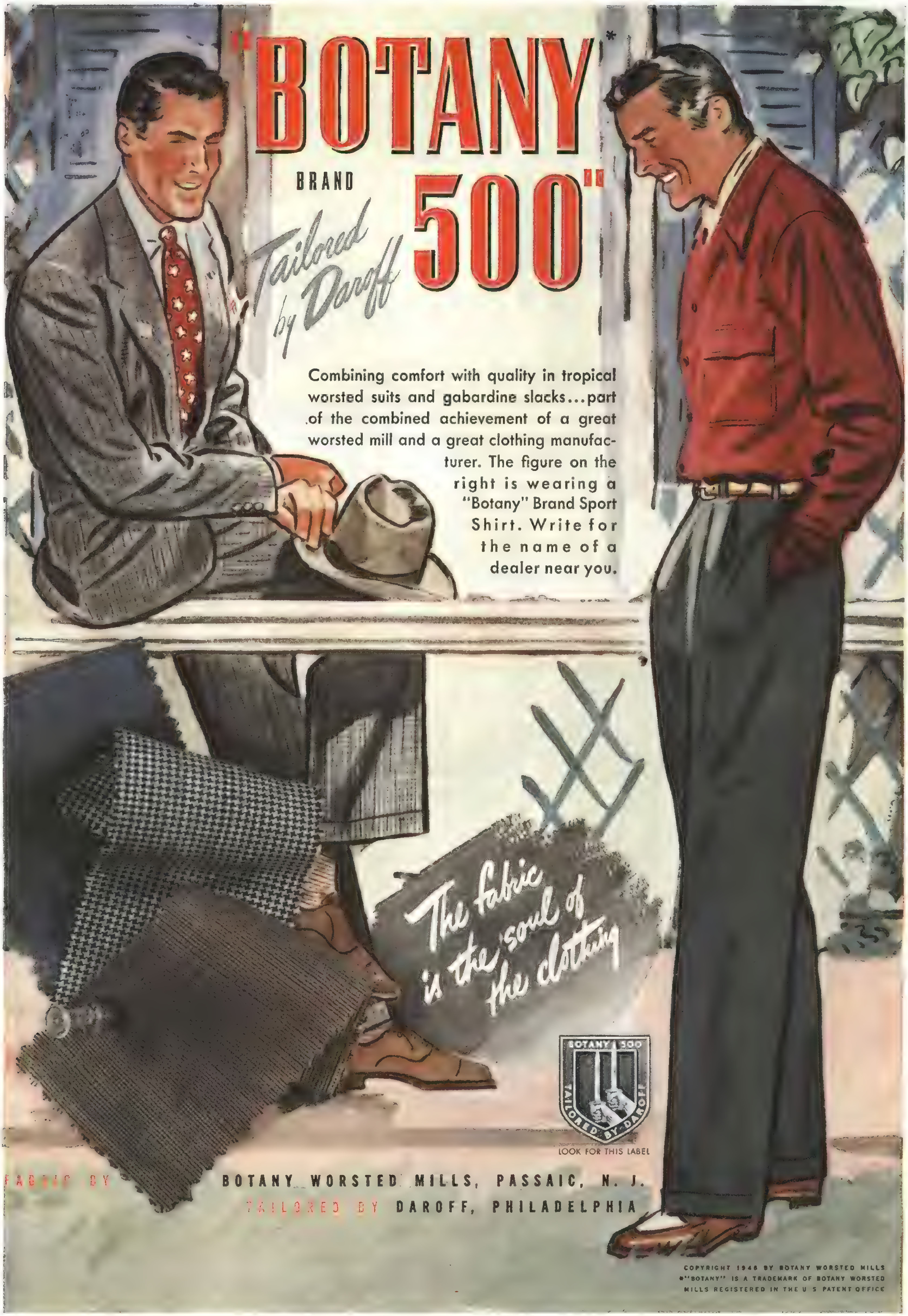
A BETTER BLEND FOR BETTER DRINKS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The fabric is the soul of the clothing
BOTANY 500
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Combining comfort with quality in tropical worsted suits and gabardine slacks...part of the combined achievement of a great worsted mill and a great clothing manufacturer. The figure on the right is wearing a "Botany" Brand Sport Shirt. Write for the name of a dealer near you.

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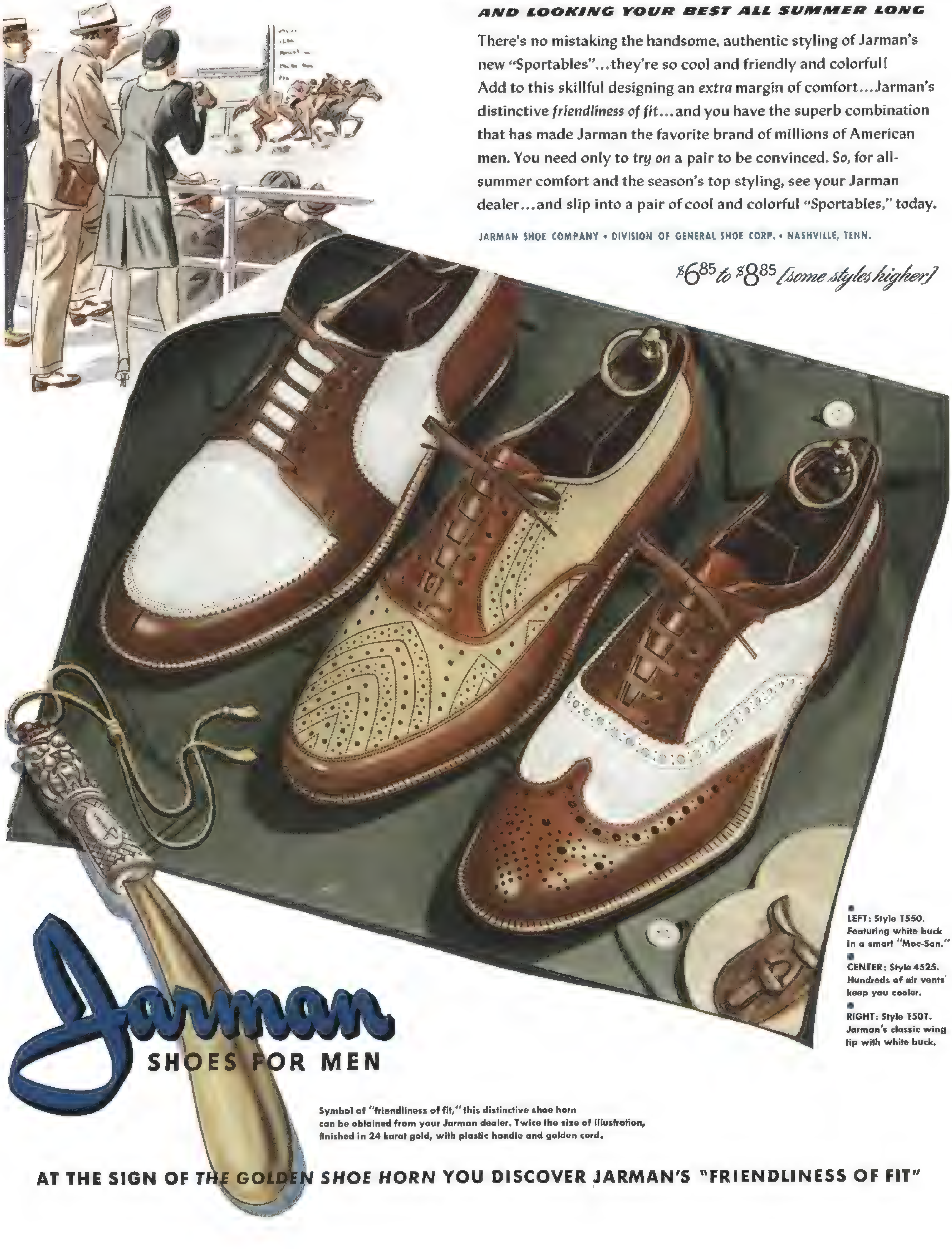
Colorful Jarman "Sportables"

DESIGNED BY JARMAN STYLISTS TO KEEP YOU COOL AND LOOKING YOUR BEST ALL SUMMER LONG

There's no mistaking the handsome, authentic styling of Jarman's new "Sportables"...they're so cool and friendly and colorful! Add to this skillful designing an *extra* margin of comfort...Jarman's distinctive *friendliness of fit*...and you have the superb combination that has made Jarman the favorite brand of millions of American men. You need only to *try on* a pair to be convinced. So, for all-summer comfort and the season's top styling, see your Jarman dealer...and slip into a pair of cool and colorful "Sportables," today.

JARMAN SHOE COMPANY • DIVISION OF GENERAL SHOE CORP. • NASHVILLE, TENN.

$6^{85} to $8^{85} [some styles higher]



- **LEFT:** Style 1550. Featuring white buck in a smart "Moc-San."
- **CENTER:** Style 4525. Hundreds of air vents keep you cooler.
- **RIGHT:** Style 1501. Jarman's classic wing tip with white buck.

Jarman
SHOES FOR MEN

Symbol of "friendliness of fit," this distinctive shoe horn can be obtained from your Jarman dealer. Twice the size of illustration, finished in 24 karat gold, with plastic handle and golden cord.

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN SHOE HORN YOU DISCOVER JARMAN'S "FRIENDLINESS OF FIT"

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Painting the Town with Esquire

THE SPRING that's in the air is listless compared to what's in the hip at the rumba-ructioned Havana-Madrid, Broadway and 51st . . . Prize perch for viewing the East River scene by moonlight: Top o' the Tower cocktail lounge of the Beekman Tower, 1st Ave. and 49th St. But don't overenthuse your thirst; house rule is "Only one moon to a customer" . . . Glamour hounds who, instigated by our rave about the Drake Room of the Hotel Drake, have gone there and eaten, sipped, and luxuriated, now accuse us of not half telling how swell that room really is.

THEMED with new fantasies by satirical muralist Anton Refregier, Café Society Uptown is loaning its spotlight to the talents of Parisiansepian Mlle. Moune, red-tressed folkalist Susan Reed, dizzy Imogene Coca, and boogie-woogian Mary Lou Williams, with licorice-stickman Ed Hall leading his band . . . Viennese fang-trove of the schnitzel, goulash, and sauerbraten school are attackable at the resplendent Café Wienecke, 207 East 86th. Gypsy violinist Plaschke and his crew make melody for cocktailing and dining and eventually settle down to dance rhythms . . . With Alix Hounie back from overseas, the Continental-chowed Chateaubriand, 148 East 56th, is a threesome again . . . Ideal recuperation resort: the One-Two-Three Club with host Roger Stearns' piano tinkles that smooth wrinkles . . . The flaming shashlik parade at the Casino Russe has song and dagger interludes which make this knife-and-form rendezvous (Carnegie Hall's unofficial annex) a colorful place to camp. The Russian Tea Room, linked onto it, doesn't limit you to tea . . . Compulsory for jazz fans: Art Hodes and his Chicagoans giving out stuff of the solidest, at the amusing old Stuyvesant Casino, 2nd Ave. and 9th St. Beer and sandwiches served. A sign warns that potato chips are 10¢ extra.

ATTENTION bird lovers: The Bird & Bottle Inn (Early American curio, de luxed), on Route 9, Garrison, N. Y., is now going again, hosted by the same Charles and Constance Stearns who made it food-and-wine famous . . . And four miles north of Danbury, Conn., Route 7, the long esteemed White Turkey Inn, of Anno 1760, which hatched New York City's trio of White Turkey Restaurants, is itself again, getting its fine fodder from its own farm. The pot-pies alone would warrant a safari thither . . . And over Jersey way, at Sea Girt, hen of guinea and duck of Long Island are toothsomely met with at the Cedar Manor of flavor sagacious Joseph Ballart.

For information about any hotels, restaurants, or night clubs, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.

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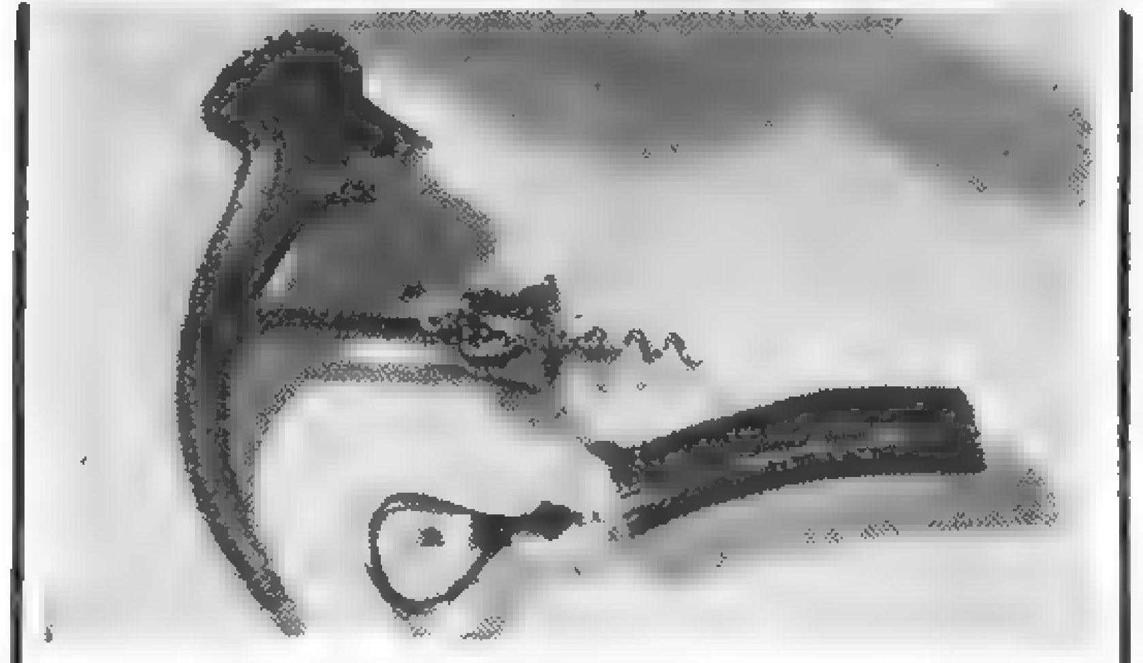

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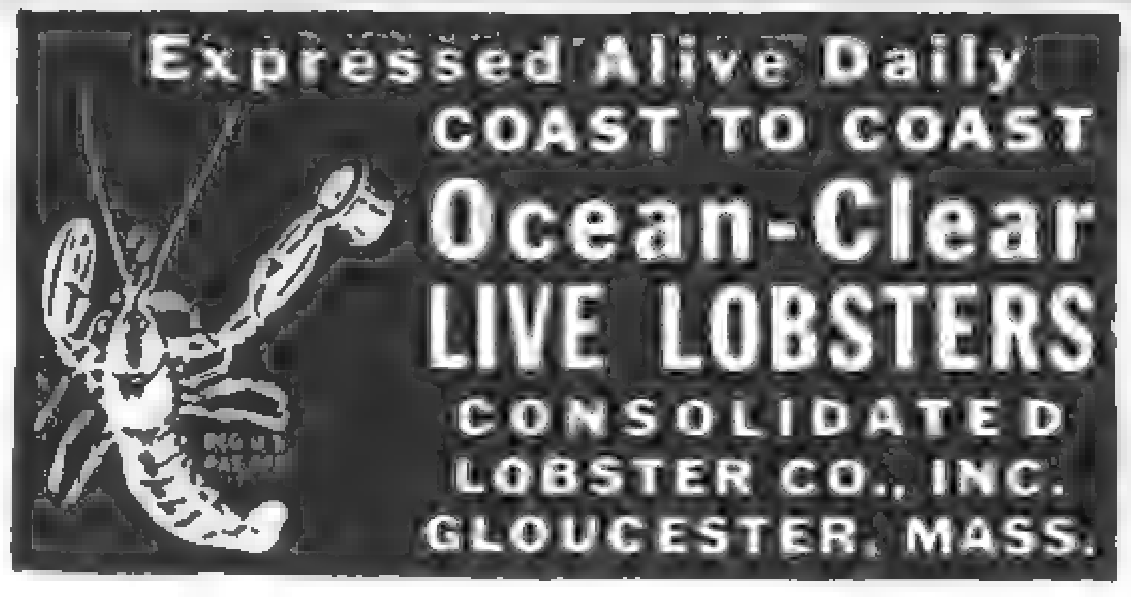

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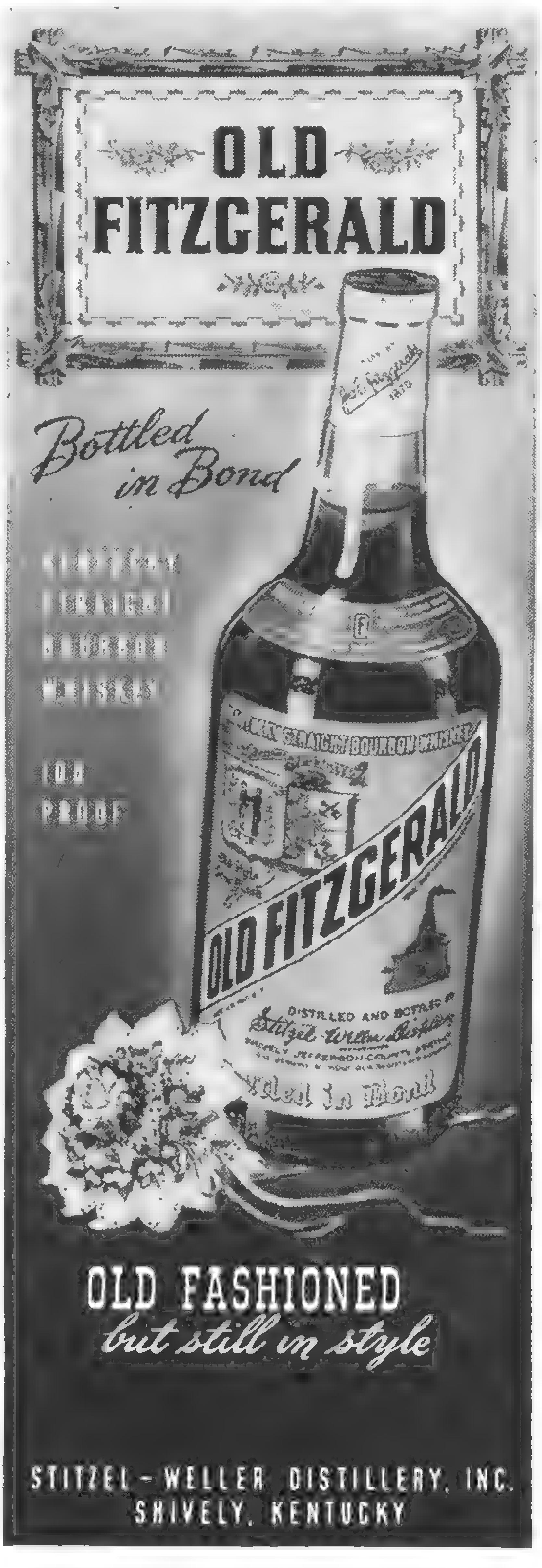

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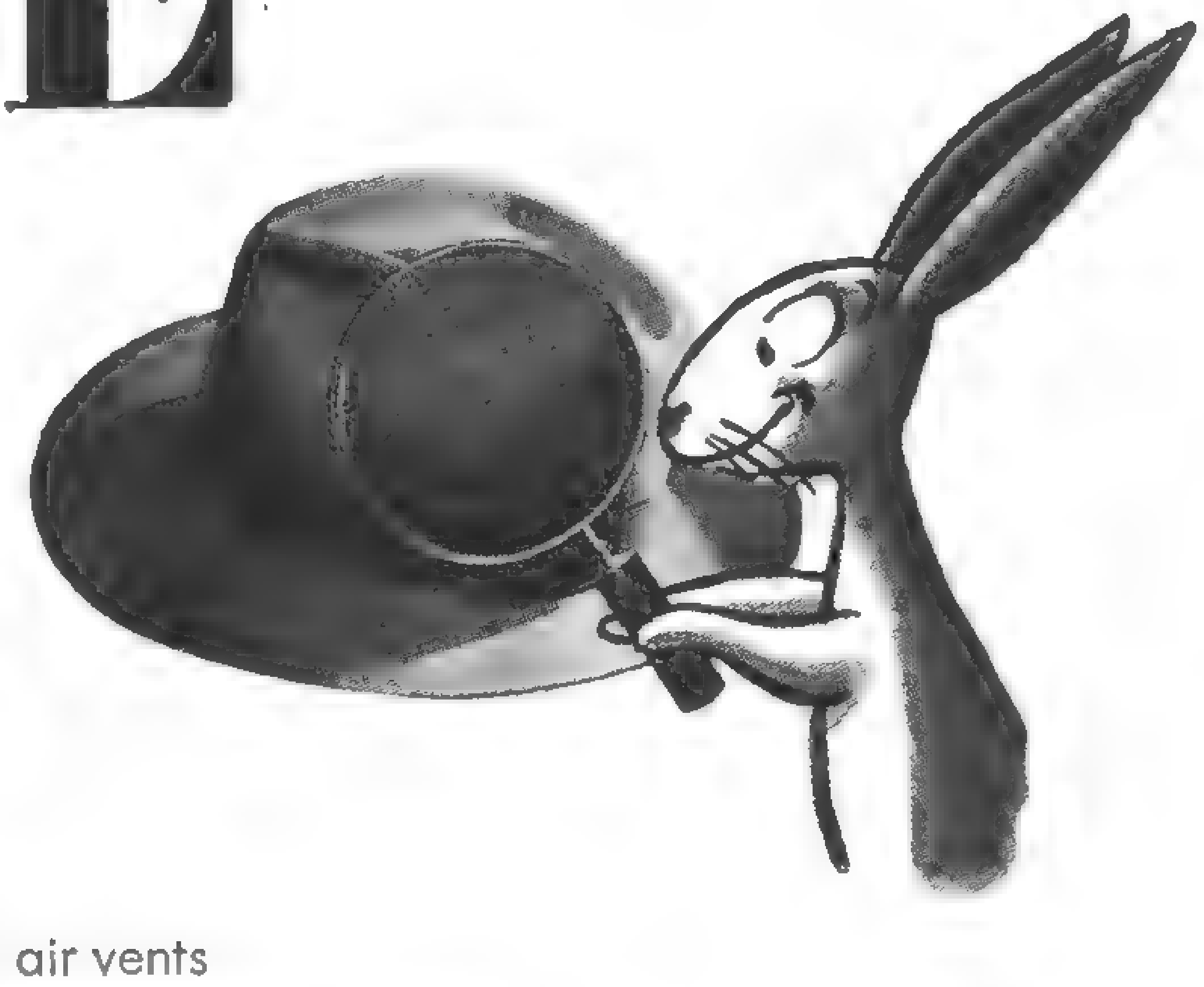

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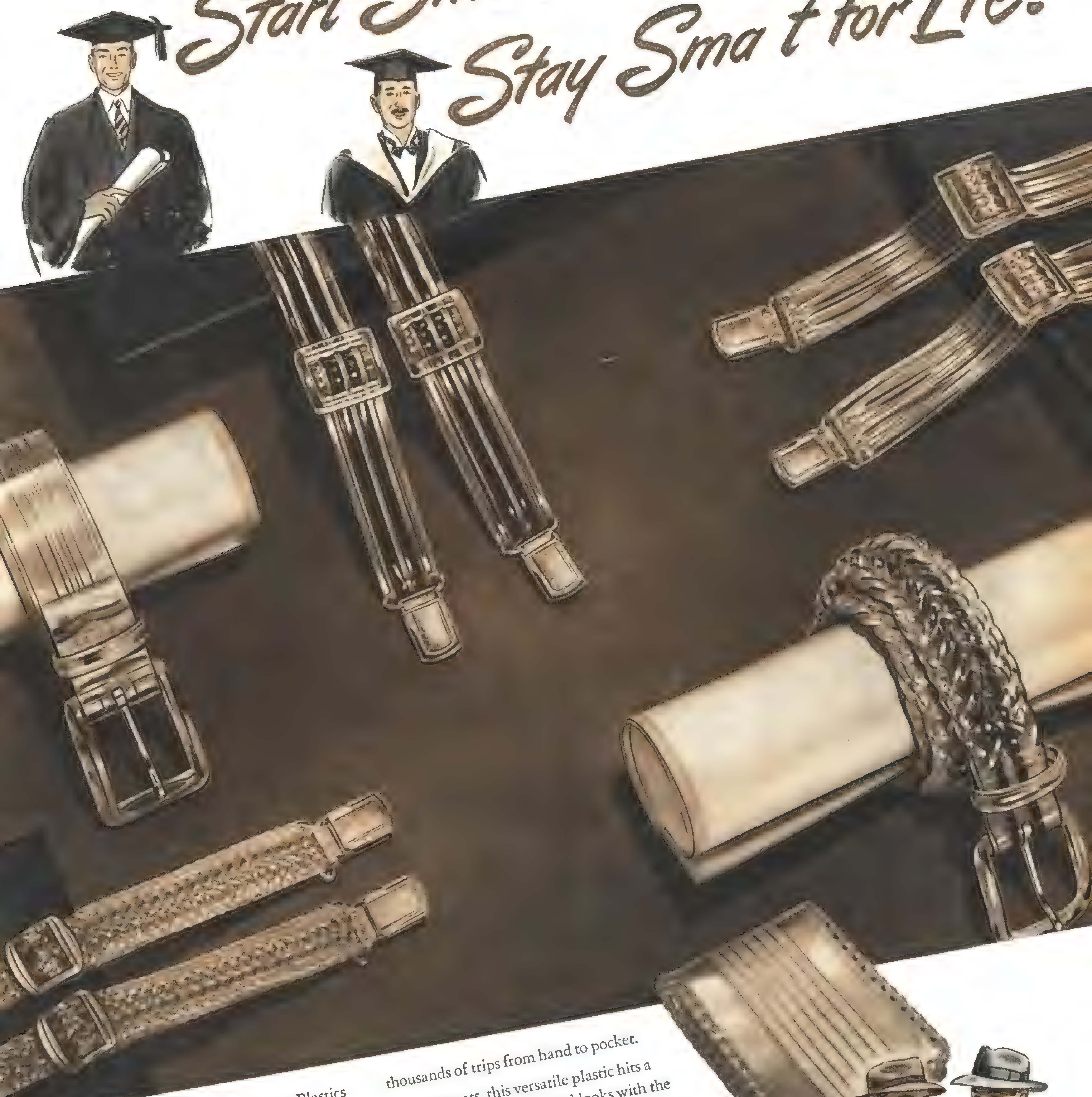

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Backstage with Esquire

Mel Matison

A Lesson in the Manly Art is MEL MATISON'S second contribution to these pages. "I have been trying to find time to write fiction for the past twelve years," he declares. "For the first four, all my waking hours six days a week were occupied by the Boston *Evening American* where I was a reporter and radio news announcer. So I wrote only on Sundays. Then I was a traveling salesman; this was better. I had Saturdays and Sundays to write. After I switched to Industrial Engineering for the U. S. Rubber Company in Woonsocket, Rhode Island, the improvement was marked. I had seven evenings and all day Sundays for brooding. It was during this period that my story *Rose into Cauliflower* ran in Esquire, and was picked up by Hollywood for movie production. Now jobs are calling me to various points in the country, but thanks to the housing shortage I am firmly entrenched in Woonsocket, with nothing to do but to write."

An old outdoor hand, EDWIN J. BECKER, has written newspaper sports columns, worked for *American Field Magazine* and *Outdoor Life*, hunted and fished from Georgia to Nova Scotia. He paid for his education by training bird dogs professionally—entered and handled them in field trials. In addition to wish-making articles like *Vacation North* (page 102), he writes occasional experimental fiction pieces for the "little" magazines. During the war he did a stint with the U. S. Signal Corps.

John Langton Welsh

JOHN L. WELSH devised the challenging little parlor game described on page 114 while resting from his profession as job analyst, Division of Personnel and Efficiency (sic) for the Department of Water and Power of the City of Los Angeles. He remarks, "Writing is my cherished part-time occupation. I am married, have a charming wife and after looking at the enclosed picture, realize also that I have a photographer who wields magic."

KENT SAGENDORPH has been flying, and writing about it, for nearly twenty years. He was a combat intelligence officer during the recent war, serving mostly with the 8th and 12th Air Forces, and returning with five battle stars on his ETO ribbon. Toward the close of hostilities he wrote an official study of the German Air Force for USSTAF headquarters at St. Germaine-en-Laye, France. A by-product of this work, based on his close-up view of the Luftwaffe, is his article on page 80.

THEODORE GLADSTONE is, for obvious reasons, a pseudonym for the author of *Cons Are Little Gents*. In addition to the time spent doing research for this article, he has been a reporter, copyreader and rewrite man on several newspapers, the editor of fact detectives and picture magazines and, as he says: "contributor to most of the bing-bing pulps alternately with some of the loftiest college reviews that leave you wanting something hardy like a raw onion."

Nigel Balchin

For five years after graduation from Cambridge University, NIGEL BALCHIN was Industrial Investigator to the National Institute of Industrial Psychology, and afterward Research Manager in Marketing to the firm of Rowntree and Company. At the outbreak of the war in England, he organized the Raw Materials Allocations Control of the Ministry of Food; in 1941 he joined the Army and now serves as General Staff Officer Grade 1 to the Scientific Adviser to the Army Council. Aside from all this activity he is author of six books and five plays, which were published and produced under his own name, as well as a former contributor to *Punch* under the pseudonym Mark Spade.

DONALD BARR CHIDSEY, a former expatriate in Tahiti, and a longtime contributor to Esquire, is the author of several historical novels—the most recent of which is *Panama Passage*, which was published by Doubleday Doran last March.

Philip Reynolds

Onions Bring Tears is PHILIP REYNOLDS' first published story, but not his first appearance in print. During his years as a free-lance copywriter his ad: "Bullet Holes Rewoven Perfectly" which ran in a Chicago paper during the gangster era, was widely reprinted, inspiring a lot of comment and cartoons, both here and abroad. In this country it also resulted in a booming trade for his weaving-shop client. He now operates a manufacturing business in New York City and lives in Forest Hills, Long Island. He says: "I am fifty-five years old and grey. I still think women are wonderful even if they do look over my shoulder at what might have been me, thirty years ago."

GEORGE W. LEE is an insurance representative in Memphis. His interest in Beale Street has taken distinctive form in two books: *Beale Street, Where the Blues Began*, an alternate selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club, and *Beale Street Sundown*, a collection of short stories, as well as in his current piece in Esquire (see *Echoes on Beale Street*, page 61). At the outbreak of the first World War, Lee was selected as one of ten Negroes from Tennessee to attend Officers' Training School and he won his first lieutenant bars, with a citation for bravery, in the Argonne.

Maynard Kniskern

MAYNARD KNISKERN is editor of the Springfield, Ohio, *Sun*. He was released from the Navy in March, having served as a full-time naval air operations officer and part-time combat correspondent under the Commander, Pacific Fleet and Ocean Areas. He owns an extensive collection of modern handguns, and says: "One sidearm I am not particularly interested in adding to my collection is anything in the nature of a handy little atomic disintegrator. When that device comes along my arsenal will be a museum of antiques, which is okay by me."

This is our farewell to LOIS, a girl who brought sentiment to the keeping of records while she was here. Her warm regard for artists and writers prompted her to volunteer encouraging footnotes when she considered our rejections severe. If her comments ever mystified the boys, even Dale Nichols could hardly have minded a letter she drafted, declaring he had talent and should not be dismayed; perhaps she could find him some customers at five bucks a throw. Then there was the convict who never made the magazine but whose case intrigued her; she helped arrange his wedding on the day he was free. She will surely humanize the aseptic halls of the hospital where she's working now. We like to think of her amending blood counts—cutting them down if she feels the patients grow heedless, stepping them up if she fears they are depressed.

Douglas R. Angus

DOUGLAS R. ANGUS, a Nova Scotian, spent a couple of years teaching in a country school—evenings he cruised around the icy roads in an open Ford buying raw furs from trappers. He says: "I came to the States on a scholarship to the University of Maine, where I lived in the famous 'Hungry Hollow,' a group of twenty rabbit hutches just off the campus. We thawed out a pump every morning for water, cooked our own meals, cut fuel from university timber, talked philosophy around redhot wood stoves at night. Eventually I got a Ph.D from Ohio State University and am now head of the English Department at the University of Tampa."

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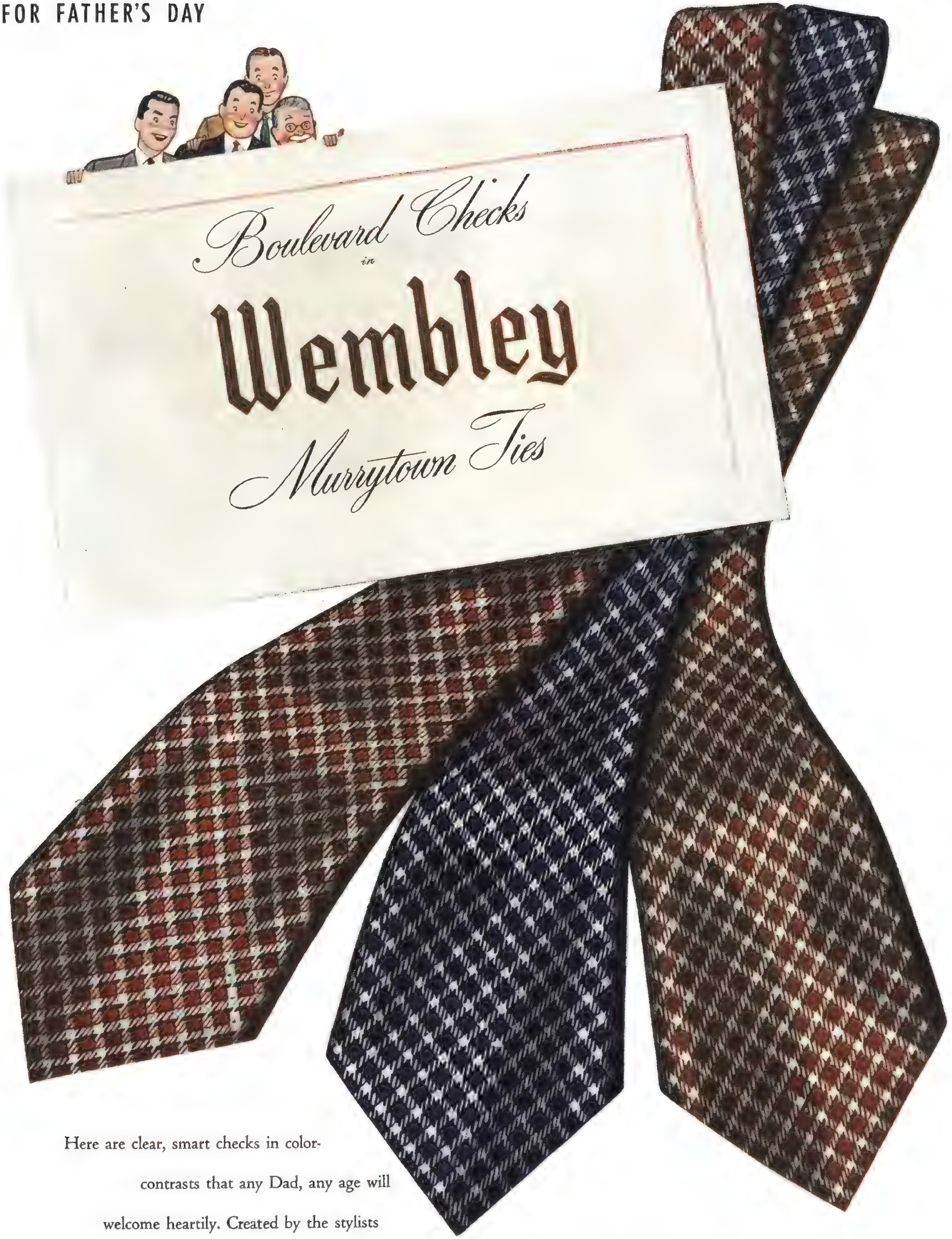
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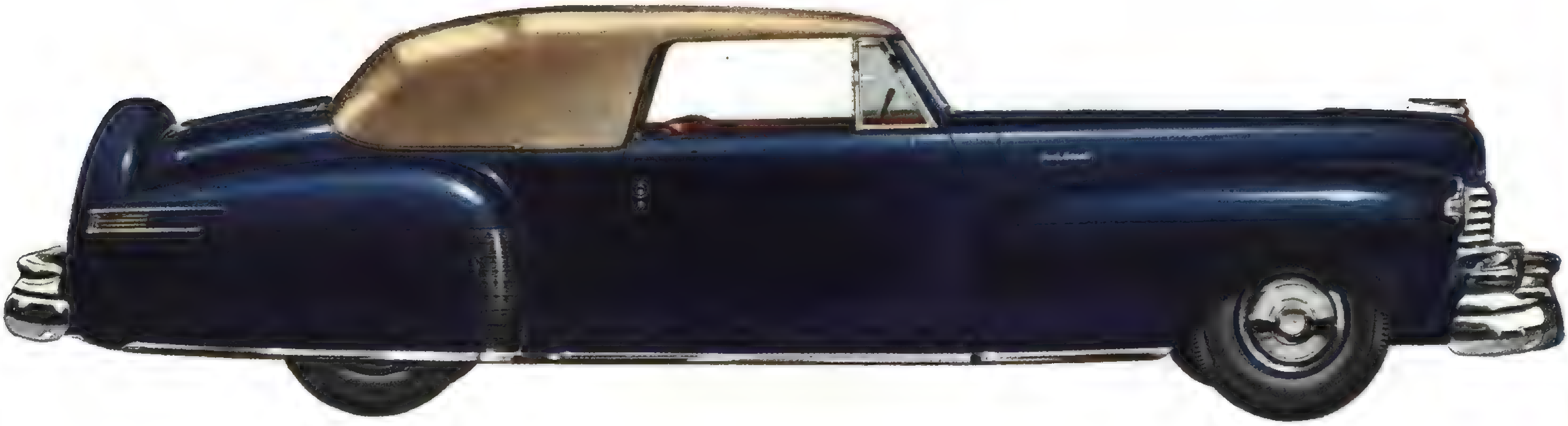

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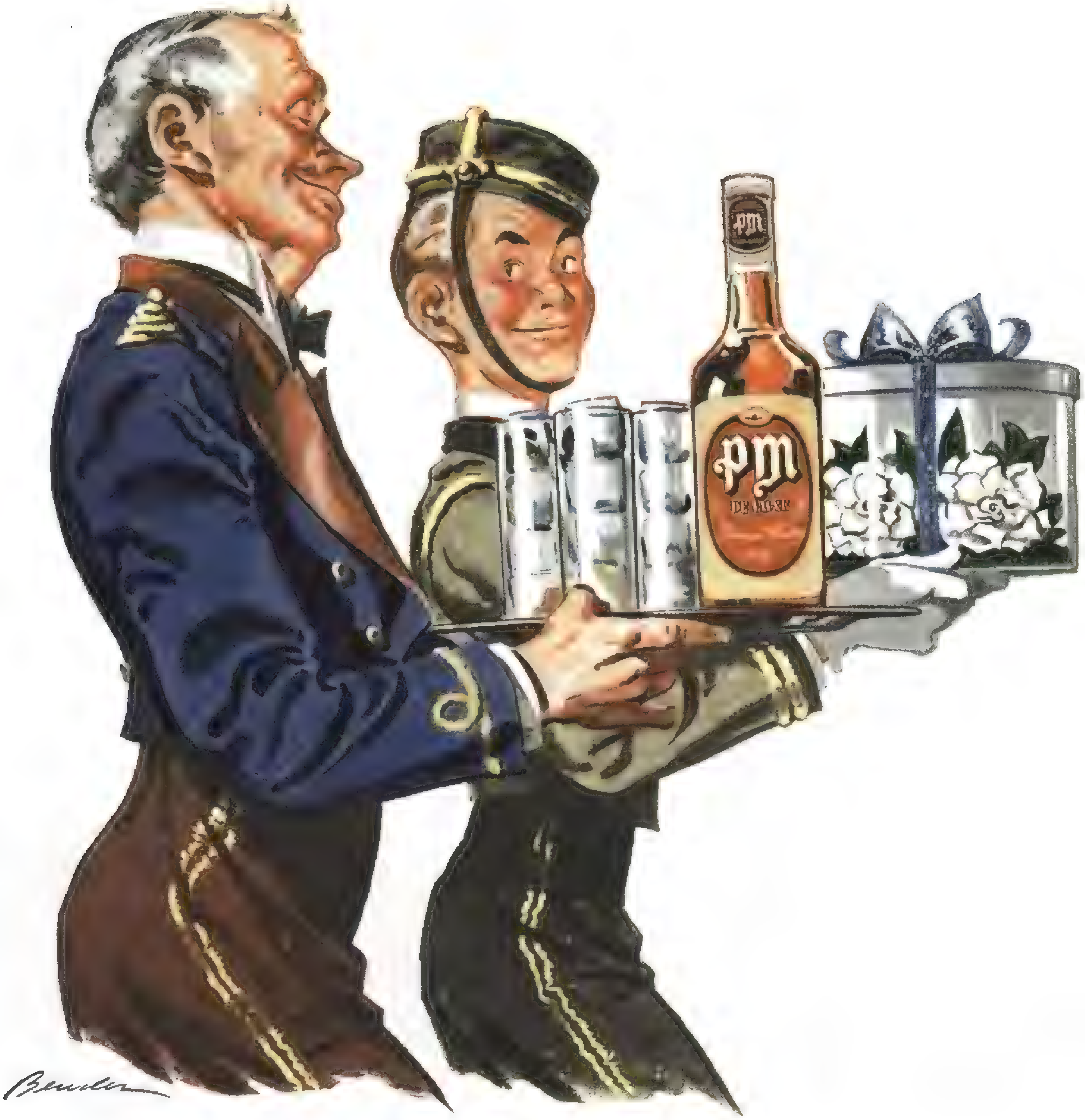

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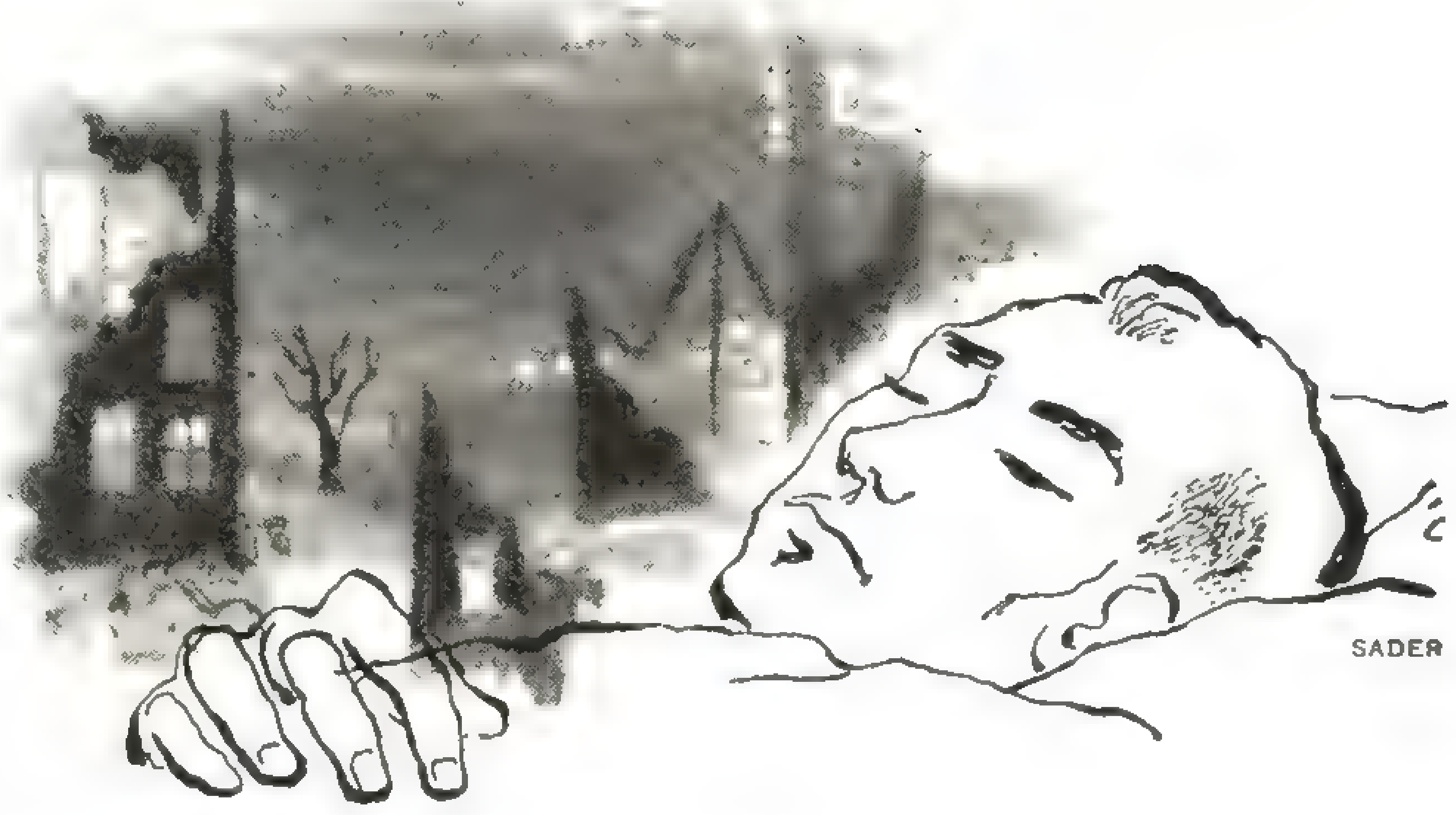


A shocking encounter with an atom splinter demonstrates that it's later than you think

Just Fifteen Minutes More, Please

by **LELAND STOWE**

"HEY, you! Wake up! C'mon! Get out of bed!" The insistent voice was rasping and tough. In my half-conscious daze it sounded like that Third Army MP at the Martelange crossroads in the Battle of the Bulge. I was rubbing my eyes against the dazzling light, rolling away from it.

"Oh, quit kidding," I mumbled. "What the . . .?"

"I'm not kidding. C'mon! You've been sleeping too long."

"What time is it?" I countered, pulling the blankets over my head.

"Never mind the time," crackled the voice. "Take that, then!"

"Ouch!" I yelled, jumping straight up in bed.

My eyes were blinking in a blinding sunlight. Everything was in a haze. "Who are you?" I demanded.

"Never mind who I am," the MP voice rasped. "You've got to get up. You've only got five more minutes."

I was wide awake now. But in the direction of the voice I could see nothing—nothing except flashing crisscrosses of purple, green and yellow. They kept shooting across each other, like thousands of tiny searchlights, jumping and jumbling all the time. They made my eyes ache. But behind them, gradually, I made out a twitching glow, a sort of central focus. By squinting I could identify an indistinct face, pale and oval like an egg. At least I thought I could see it. But the beams kept crisscrossing so madly that I couldn't see clearly.

"What do you mean, five more minutes?" I demanded of the oval glow. "Who are you anyway?"

"If you must know," the voice mocked, "I'm the Beginning and the End. I'm Monarch of all Mankind. Some of your bright boys let me out. I'm the split atom. If you don't believe me . . ."

"Don't touch me again!" I yelled. "I can still feel that pencil. I believe you, all right! But don't use that pencil again, please!"

Cal Dunn
YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

Egg-face laughed raucously. "It won't hurt you—not much," the voice said. "I won't let it really hurt you. Not yet, anyway."

Then the laughter cackled even louder as I kept trying to see through the darting rainbow crisscrosses.

"I'm not really a split atom," the voice continued, more sociably. "I'm just a splinter off an atom. I've got trillions of brothers . . . Do you know what trillions means? It means we've got all you humans surrounded. We outnumber you billions to one. You know that, I suppose. Or don't you?"

I didn't like the sarcastic arrogance in his concluding words, but I thought I'd better speak as meekly as possible.

"Yes, I know you've got us surrounded," I agreed. "But why bother me? It was the scientists that did it. *They* let you out. I didn't."

"So you want to blame it on those fellows, eh?" The voice sneered "Well, that's exactly what we've got against *you*, and all your kind. You're the people who did it. *You* kept us *locked up*! For 50,000 years you kept us locked up! We never wanted to be locked up. We wanted to liberate the world and all the planets. We wanted to be building things. But you wouldn't help us. You never even tried to let us out . . . *did* you? . . . And then, when we got out, you got scared—*didn't* you?"

I was feeling very meek now. "Yes. I got scared, all right. I'm still scared—and when you jiggle all those lights or rays or whatever they are, I get more scared. I can't even see what you look like. Can't you turn them down—or shut them off?"

The Atom Splinter made a dry, mean sound. "So now that I've escaped, you want me to kill myself, eh? . . . Listen, mister. Now that we've escaped we're not committing suicide. It's only human beings that are so brainless as to commit suicide. If *we* kill anybody, it'll be humans like you. You did it. You wouldn't let us out for 50,000 years. Now that we're out, we're going to stay out."

His tone was getting nasty again so I hastened to cover up. "I don't blame you," I said, trying to sound conversational. "I don't blame you a bit. But what can *I* do? I don't see—"

"That's why I'm here—to make you see!" sputtered the Splintered Atom. "We're willing to give you a chance. Personally, I think it's foolish. You damned well don't deserve any consideration. But it's just like I told you. We'll give you five more minutes."

"Five minutes!" I exclaimed. "But what in the world can I do with five minutes?"

"You'll do it in the world, or there won't be any world to do it in," jeered my ugly visitor.

"But—five minutes!" I protested. "Why that's only—"

"That's enough—and plenty!" snarled the Atom Splinter. "The way you stupid humans count time, that's five years. What more do you want? It's more than you deserve. But get this! You'd better count it in *our* kind of time. The world's running on *Atomic Time* now, you know. Your clocks don't mean a thing. I said you've got five minutes—but maybe it's less. Take it or leave it!"

I didn't like his tone at all now. He sounded like Hitler talking to the Poles in August, 1939.

"But what can we do with only five minutes?" I protested again. "Most of us don't understand. Most of us didn't even know you were locked up. Can't you—?"

"I can—or I can't," growled the Splintered Atom. "Maybe I can—but what good will it do? You humans have had thousands of years in which to learn how to survive, haven't you? How many thousands of years do you need, anyhow? You'll learn—or you won't learn. But you can make up your minds in five minutes just as easy as in sixty. You don't need time. You need sense. If you've got any sense, all you've got to do is agree to work *with us*. If you haven't got that much sense—okay. It's your funeral... But you can't play this double-faced game any longer!"

"What d'you mean, a double-faced game?" I began.

"Don't try and kid me," snap-crackled the Atom Splinter. "What have you been doing ever since Hiroshima? Heh? ... Locking up more and more of our brothers inside bombs and war heads, that's what you're doing! D'you think we want to be locked up again? And stuck in some hole in the ground again for years and years? You let us out—and now you lock us up again. D'you know what you're doing to us? *D'you know what you're doing?*"

The voice wound up in the angriest, maddest scream I've ever heard. I ducked, sure that the pencil was going to jab me again.

"Wait! Just a minute!" I begged. Then I stammered weakly: "I—I guess—we put you—in the wrong place to begin with."

"I guess you did!" snorted the Splintered Atom. "So you go right on doing it! By Uranus and Pluto, d'you think that's all we want with our freedom?"

"No, no!" I gasped. "I understand. I know how you feel. Some of us understand. But there're so many people to make understand. Can't you see? It takes time. We have to write and talk, and talk and write. We're just getting—"

"Nuts!" roared the Splintered Atom. "You talk fine right now. Because you're scared. But as soon as I'm gone you'll forget all about it. We know you humans. We've watched you till we're sick. We're fed-up. Trillions of us are fed-up. The more you babble and blubber, the more fed-up I get. Sit up and listen, I tell you!

"Now it's my turn, and I'm telling *you.*" (The whole room was crackling now, but I felt like an ice cake all over.) "Make up your minds ... Are you going to work *with* us—or *against* us? If you don't want to survive, what the hell do we care? But whatever you do, you've got just five more minutes ... Now you *know!* I've got plenty of other incurable damned fools to see. So—"

"Wait! Wait a second!" I yelled desperately. "Five minutes is nothing. Can't you give us fifteen minutes more, please?"

I was leaning forward, my heart in every word. But the purple and green and yellow rays were jiggling and jumping furiously. Suddenly I couldn't make out the glowing oval face any more. A terrific crackling ripped and whizzed about my head and ears.

"Just fifteen minutes more, please," I was begging ...

But as I spoke there was nothing in the room at all. I was sitting up wide-awake in bed. The nine o'clock sunshine was pouring through my bedroom window. Outside the same old world was going on in the same old way. But I wondered to myself: how much longer can the world get away with it? ##

Auto racing's most spectacular classic pits men and motors in a grueling test against time, the elements and death

The Indianapolis "500"

FAULKNER

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

On Decoration Day the most popular single spectacle of all American sporting events resumes business at the old stand: the 500-mile automobile race at the Indianapolis Speedway. Starting in 1911, it had built up to an annual "gate" of 150,000 paid admissions when Pearl Harbor intervened.

For thirty days prior to the race, 100,000 fans pay fifty cents apiece just to watch the drivers practicing and qualifying; uncounted hordes join them on free days. Weeks before the big day, motorists park outside the gates and camp there.

For the last prewar race, in 1941, two girls from Peoria arrived on May 1 and slept nightly in their car until the gates opened!

Twenty-four hours before opening time at 6 a.m., standees begin to form in line, laden with food to tide them over the long wait. And by the time the magic hour arrives, the line of parked cars waiting to get in stretches for miles, four abreast.

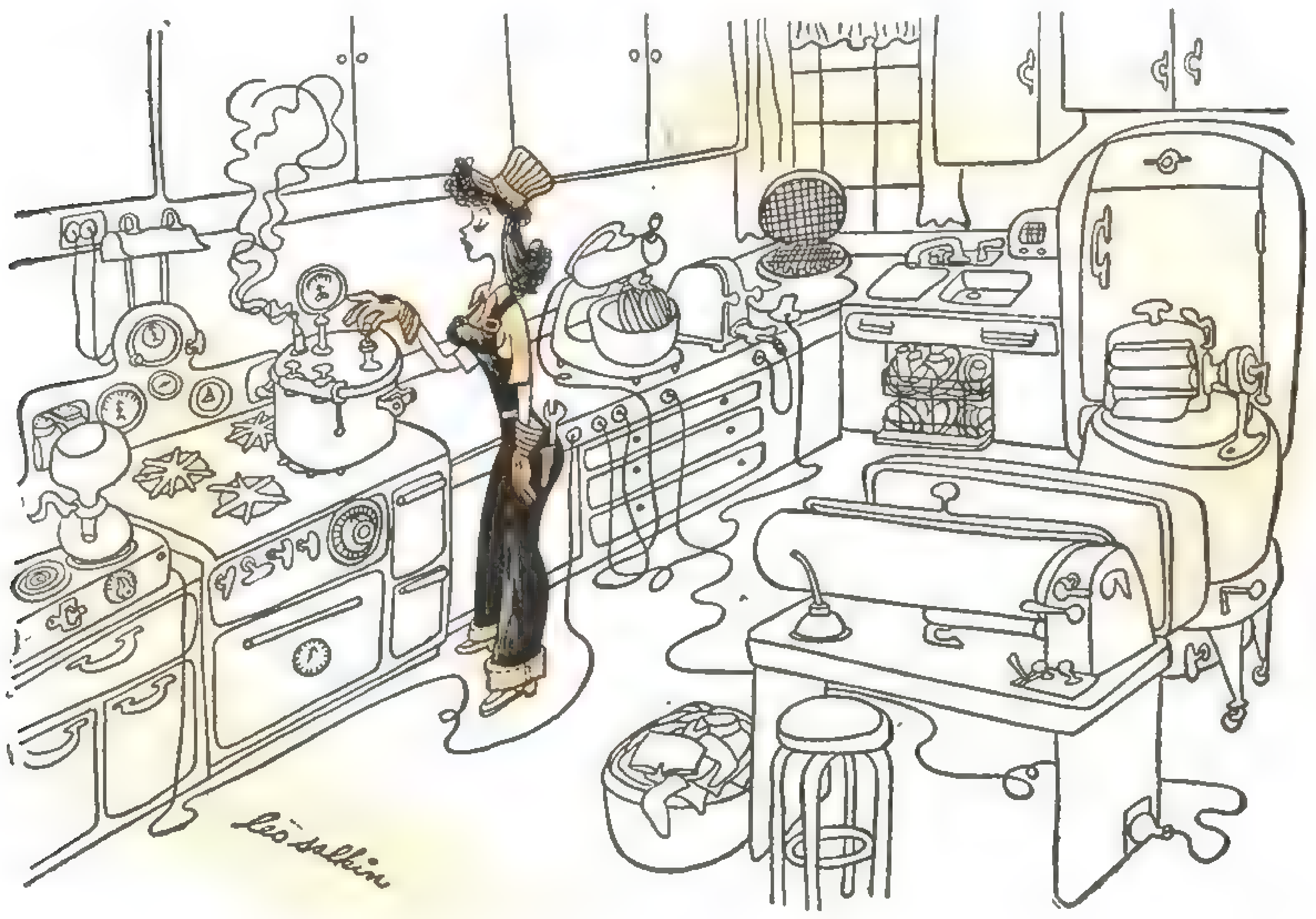
These enthusiasts pay from three dollars for standing room in the infield to fifteen dollars for box seats, and from twelve dollars to twenty-five dollars for reserved parking space. (The free parking space provided for at least 25,000 cars is soon gobbled up.) Ticket sales normally begin the morning after the previous race, twelve months in advance. When the resumption of the event was briefly announced shortly after V-J Day, this past September, 700 reservations were booked the first week from thirty-six different states.

Thrill is the obvious magnet. No spectator hopes that somebody will be maimed or killed. But if anybody is, he wants to be there. And he never fails to get a show for his money.

The Speedway which houses the Indianapolis spectacle is a tremendous affair. Covering 433 acres, the slightly banked track is two and one-half miles around, with 3300-foot straightaways on the home and back stretches and shorter straightaways at the ends, which are flanked by quarter turns. Originally brick surfaced, the track is now about two-thirds asphalt, the home stretch alone being as first constructed.

The grandstands, seating 65,000, are mostly of wood and run along one side of the home stretch and around some of the turns. Spectators also sit in their cars or stand in the flat, tree-studded infield protected by double-wire fences and low, sturdy walls or deep ditches. About half of the immense infield is taken up by an excellent nine-hole golf course.

The judges' stand and press box is a five-story frame pagoda on the infield side of the tracks. And running parallel to the main grandstands are the pits (concrete stalls occupied by each driver's



mechanics) and “gasoline alley,” the concrete ramp where cars are driven in for repairs. Frame workshops, garages and refreshment stands sprawl around behind this area.

Breath-taking drama, unbelievable miracles and classics of raw courage have been enacted on the Speedway. There was the time when Ira Hall went into a spin, crashing into the outer wall on the southwest turn. Although painfully hurt, Ira (it seems to be illegal to call a driver by anything but his first name!) realized that he was sliding down the incline in front of an oncoming flock of cars. To avoid causing a bad wreck, he leaped out, braced his tortured back against his 1800-pound racer and held it against the rail until the field flashed by.

Norman Batten's car once burst into flame directly in front of the grandstand. Rather than jeopardize the spectators by deserting it there, he drove on. When the searing flames began blowing into the seat with him, he stood up and steered the car with one foot through the fence to a waiting fire engine. His heroics put him in the hospital for weeks. Wilbur Shaw had a similar experience in 1937, when he finished first despite a leak which sprayed boiling oil over his legs for the final fifty miles.

Why do the Indianapolis drivers suffer such hardships and take such chances? Because they are an iron-nerved tribe born with a thirst for daring, a hunger for speed, a craving for competition. Some of them are in it for the pure sport. To others, racing is a profitable business. So they go on, year after year, turning out miracles at a dime a dozen.

In the last race, for example, Everett Saylor's car went into a spin, turned over three times and landed smack on top of two spectators' cars parked in the infield. Saylor was seriously hurt.

In another race Chet Miller went clear over the wall on the south turn, landed right side up, and drove back to the garage without shifting gears.

Perhaps the prize miracle happened to Babe Stapp when the car ahead went into a spin and Babe plowed right into him. In a split-second the car behind smacked both of them, bouncing Babe's machine off the inside wall to the outside wall. Caroming back on the track, Babe was hit by four more cars. Yet neither he nor the others were hurt!

In contrast to this freak of luck, the famous Wild Bill Cummings killed himself in 1939—swerving his passenger car on an icy highway to avoid a pedestrian.

If the Indianapolis “500” is one of the most dangerous races in sport, it is also one of the most rewarding financially. Prizes of 50,000 dollars are offered, ranging from 20,000 dollars for first place to 1,400 dollars for tenth. In addition, a variable sum of consolation prize money is split among all contestants in proportion to the number of laps they drive, the minimum sum being 500 dollars. Finally, local merchants, national advertisers and private enthusiasts put up prizes for the leaders in given laps. Often drivers who don't even finish the full course take down 3,000 dollars to 4,000 dollars in lap prizes alone.

The more successful drivers garner considerably greater sums in special awards and payment for testimonials. One of the most unique of the special prizes is a year's meals free at a chain of eight Midwest restaurants for the driver who was in the lead at 300 miles.

Probably the biggest winner in a single race was Billy Arnold, who in 1930 collected over 65,000 dollars in prizes exclusive of testimonial fees. Wilbur Shaw, most consistent money winner and now president of the Speedway Corporation, succeeding Eddie Rickenbacker, earned well over 150,000 dollars in prizes alone in thirteen starts since 1927.

But the lure of the big moolah can be feeble balm for the heartbreaks which often plague the “500.” Imagine devoting six solid months to getting your car in shape for the race—and then having your clutch pedal break at the starting line as Wild Bill Cummings' once did. Or think of how you'd feel if, like Wilbur Shaw in 1941, you were miles ahead with an unprecedented fourth victory in your lap, only to have a wheel break, putting you out of the race and into the hospital.

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“I can't stand these fantastic magazine stories in which lawyers get sent to jail”

Ralph De Palma, leading for 495 miles in the 1912 race, was in the final lap when his engine died on the backstretch. Tinkering was hopeless, so Ralph got out and pushed the car down the stretch. He wasn't very far from the finish line when Joe Dawson flashed past him to win. He couldn't put it in the bank, but Ralph got a greater ovation that day than the winner did.

It was in the 1939 race, however, that heartbreaks were dished out wholesale. With only three laps to go, Lou Meyer was leading when he went through the fence and out of the money. In the next lap Floyd Roberts and Bob Swanson collided, wrecking their cars and placing Chet Miller who was right behind them two places nearer first position. But as Chet zoomed around the turn he got a quick flash of the smashed up cars and a prone driver sprawled on the track. He could have avoided the cars but that would have brought him perilously close to the half-conscious driver who suddenly staggered to his feet. Without a second thought, Chet cut his wheel hard, crashed through the fence, and tossed away 20,000 dollars!

What manner of men are these? Above all, they are the cleanest sportsmen to be found in any competitive event in the land. In background they range all the way from a tailor to a multimillionaire, from a truck driver to a successful M.D. They vary in weight from 135 to 260 pounds, and not a few are past forty years of age. Yet so grueling is this test that the average healthy man would have his arms pulled out of their sockets in about two laps. Most of those who finish have their hands blistered despite gauze padding on the steering wheels, and it generally takes about three days to rid the ears of the terrific buzz from the roaring engines.

In the final analysis, there is little choice between the skill, stamina and nerve of the thirty-three men who finally qualify as starters. Hence the contest simmers down to a battle between machines—and luck. Rex Mays and Jimmy Snyder, two of the fastest pilots in Speedway history, have never won a Decoration Day race. The wear and tear on machines in this 500-mile whirl are comparable to what the average motorist encounters in 50,000 miles of driving, so it is small wonder that out of thirty-three starters only a few more than the ten winners finish.

The cost of the cars varies considerably. One oil company, experimenting with a number of new automobile ideas, spent 300,000 dollars on four cars, two of which raced. One wealthy driver, son of a famous banking family, sank 200,000 dollars in a single car which he finally abandoned as hopeless. To him the prizes were pin money; his sole passion was to win the “500.” Ironically, an oldtime driver picked up the cast-off for 1,500 dollars, spent another 1,000 dollars on some refinements of his own—and won the next race with it.

Not a few cars have been valued at 25,000 dollars, but a fair average would probably run around 10,000 dollars. Over the years many automotive concerns have invested princely sums in racers for the publicity value of winning, for experimental purposes or purely for love of the sport. Typical of those who invest in the race for the latter reason is Earl B. Gilmore, president of the Gilmore Oil Company, an outstanding racing patron whose “Gilmore Specials” won in 1935 and 1937.

After his recent set-to with gas rationing, it may interest the average motorist to know that the winning car in two recent races used alcohol for fuel instead of gasoline, getting four miles to the gallon at a dollar a gallon, or some 125 gallons for a single race. In contrast, the 1937 winner used only 32.25 gallons of gasoline for the 500 miles at an average of 113 mph.

Most racers use a mineral or blended castor oil for lubricant (equivalent to about a No. 50 grade); have no fans, fenders, distributors, batteries or speedometers; and have front wheels smaller than the rear. A fan isn't necessary at such great

(Continued on page 217)

New York to Paris on Wheels

The *Matin* cup race, won by the Thomas Flyer, was a dizzy circuit of changed routes, changed engines, changed minds

by JOHN LEATHERS

Times Square, New York, normally calm in the face of sensation and novelty, was astir with excitement and swarming with sightseers on February 12, 1908. The Astor and Cadillac Hotels, Rector's and Shanley's displayed, in the winter sunshine, a fluttering galaxy of national flags. Before a reviewing stand opposite the Times Building stood five exotic looking motorcars innocent of roof, and heavy with spare tires, oil drums, tackle, tools, and tarpaulins. A De Dion, and Sizaire-Naudin for France, a Zust for Italy, a German Protos, and an American Thomas Flyer were to battle for national supremacy in the longest cross-country race ever to be run.

Neither this equipment nor the furs and oilskins of the crews of four, were redundant, in view of the following itinerary. The first leg of the journey, New York to San Francisco, involved a trifle of 3,836 miles of the dirt roads and trails of that era. There followed 2,800 miles by boat from Frisco to Valdez, Alaska, and 1,200 miles of questionable government mail trails to Nome, passable only when frozen. The ensuing respite of 250 miles by steamer to East Cape, Siberia, was merely a prelude to the final task, the conquest of 7,000 miles of Asiatic bogs and wasteland, and a frenzied finish over the hard European arteries that led to Paris.

Bang! Chairman Colgate Hoyt's starting pistol spoke and as the band blared a bon voyage, the five carloads of adventurers shot away with unmuffled motors. In violent contrast to the grim reality of the struggle, a gala caravan of 250 motors acted as escort, among which rumbled a phalanx of sixty Thomas cars, doing their collective best to shun publicity. This panoply of the press agent was conspicuously successful. During the course of the contest a motor-hungry public avidly devoured the highly-colorful daily dispatches from Medicine Bow, Valdez, or Vladivostok, to which the sponsors, The New York *Times*, the French *Le Matin*, and the German *Berliner Zeitung am Mittag* gave generous space.

Fifty miles from New York, the cavalcade collided with its first blizzard, and the weary crews shoveled their path of travail through two feet of snow during the long evening hours. Sinking exhausted into bed at Hudson, they learned that the little Sizaire had mangled her differential beyond repair and had withdrawn.

Emerging from the deep snows, the leaders burned the roads for 220 miles, but at Toledo a new storm was encountered, and battled without surcease to the Illinois border. By dint of shovel, horse and tackle, the Thomas arrived in Chicago on February 26. On the next day, the Zust and De Dion arrived together, staging a roaring race through the cleared streets of the city for prior arrival at the Automobile Club. This being won by the Zust, the Italian population celebrated, with a laurel crown for driver Sirtori who, they were all quite sure, had made the entire trip at this breakneck pace through ten-foot snowdrifts. A flood of fresh news releases marked the completion of the first thousand miles, recording, however, the Sizaire casualty, the rebuilding of the Moto Block's engine, a broken knuckle for the Protos, and a sheared De Dion drive shaft, first evidence of the roughness of the going.

The snows of the East were exchanged, as March thaws set in, for the mire of the West. Life became, for the mud-coated crews, an interminable business of hauling their burdened vehicles from hub-deep ooze, to skid and splash their way to the next mudhole. Through this the Thomas pushed on, negotiating the Aspen tunnel under railroad orders, while the Zust, 400 miles behind, took to the forbidden Union Pacific tracks, defiant of train schedules. Tales of hardship and daring flooded the press: Zust Surrounded by Wolf Pack at Night. Kills 20 Before Escaping. Or, Daring De Dion Driver Rushes Frail Foot Bridge at 45.

Forty-two days after the start, the leading Thomas was tendered a tumultuous reception at San Francisco, after completing 3,836 hard-fought miles. Although twenty-six days behind schedule, she was freighted to Valdez, Alaska, to attempt the mail route to Nome over frozen watercourses. The Moto Block had meanwhile abandoned the race at Omaha and the Protos was withdrawn at Pocatello, Idaho, with no hint of her subsequent aggressive re-entry. De Dion and Zust arrived at Seattle April 14, and, distrusting the thawing Alaskan ice, forsook the prescribed route and took ship for Yokohama.

Shrouded in mystery during Alaskan storms, the Thomas Flyer eventually returned to Seattle on April 17 and its drivers, George Schuster and Montague Roberts described the Nome route as impassable. The enterprising E. R. Thomas promptly claimed the cup, and charged the Zust and Protos with unauthorized rail shipments. The *Berliner Zeitung am Mittag* countered with the claim that the Thomas had changed her engine at Buffalo. The harassed committee unscrambled the eggs by cancelling the Alaskan route, allowing the Thomas fifteen days' credit for her attempt, and penalizing the resurrected Protos fifteen days for rail shipment from Pocatello to the Coast. All of this satisfied nobody, and Zust and De Dion announced withdrawal; however they paradoxically continued the race. Zust was reported consumed by fire 400 miles beyond Vladivostok but gave the story the lie by plunging on.

The American car crossed Japan in eight days, overtaking the Zust and De Dion. On the tail of the Protos she entered Manchuria, as incessant rains had converted the route into a morass. Through a nightmare of black mud, black tea, and black bread, both leading crews struggled on—eagerly watched by their countrymen at home and unreported for five days.

Rediscovered, abreast, 3,000 miles from Paris, the rivals redoubled their efforts to win the 1,000 dollar prize offered to the first car reaching St. Petersburg. Here, over the comparatively dry steppes, the American's sixty h.p. and superb turn of speed enabled her to leave the Protos far behind, and Helck has selected this, in his masterful painting opposite, as the high spot of the race. Fate, however, was not kind. Breakage of the Thomas' drive gear at Vyatka, and procurement of a spare from Moscow, gave the Protos the prize and a 300-mile lead.

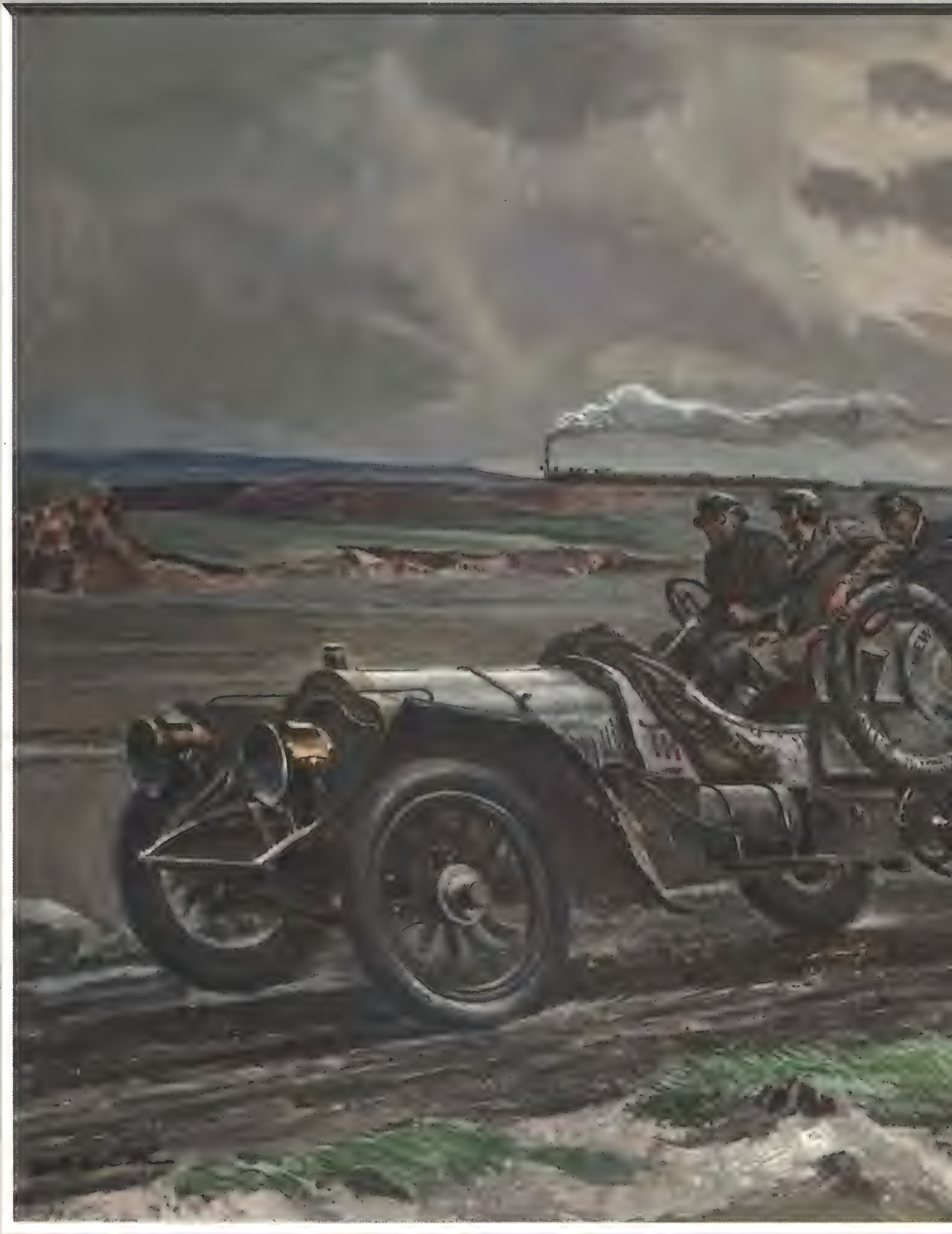
Excitement rose to fever pitch in Berlin. With the other contenders hopelessly behind and the American's fifteen-day allowance, the position was virtually neck and neck. Both Schuster and the German Koepen drove over 500 indescribable miles on three hours sleep. The Protos, meeting good roads for the first time on the Continent, abandoned equipment and spares to a service car and hurtled south toward the German border at real racing speed.

Schuster, however, was gaining. Following the inevitable banquet in St. Petersburg, he drove all night at breakneck pace, and crossed the German border on July 25. Koepen, enjoying a riotous welcome in Berlin, was notified of Schuster's crossing and in three minutes the much-patched Protos was roaring away over the smooth roads to Paris, leaving the welcoming committee still holding the keys to the city.

Curtailing Berlin's noisy welcome on July 27, and ignoring his thirty-day handicap, Schuster resolved to resume his flight in the hope of beating the Protos into Paris. He drove like the devil incarnate, but a sheared drive shaft at Hanover, blasted this hope. For before it could be replaced five critical hours were lost, during which Schuster, while eating, fell asleep from exhaustion.

We quote The New York *Times:* "Paris, July 30.—Escorted . . . from Meaux by a great parade of automobilists, four dust-begrimed, tired out, khaki-clad men rode up to the offices of *Le Matin*, on the Boulevard Poissonière, at eight o'clock to-night in the American Thomas car, winners of first place in the New York to Paris race by twenty-six days."

The road ordeal was over, but not so the congratulations. The Thomas crew was fêted at the *Matin* offices, deluged by telegrams, lionized by street crowds and dined by its rivals. Accompanied by numerous blasts of claim and counter-claim, the papers had a final fling at the story in Sunday supplements, and the world's greatest and last globe-girdling auto race passed into history. ⧺



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NEW YORK TO PARIS, 190

(The American entry races across the Sibe

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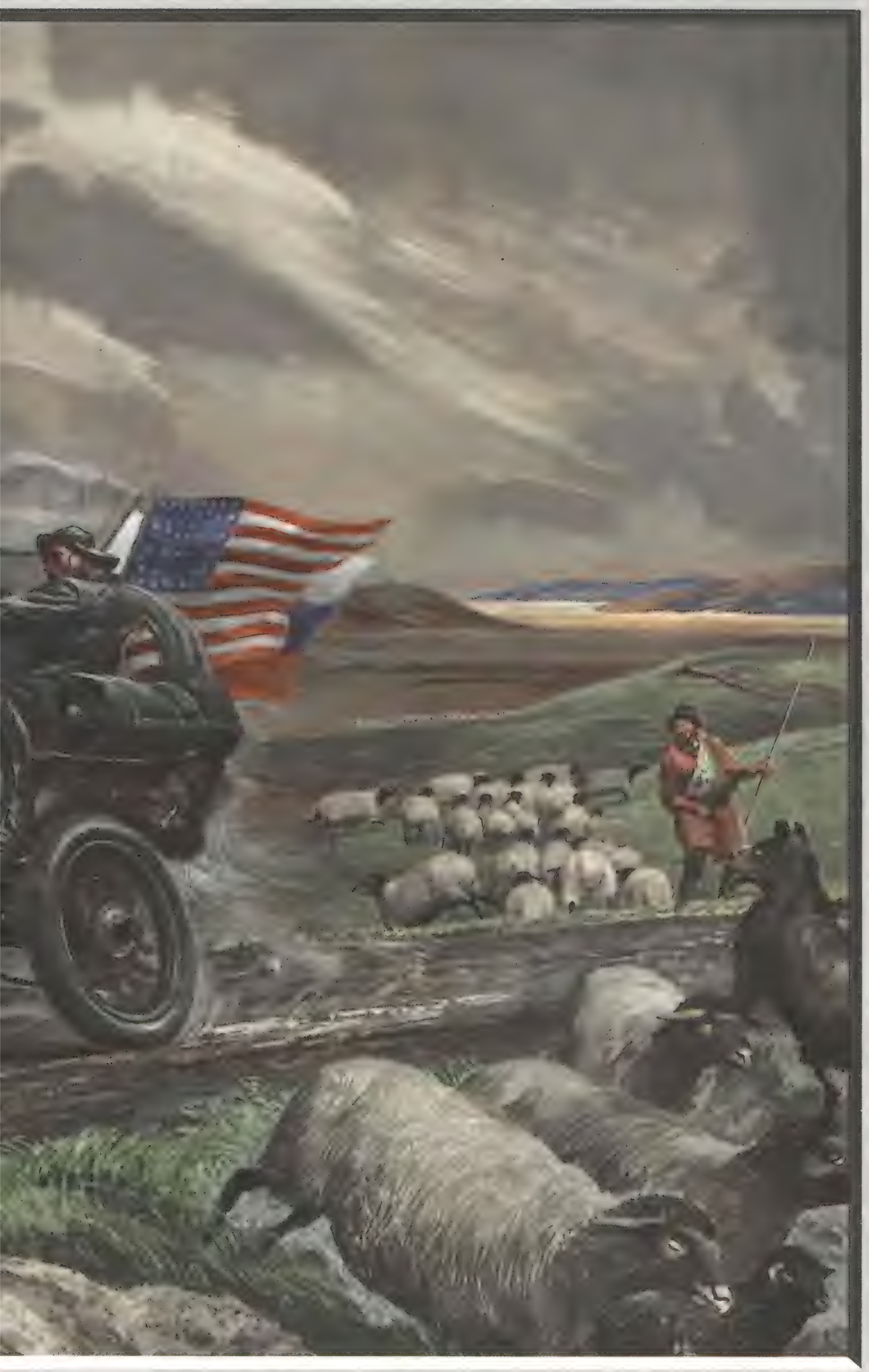
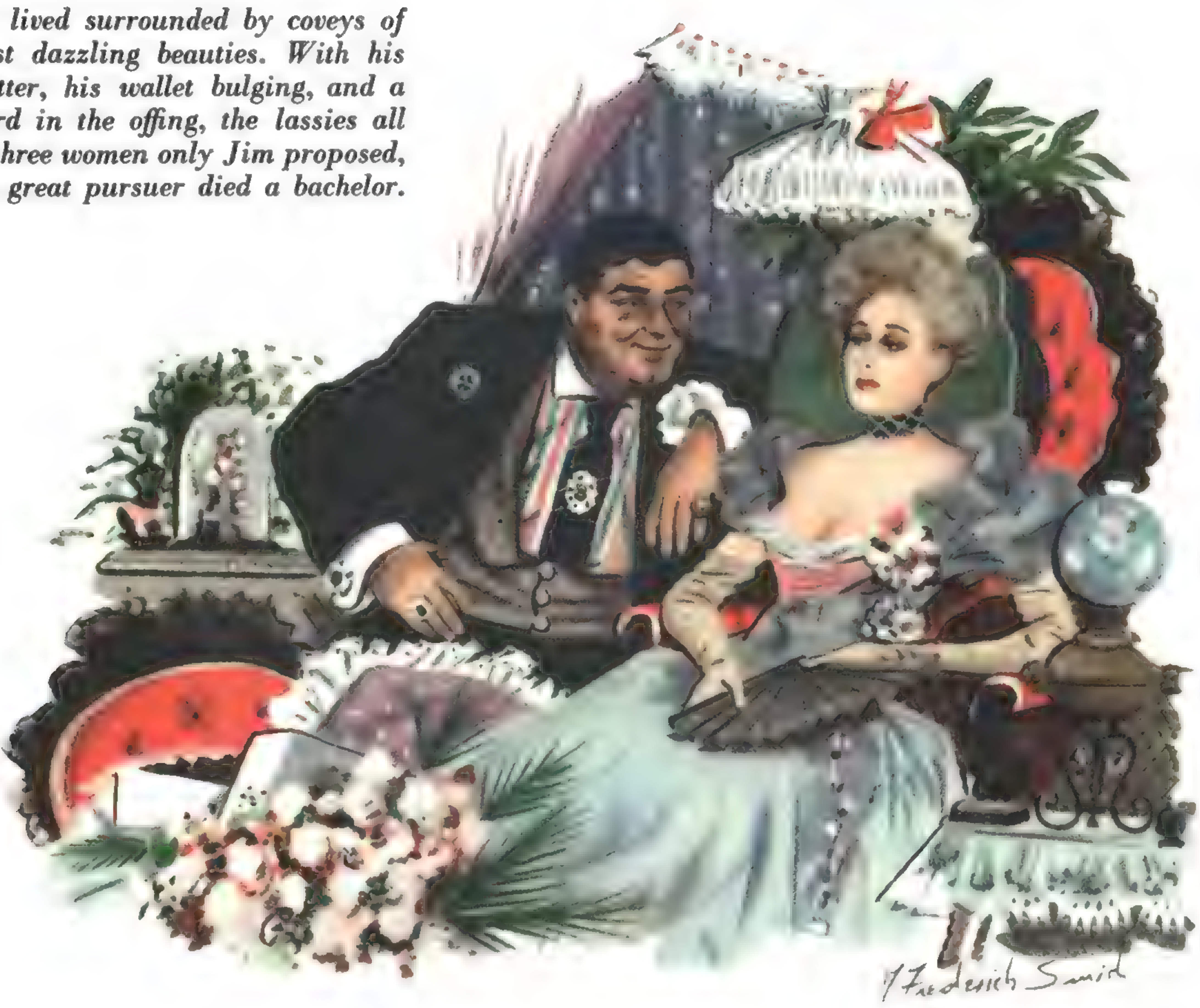


s by Peter Helck

an plains)

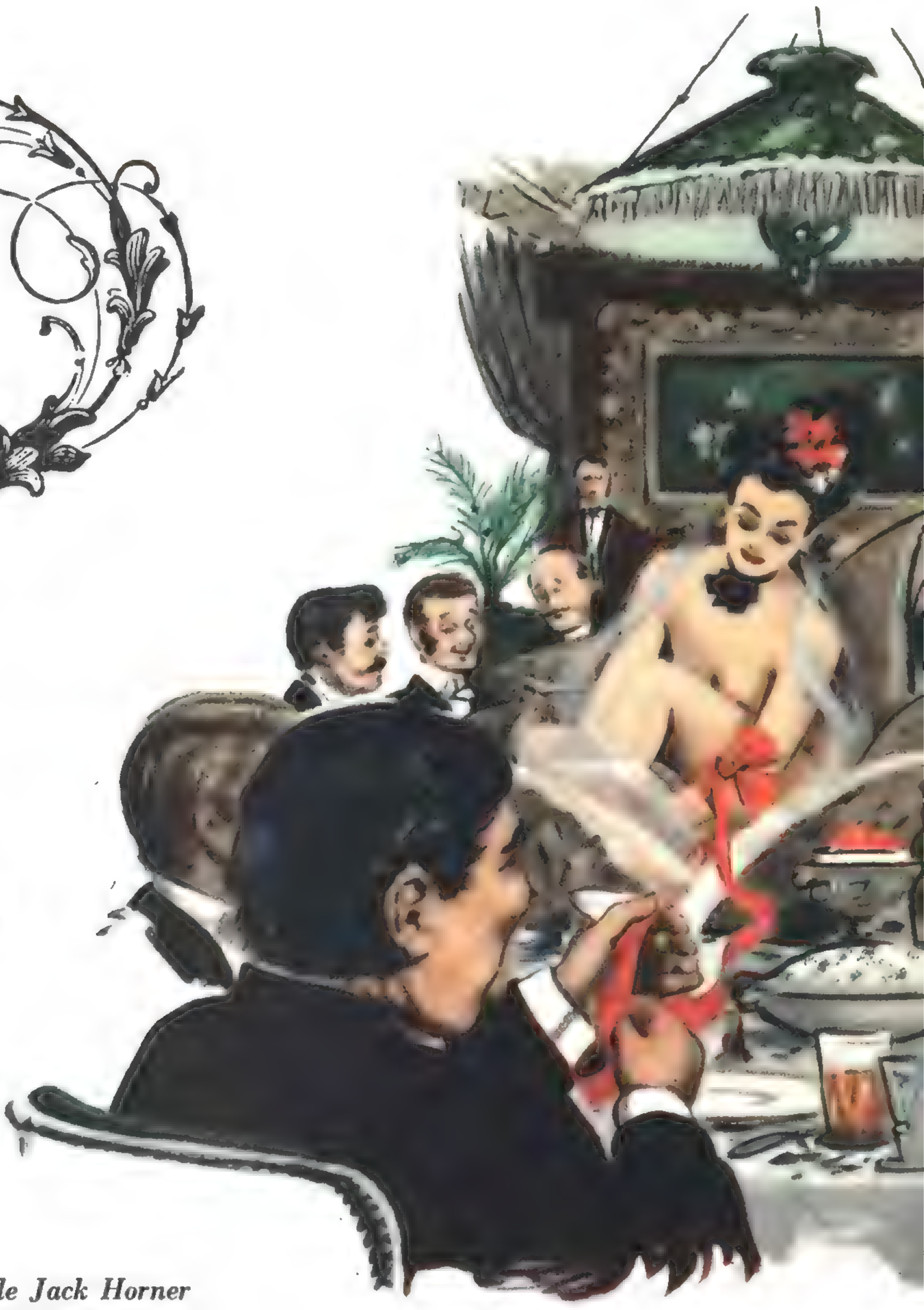
Diamond Jim lived surrounded by coveys of America's most dazzling beauties. With his diamonds aglitter, his wallet bulging, and a bottle-and-a-bird in the offing, the lassies all loved him. To three women only Jim proposed, and (alas) the great pursuer died a bachelor.



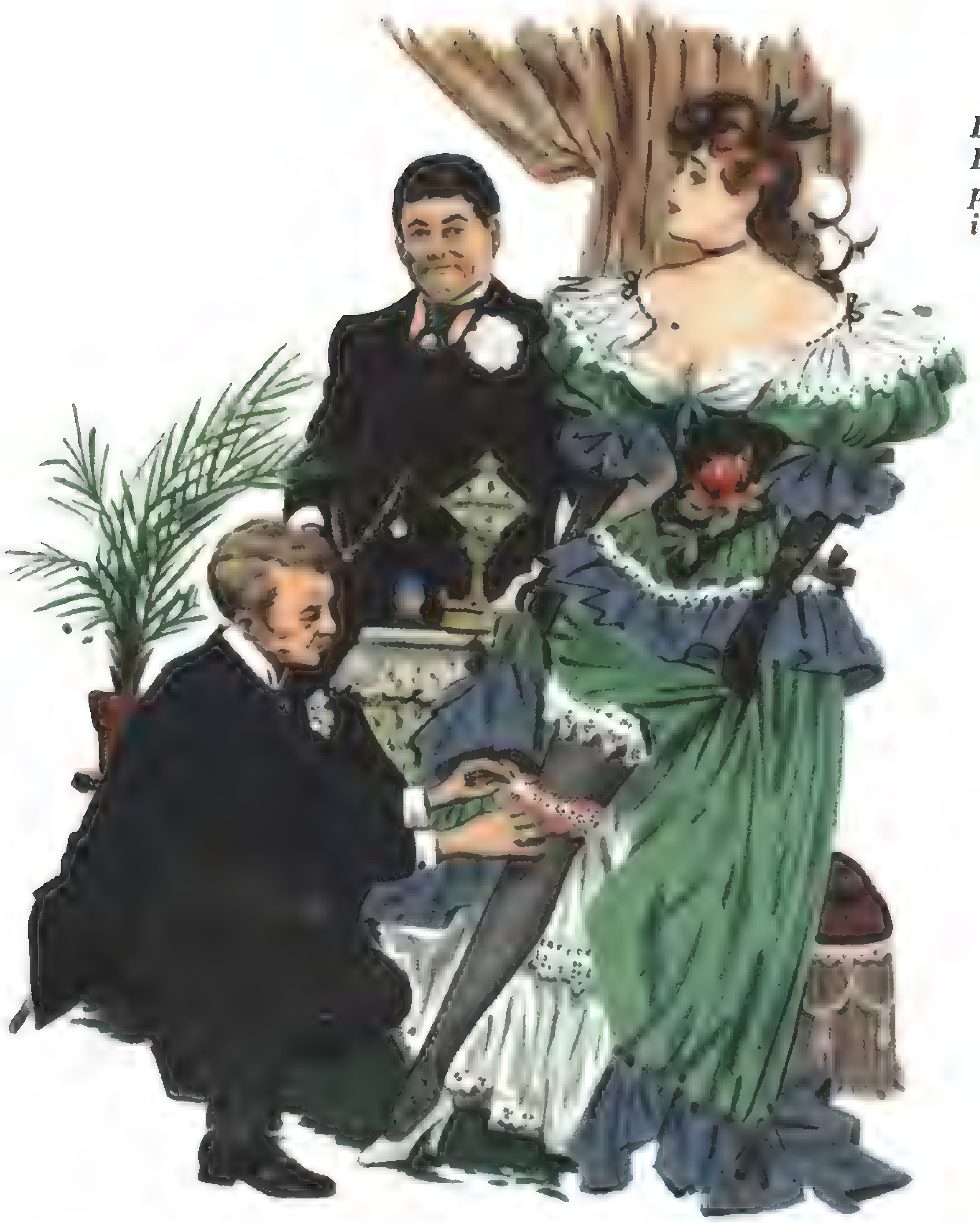
DIAMOND JIM BRADY
. . . a reminiscence

Portrayed by

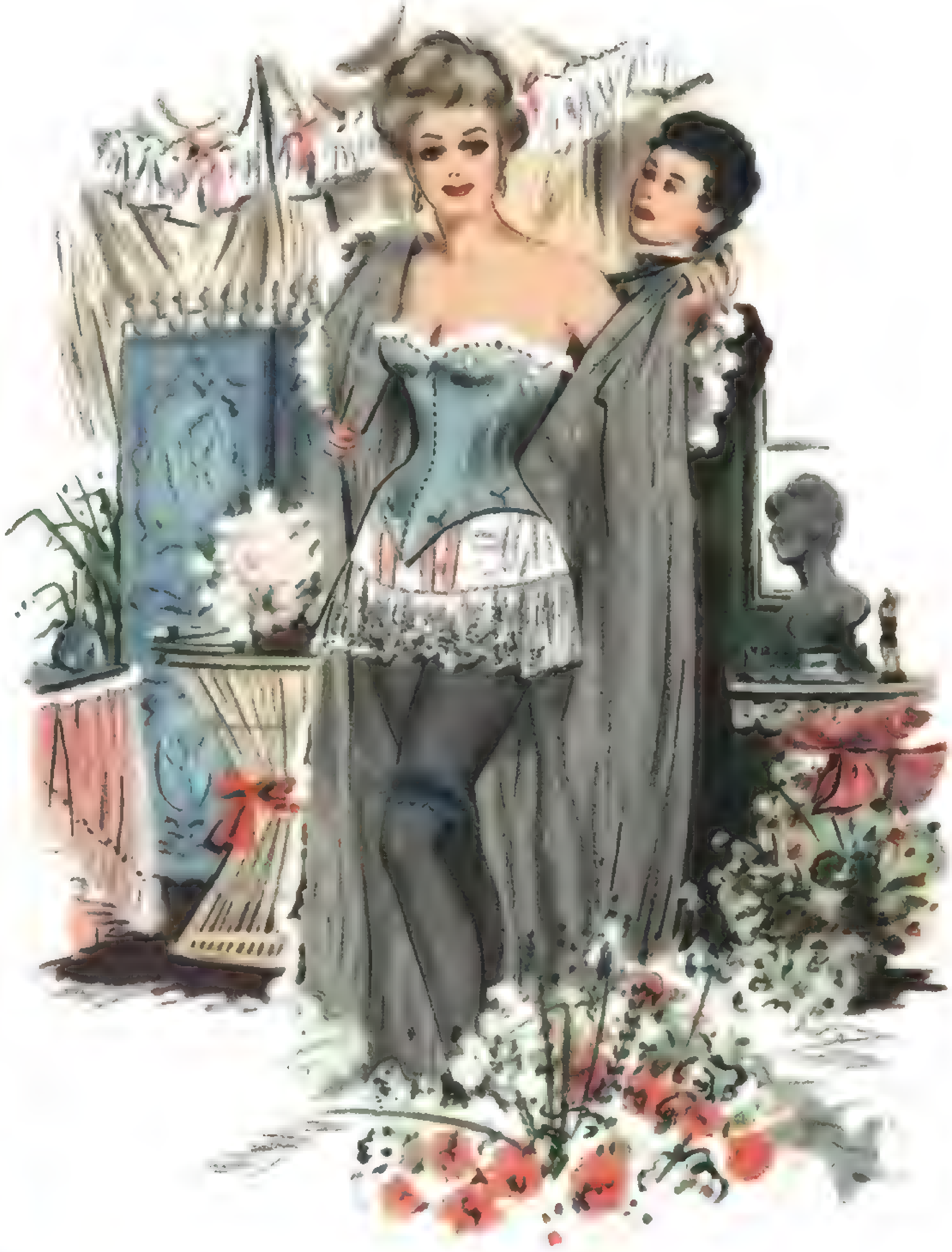
J. FREDERICK SMITH



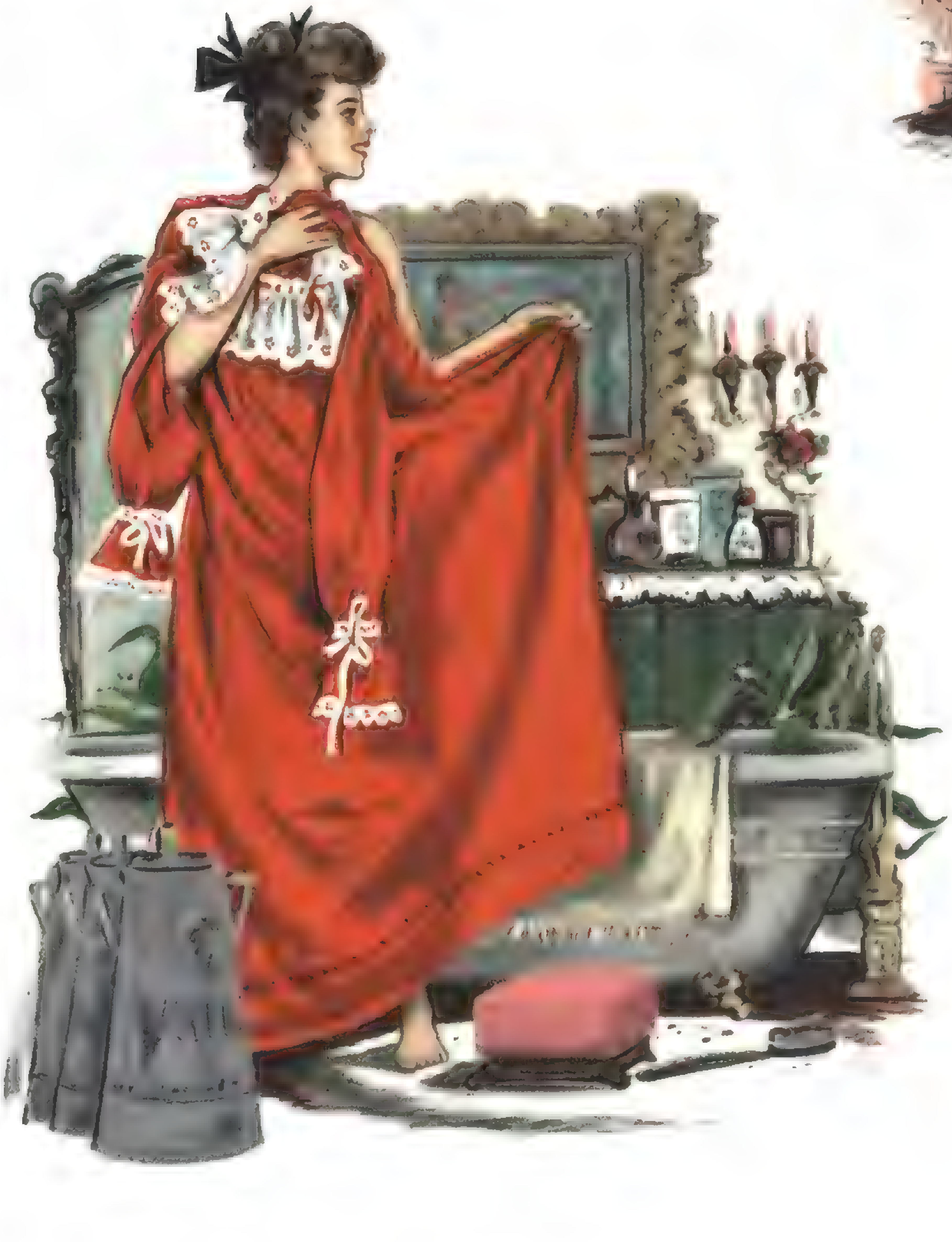
At one fabulous banquet, Jim and his pals played Little Jack Horner with a huge pie. Each guest pulled a ribbon leading to his place, and out of the pie jumped Broadway's cutest little plum, unhampered by any adornment except the red ribbon on her arm that led straight to Brady.



Diamond-studded garters were frequently the "favors" at a Brady dinner for his customers. Lovely companions were also provided by the thoughtful host, and even the most bashful Visiting Fireman soon got the idea. (And Jim got the contract.)



A little ribbon clerk from Brooklyn, Edna McCauley, tied Jim into silken knots. One week after their meeting, he provided a French maid, dozens of gowns, a diamond tiara, and assorted bracelets, brooches, earrings, and necklaces. They looked stunning as she eloped with one of his friends.



Diamond Jim advanced Flo Ziegfeld 15,000 dollars to bring Anna Held, the dairyman's delight, to America. Her milk bath was emulated by the flower of American womanhood, as neglected babies howled. Could a hopeful press agent ask for choicer copy?

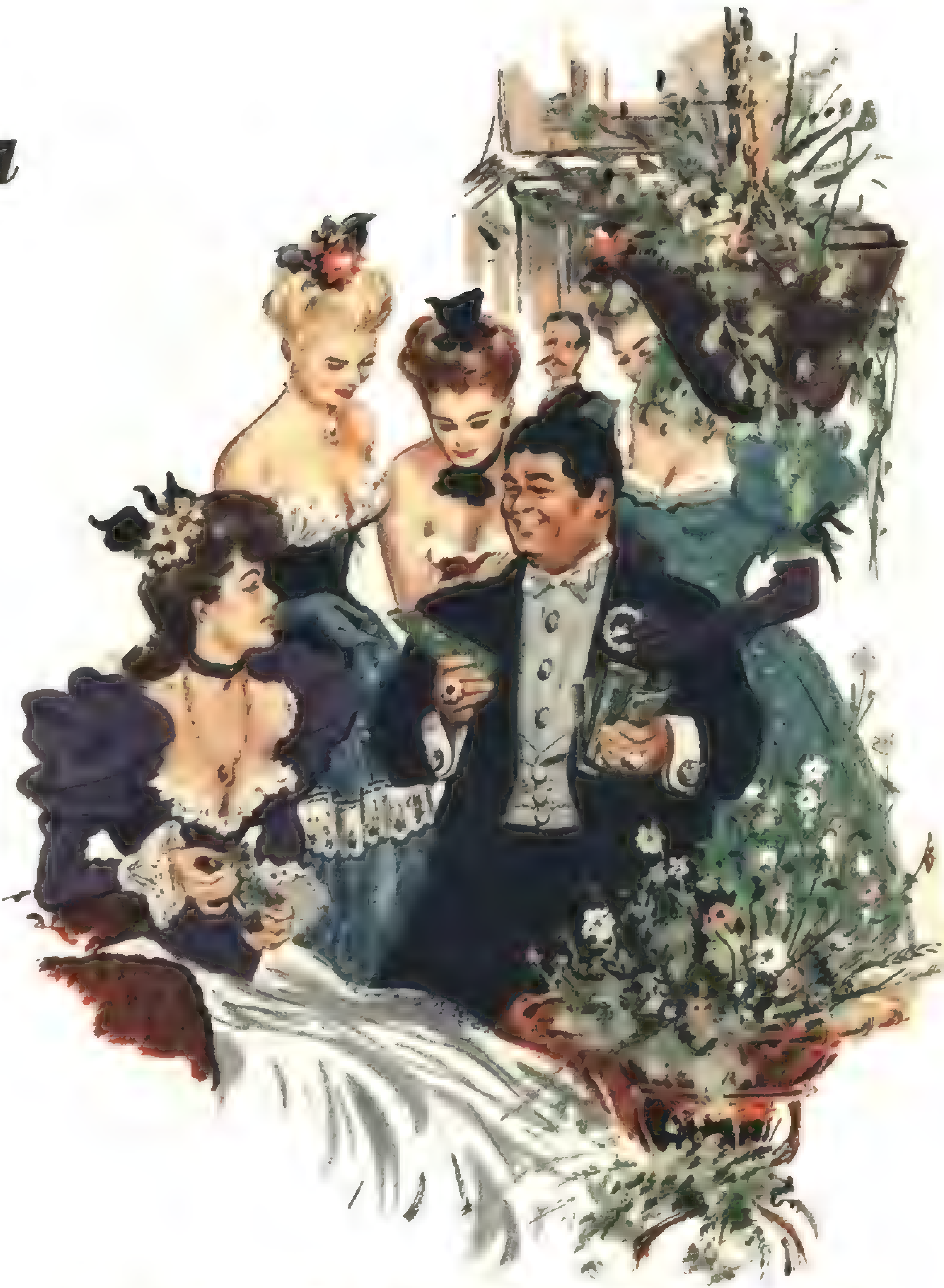
An American Saga

Out of the glitter of the Brady legend arises the figure of a man who deserves to be recalled as a public benefactor

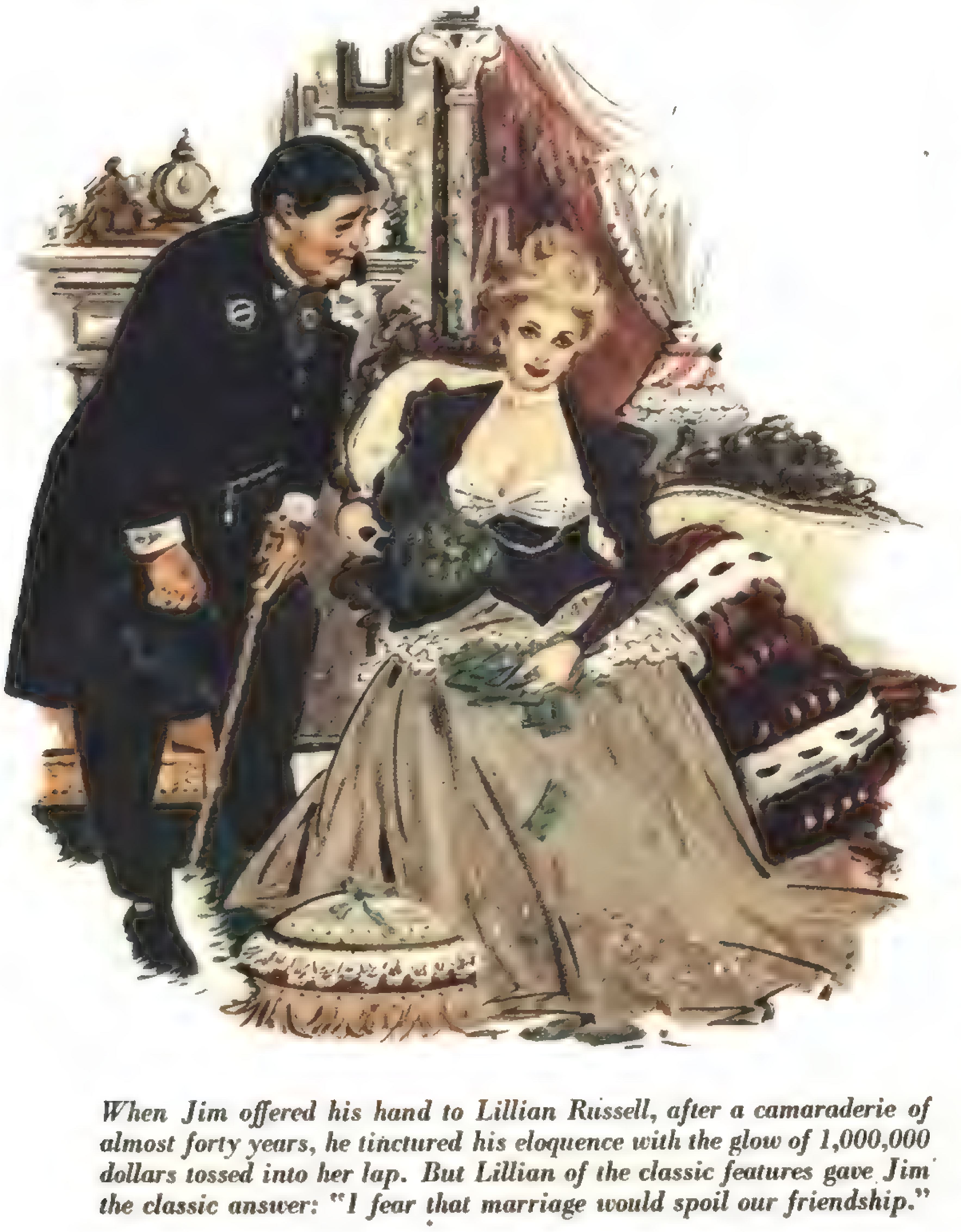
To America of the nineties, Diamond Jim Brady was the word "colossal"—in person. He decked his elephantine figure in a dazzling fortune of jewels that would have set a maharajah goggling. Greatest gourmandizing gourmet of them all was this 240-pound showcase, yet the reigning beauties of his day clung to the arm that swept the banquet table clear. Crude, gawdy and magnificent, he was the prime traveling salesman of a nation of salesmen, a boulevard side show that left America breathless—and adoring.

In his role as gentleman sportsman, Big Jim set his rivals back on their heels and New York's finest teams prancing. When he drove Manhattan's first horseless carriage from 42nd Street to 36th Street, an estimated five runaways took place. Jim, triumphantly hurtling along at eleven miles an hour, drove clean into the headlines of the next morning paper: "Startling Happenings in Madison Square." He was little less spectacular pedaling through Central Park on his three-seater bicycle—the middle seat for the lady of his choice, himself in front for the populace to view, and some weak-minded and strong-legged acquaintance in the rear doing all the heavy work. As if Jim's monumental bulk, spied over mother-of-pearl handle bars, were not sufficiently impressive, the frame of the cycle was gold and silver plated and studded with diamonds, rubies, sapphires and emeralds. Generous portions of pigs' knuckles and sauerkraut garnered at beer gardens on the way sufficed to keep up Jim's strength during this arduous exercise.

"Eat Bigger Meals" was the cry of the day, and Jim's voice could be heard loud and clear above the rest. He would start the morning by building up his tissues with a breakfast of beefsteak, chops, eggs, flapjacks, fried potatoes, hominy corn bread, a few muffins and a huge beaker of milk. Two or three dozen oysters and clams downed around eleven o'clock would alleviate the agony of awaiting lunch. Luncheon was of a more solid sort—usually more dozens of oysters, a deviled clam or two, broiled lobster, a joint of beef or other sustaining meats, and several cuts of pies. A box of chocolates helped the food to set better. A dip in the oyster barrel served as his cocktail party around four. Current paper supplies do not permit a thorough detailing of a Brady dinner but his nutritional minimum ran into about fourteen courses, and Jim rarely took less than three or four helpings of each of the more succulent dishes. This supply of vitamins was sluiced down the Brady hatch with two or three gallons of fresh orange juice. A pound of chocolates satisfied his sweet tooth until later in the evening when he might polish off another pound as he viewed the wonders of the stage. Tragedy, opined Jim, was more poignant with glacé fruits; bonbons, perhaps, with comedy.



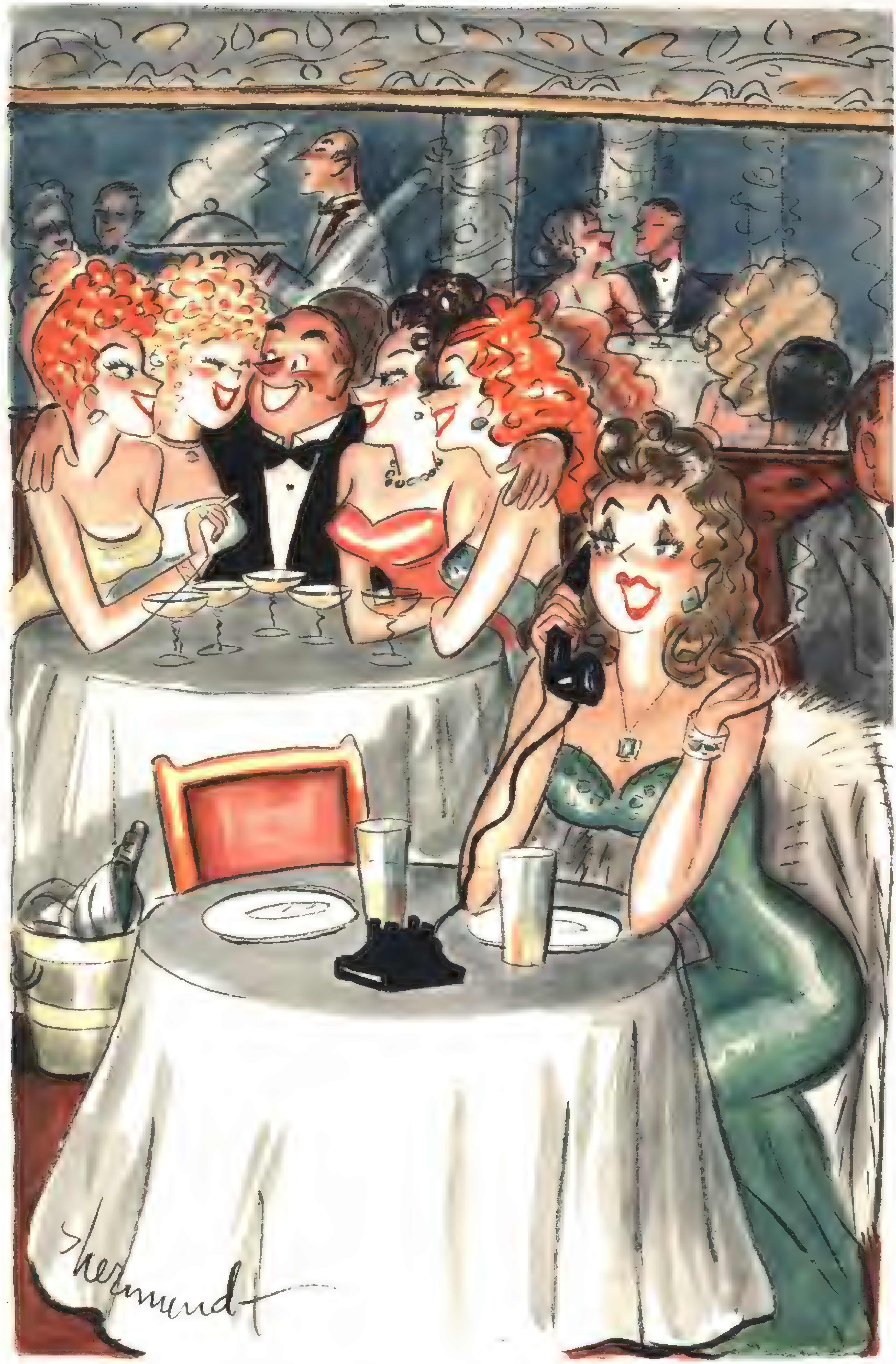
Jim had a pleasant custom, his lady guests discovered, of winning good will by distributing 100-dollar bills. His golden smile and an invitation to a Brady banquet spelled success for many a struggling chorus girl.



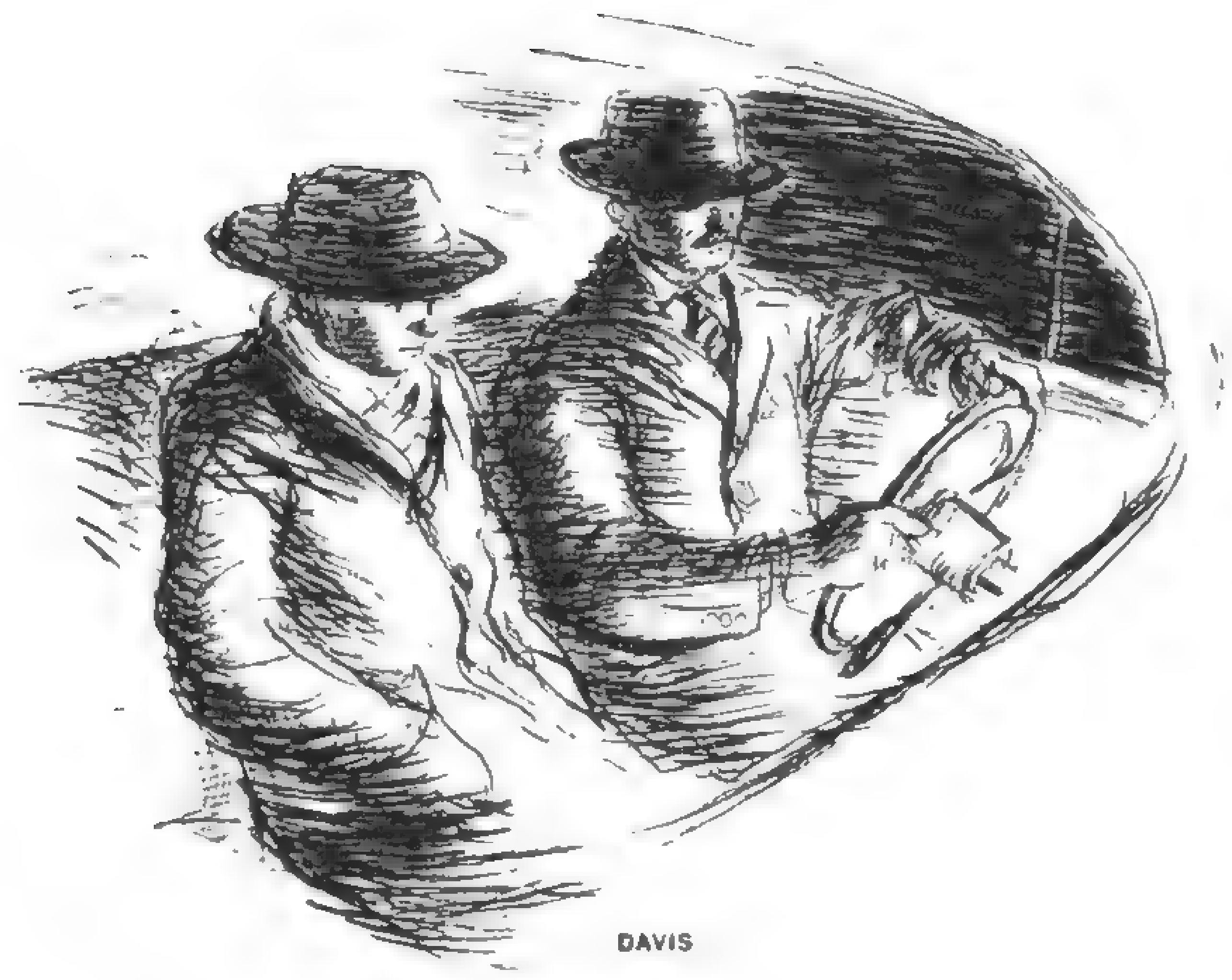
When Jim offered his hand to Lillian Russell, after a camaraderie of almost forty years, he tinctured his eloquence with the glow of 1,000,000 dollars tossed into her lap. But Lillian of the classic features gave Jim the classic answer: "I fear that marriage would spoil our friendship."

Jools? "Them as has 'em wears 'em." In his thirty sets for every occasion were more than 20,000 diamonds of varying sizes and shapes and an estimated 6,000 color stones. As Big Jim rolled down the middle aisle for a Broadway opening or crowded his bulk closer to the table at Rector's he looked like a Sultan wired for technicolor. He was something to see—the circus had come to town.

Where did the legend stop and the man begin? Look closely at this marvel who could eat 300 steamed clams and a dozen lobsters for a snack . . . who popped as many as 500 champagne corks an evening for his guests but never touched liquor himself . . . sat in the front row at some 2500 opening nights at the theatre . . . this man who sported playthings such as a model farm and racing stable . . . look closely, for this supreme exhibitionist was born the second son of a New York City saloonkeeper, in 1856. He made his friends among the high and humble, and built a network of contacts throughout his life that brought him millions. He sold railroad supplies in breath-taking quantity, he made fortunes on mere market tips from his Wall Street buddies. Yet he was a Robin Hood among the robber barons, and the glitter of his diamonds, perhaps, has obscured how gladly his earnings could pass through his big hands to those in need. It is true that Jim's cavernous stomach was actually six times greater than normal size. Past his esophagus had rumbled a parade of gargantuan feasts that would have floored a platoon of lesser men. And his heart, as measured by his deeds, was on the same epic scale. His generosity in life was fabulous. But the will of the saloonkeeper's son in 1917 gave everything to others less fortunate. To charities, to hospitals, went millions. Big Jim had truly created a legend, and deep in it is a man to respect. #



"Your husband is here with his version of the four freedoms —a blonde, a brunette and two redheads"



Studying his passenger, he remembered the lonely sector of the road through the woods: an ideal spot for a hold-up

The High Road

by ERNEST LEHMAN

Hanley was hitting along smoothly at sixty per on the state highway, when his headlights spotted the kid standing at the edge of the road waving a thumb at him.

Instinctively he kicked the accelerator. Only it came out that he was stepping on the brake and grinding to a noisy stop and throwing open the door. What the hell, why not? The car was empty.

The kid was a little out of breath when he caught up with the car. "Thanks a lot, mister." He must have been about twenty except around the eyes, which were older. He was wearing a plain blue suit and a white shirt, open at the collar. He looked pale in the darkness.

"How far you going?" Hanley said, as the car picked up speed.

"About ten miles or so," the kid said. "How about you?"

There was something about the way he didn't look you in the eye. Suddenly Hanley was remembering stick-ups he had heard of.

"I'm going far as Brewster," he said. "You know where that is?"

"Yeah, sure," said the kid, lighting a cigarette. He was a lefty. "That'll be fine."

It wasn't fine with Hanley. The kid was too nervous, this neck of the woods, too dark and deserted. Besides, there wasn't any Brewster.

As the car knifed through the darkness he tried to listen to the song of the tires, the rhythmic off-beats of the tar strips. There wasn't much else to do. The kid wasn't talking much, though Hanley tried to draw him out.

When they got to the intersection where the highway cut into Route 6, Hanley was in too much of a hurry. He took the sharp right turn on two wheels, and the kid was thrown against him.

"Hey!" The kid sounded angry.

"Sorry, pal," he said, giving him a side glance. The kid's jitters were getting worse by the minute. Which made them even.

He had felt the double-trouble when the kid was thrown up against him. The kid was a lefty, so naturally it would be in his left pocket, where he could get at it quickly. It felt hard and irregular. It could have been a bottle or a pipe. But Hanley knew it was neither.

He looked at the kid again and wondered if he were back from the war. He had nothing in his lapel, but maybe he had left it home. Hanley wondered about a lot of things, and then they were coming to the woods on the outskirts of Flintstock.

The moon was lost behind a thick wall of trees and the kid's cigarette glowed in the dark. He was steeling himself for something, working up courage, like a guy getting ready for his first kiss. He took a long drag on the cigarette and then flipped it out the window. Hanley felt the finality of that motion in the pit of his stomach. The kid's left hand was moving for his pocket. Hanley licked his dry lips. "It sure feels great to be out." It sounded like someone else's voice.

The kid shot him an incredulous glance. "Army?"

"Hell, no!" He gave a short laugh. "Prison." He caught the kid's wide-eyed stare.

"Eighteen years," he said. "It wasn't too bad though. Got a cigarette, pal?"

The kid hesitated for a moment and then he plunged his left hand into his pocket and came out with a butt. The kid tried to hold the match to it, but Hanley had to steady his hand.

"The thing you miss most . . ." he exhaled a cloud of smoke, ". . . is the dames. Year after year without women. It really gets you, until you're so old that it doesn't matter, and that's even worse."

He could feel the eyes boring at him through the darkness.

"Hell, I could always take 'em or leave 'em. But now . . . now . . ." he hesitated, ". . . I kind of miss never having married. I like kids; might have been nice to have a couple. But what the hell."

"One thing I'll say: you meet a nice bunch of guys. Maybe they made mistakes, they were still right guys for my money. And the food wasn't too bad. Of course, not like my old lady's cooking. God, how I missed that." The kid didn't say a word.

"She died while I was in. I never even got a chance to see her first." He could hear the kid suck in his breath sharply.

"I guess I had it coming to me," he went on, keeping his eyes on the road. "I was in the last war, you know. And when I got back, things didn't break for me fast enough. The world owed me a living but it didn't show up on schedule, so I went out and got it. What a cinch." He laughed. "The first job I pulled . . . a diner. The guy fell over in a faint when he saw the gun. There were lots of 'em like that. Easy pickings. I got so smart that I turned stupid. They picked me up one day for something I had no connection with. They found a gun on me, and that was that. It's a trade secret but I didn't know it: Never get caught with a bottle opener on you."

They were out of the woods now, and when they came to the fork he turned left and took the high road that led to the bridge.

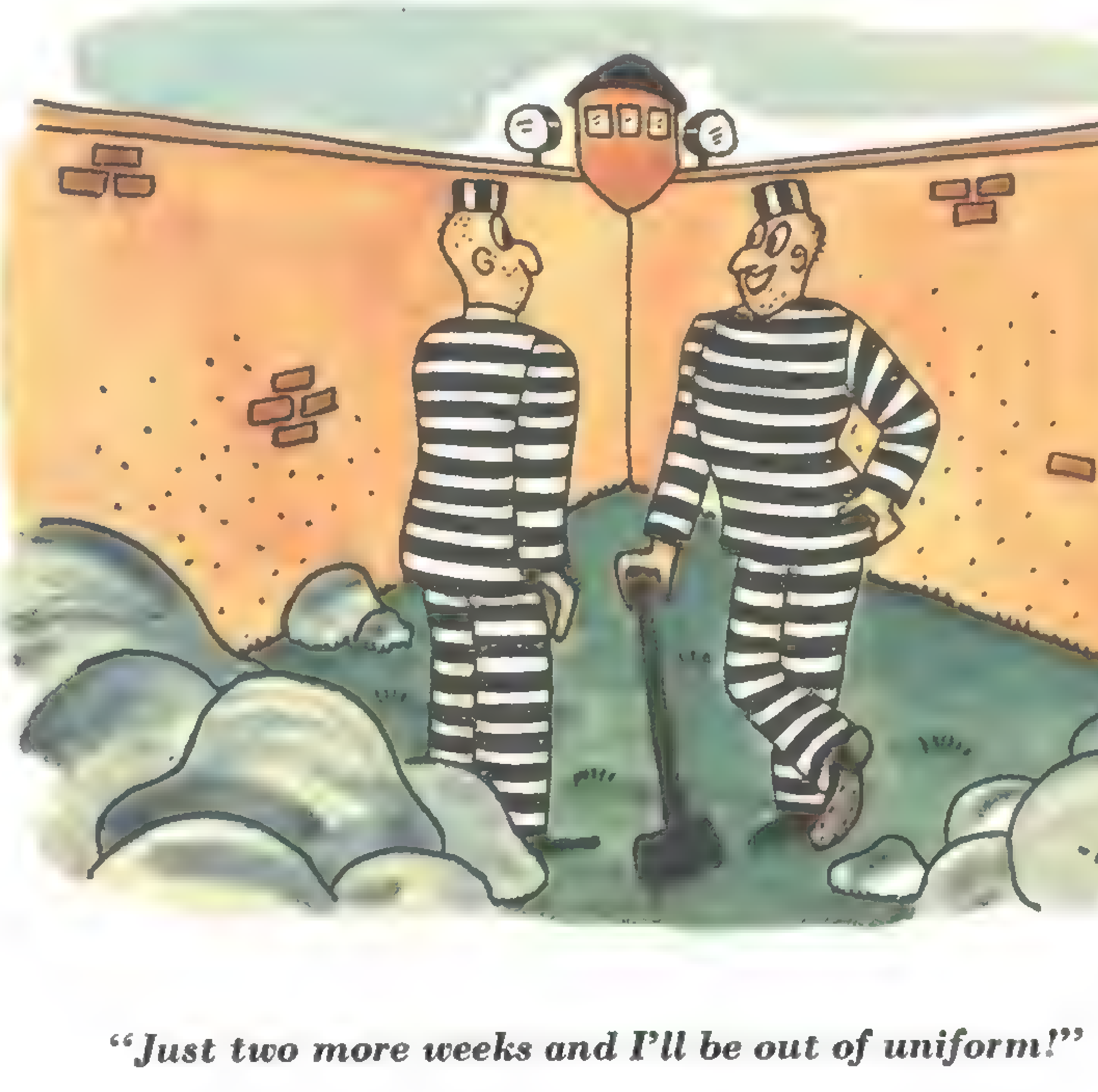
"Funny thing, it was right around here." Ahead, in the sharp moonlight, lay the rickety wooden structure that crossed Whitestone Gorge. "I can see it like it was yesterday. They were waiting for me at the other side. I could've tossed it into the rapids below. But I figured I could talk my way out of it."

The car rumbled over the loose planking of the bridge and came to a stop at the halfway mark. He reached past the kid and opened the door. The kid looked at him with a puzzled expression.

"Go ahead, pal," Hanley said. "Take a look. I'll wait for you. It's a beautiful sight."

The kid got out and walked over to the railing and stood there, gazing down at the water. Then his left hand dipped into his pocket and Hanley looked away, and in the stillness of the night all he could hear was the ripple and murmur of the water below as it washed over the rocks. When the kid got back into the car and looked him squarely in the eyes, he said to himself: "He's a nice looking fellow at that."

In a few minutes they were in Flintstock. The town was bright



"Just two more weeks and I'll be out of uniform!"

with streetlights and store windows and Hanley drove past the police station without even looking at it. A few blocks later, the kid said: "This is good enough for me," so he pulled up to the curb and opened the door.

The kid turned to him as he was getting out, and said: "By the way, sir, what're you doing now? I mean since you got out?"

Hanley took out his wallet and flashed a wad of bills.

"Counterfeiting," he said. "It's a lead-pipe cinch. Here, take a couple."

The kid's jaw dropped as he took the tens. He examined the bills and then when he caught Hanley's quizzical expression, his face slowly broke into a grin.

"Say, these aren't—"

"So long, kid," Hanley said, shutting the door.

When he got home, Edna was furious.

"What made you so late?" she said, kissing his cheek. "I've already given the children their dinner, and everything's drying up."

"I took the high road tonight." He tossed his hat on the shelf.

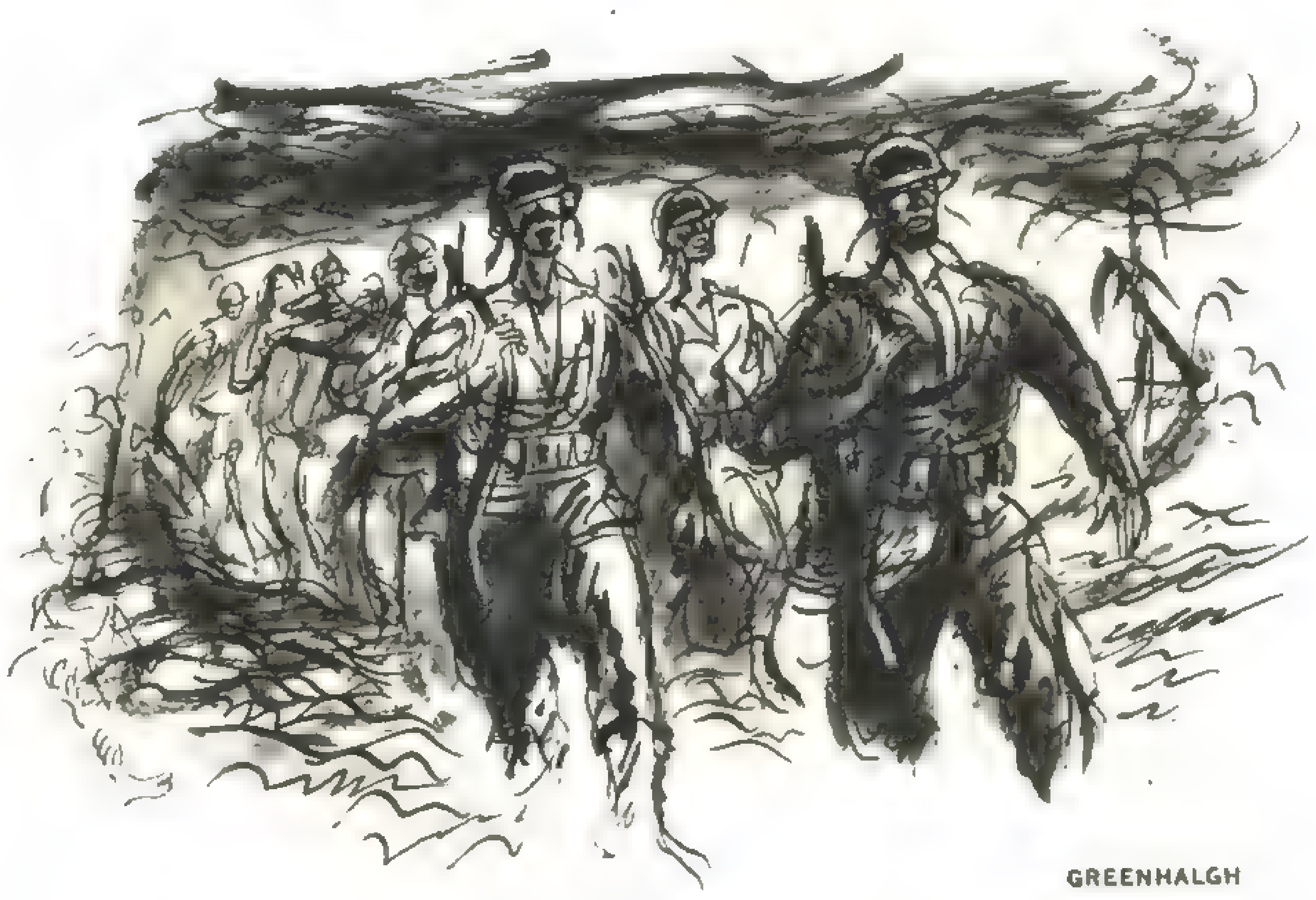
"But you *know* that takes longer," Edna said.

"Not always," he said. "Sometimes it saves years." ⧺

However nurtured, the small memories die reluctantly in the overwhelming present

Remembering the Lost Yesterdays

by CHESTER MORRISON


GREENHALGH

Even so soon the pictures begin to fade. Hot water flows now from a nickel-plated tap. It is an effort to remember the tepid brown water that still flows over the slippery mud of a straggling brook five thousand miles from here.

This must be happening to millions of people. Millions of people home from a trip abroad must be clinging to the small memorabilia that slide away from the thoughtless jostlings of Home. Small memories—shabby, forgotten friends—a straggling brook . . .

We didn't think of it then as a straggling brook. We had seen the Nile and the Thames and the Amazon; we had crossed oceans and looked over the unbelievable blue of the Mediterranean. But we hadn't seen fresh running water for weeks until we got to that brook.

It was Jordan. It was the Promised Land. There was a battle about to happen, but the column broke and stopped. Men were out of the lorries and into the water. Even in the middle, the stream was less than backside-deep, and the dirty, parched men sat down in the water. They whooped and hollered and dried themselves on their pants, and the first ones to discover the oasis were on their way forward again before another group, who had more time to explore the little stream, made their own discovery.

Someone walked along the bank and around a bend in the hot sun. Somebody else came running back, sweating and slipping in the mud. He ran for the medical unit we had passed on the way up, and some of the rest of us went around the bend to see what he had found.

There was no missing it. It lay black and bloated on its back where the water was shallow, just a few feet from shore where it might have hidden in the bushes and escaped. The brook rippled around it and flowed to the spot where the live heroes were shouting in the first bath they had had in many days.

The medical officer looked at the body. He knew as well as the rest of us that the fellow had been shot while bathing. Not long ago, maybe a couple of days. He told some people to haul it out. "Nothing to worry about," he said. "Running water. Won't hurt anybody."

Water runs out of the nickel tap now. Everything sterilized before it tumbles into the white bathtub. When the bath is done, the plug is pulled and the water runs away with all the little memories. What seems so puzzling is the contrast between what we thought then to be true things and what now turns out to be the truth.

Fresh home after a long time, it is confusing at first to sort out the still persisting past from the clamorous present.

There was, for instance, a time when people who never had been away from home before found themselves in strange places full of foreigners. If they stayed long enough, they went about the natural business of making themselves at home. Some of them even got married to native girls.

It seemed natural at the time. The strangers didn't even seem like foreigners, once you caught on to their funny way of talking. There was always tomorrow, and tomorrow was likely as not to be

GLANTZ

Personal Appearance: Chester Morrison

Newspaper, radio and magazine foreign correspondent Chester Morrison returned to the States this winter after four years in Cairo and the war in the Middle East. New assignment: more articles for Esquire and Coronet. His reticence about personal adventures, a philosophical twinkle and a slightly broad-A suggest a Britisher, but he was born in Philadelphia in 1900. He was in the Navy, 1916-18, spent fifteen years with the Associated Press, New York Post, *Boston* Transcript, *Boston Herald and Chicago Sun. Some of his press camp colleagues honored him with the tag "unprofessional"—because he chose to cover the war at the enlisted man's side. His credo behind the sensitive, honest reporting he does is a modest: "The things I say are the things you would say if you saw what I see."*

the last. And so they were married and lived happily ever after until the war ended, and there stretched ahead an endless series of tomorrows in which an accident was an accident and not a name on a bronze plaque in the home-town high school.

Just about then some evilly-inspired copyreader back home thought up a label that covered a lot of things he knew nothing about. He wrote it into a headline, and the label spread and became part of our language. It sticks now to a lot of bewildered people he never will know. He speared them with a careless barb and left fear in hearts he never will lay his head against. Let him take warning now against such another invention, for he is the man who dreamed up the label: "G.I. Brides."

Look what happens: One black night a week ago an airplane swooped and dipped and slid sickeningly into a stinging cold airport at a place called Gander, in Newfoundland. It had been a nice, easy trip from Sharon in Ireland for people who were used to airplanes, but six women in that ship had never been in an airplane before. They had never crossed an ocean, and they were sick in paper bags. Sick and scared stiff of oceans and airplanes, but they were coming "home" to men who had cared enough to marry them and to dig deep for airplane fare, after dithering for months with the cumbersome paper work by which embassies and bureaucrats live. They had come at last to the Wonderful New World.

When the plane rolled across the frozen snow and stopped with a final belch, the girls felt better. Their hair looked like hell and they were pale from nausea, but they were on land. If they walked carefully across the ice, maybe they wouldn't break their necks.

They walked into a shed and a warm room. They sat gratefully on hard benches and drank the bad coffee dished up at Gander, though what they needed—being English—was a nice hot cup of tea. In half an hour the plane would be off, and at the end they would be in New York with people to meet and take them home.

It was just then that some new people came into the shed. Several men with the broad-brimmed hats and bizarre neckties that are the current badge of the American male, and among them—the very center of them—a bovine lady in mink and the sleazy stockings that seem to be the American female's most obvious contribution to the war chest. They were all on the way to Europe with a cargo of American Good Will.

The Mink stared at the bedraggled women on the benches as children stare at animals in the zoo. She looked as though she had smelled a polecat, and she said in the penetrating whine that I had forgotten to associate with the American soprano: "Huh! G.I. Brides!"

The brides (one of them was met at Journey's End by an American colonel, if that means anything) shrank and wilted. Their first impression of this Land of Opportunity, this God's Country where everybody is everybody's equal, was a shallow snob's repetition of an ignorant headline.

When the Armies went overseas, the soldiers carried intangibles that were not listed with their gear. And when they came home they brought lessons dearly learned. Millions of people have brought them home. Millions of Americans have lived for a long time in the pure brotherhood of war. They went away ignorant and they have come back—not wise, but better than ignorant.

Men who have shopped for souvenirs in the bazaars of strange countries are less apt than others to be enthralled by the shoddy goods for sale in our own lush shops. Men who have lived a long time on field rations find now that their stomachs have shrunk below the capacity of an ordinary American meal.

Such men are surprised at the deep concern of the newspapers which foretell a future devastated by atomic bombs. They thought that what they learned by doing could be transmitted to others in some easier way. They have come home to find not plenty, but waste; not excellence, but make-believe; not hope, but fear. They went away actually believing that a mink coat is made of mink.

We used to see movies sometimes—American movies made for home consumption and shipped to the men in the Armies. They weren't much good because they were so remote from the facts of life. They still are. Not many soldiers came home prigs, but a lot of them were shocked to learn that the best movie of the year was about the nightmares of a man with the DT's, and that the most popular play in New York is a thoroughly amoral story of an amiable dipsomaniac with an imaginary rabbit.

It is still exciting to see lights blazing in city streets and to find acres of space covered with parked cars, every one of them with a tankful of gas. The stifling heat of offices, hotels and railroad trains is all but intolerable.

One night I sat across a table at dinner from a real estate agent going home from a convention. The food reminded me of meals we used to talk about—dream meals, they were—and here was one come true. My friend tucked it all away, but his evening was ruined because he had only two lumps of sugar for his coffee.

He made the best of it. He said things had really been pretty tough the last few years and probably would get tougher. He said the folks at home had had some pretty funny experiences in the war, but it was high time now somebody did something about it. He was all against these strikes, but he thought soldiers demonstrating for quick demobilization were one hundred per cent right.

It was not pleasant conversation. It made me think of an Oklahoma oil man named Tex, whose specialty was putting out oil fires in burning tankers. He had been away from America a long time, but once he came home on leave. Three weeks later we met again. He hadn't enjoyed his visit to the States. He said he had felt uncomfortable.

"People don't know what you're talking about," he said. "You look up your best friends and after half an hour you've got nothing to talk about. After a while you get to hanging out with people you used to think were heels. But just because they've been away from home once, at least you can talk to them about other places."

Last I heard, Tex was up in Persia someplace, where the local oil barons think so well of him they sometimes slip him the eye—a great delicacy and a mark of esteem—when they gather around a roasted sheep.

The day after I got home there was a parade in New York. We didn't want to see it—I and the man I was with. He was from Kansas, and when we saw a lot of paper floating down into the street he asked what it was. I told him people were tearing up telephone books and throwing the pieces at the soldiers on parade. He couldn't believe it until he picked up a piece of paper, and sure enough it was a piece of telephone book.

"My goodness," he said, shocked into unprofanity and he just out of the Navy, "what will they do when they want to call up somebody tomorrow?"

I said they would just get another telephone book, as we had just bought a whole carton of cigarettes and had a bath out of a nickel-plated faucet. I told him, because he is young and never had seen a war before this one.

I told him, but I wonder too. What are they going to do tomorrow now that they have wasted all of yesterday and today? ⌗

CARPENTER

Linda Christian, one of Hollywood's nebulae

Cosmopolitan Linda Christian is the daughter of a Dutch oil executive whose duties took him and his talented child to many foreign lands. Statuesque Linda is a lovely argument for the one-world philosophy. Born in Tampico, she attended grammar school in Mexico and South Africa, high school in Italy, Switzerland and Holland, college in Palestine, till she was literally bombed out by the Nazis. Then, joining a convoy in Egypt, she sailed to Mexico and worked there as a doctor's assistant until she decided to head north for Hollywood. An M-G-M talent scout spotted Miss Christian modeling in a fashion show in nearby Beverly Hills and arranged for an immediate screen test. Two days later she was signed to a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Vital Statistics: Height: *5′ 5½″*; weight: *118 lbs.*; eyes: *green*; hair: *flaming red.*

Candy Nolan was a rare surprise to find hustling drinks in a Roscoe Street dive

I Love the Girl in the Goldfish Bowl

by LEONARD SILK

I HAD already had my last cigarette and was getting tired of pretending to drink so the waiter wouldn't ask me, "Another?"

"Look," I said to Bob, who finds it quite easy to sit unruffled through Bobby Van's tap dancing and Princess Loanna's bellowing and Charlie Block's drum solos, which constitute the gala all-star floor show at Jack's. Bob wasn't looking.

"Look," I repeated, "I'm going to get a pack of cigarettes."

"No, don't do that," said Bob. "You might miss something. See, here it comes."

"Here what comes?"

"That right behind you."

"Oh, yes," I said, turning around. "Hello."

"Hello," she said.

"Won't you sit down?" Bob invited, politely.

She was very small, and when she sat down she looked even smaller. She was sort of a miniature of a leggy girl, pretty short in the torso. She didn't smile at us the way girls at Jack's usually smile. But she did look kind of pleasant.

"What are you doing here?" asked Bob.

"Well," she said, "I walk past the tables here and if someone asks me to sit down with them, I sit down and make them buy drinks."

"I see," said Bob.

"Yes," she said, "so now I will have a Scotch and water."

Bob turned to call a waiter, but a waiter was there. I ordered beers for Bob and me and a Scotch and water for the lady.

"We should know each other better," I said. "This is Bob, and I am Walter. Who are you?"

"I'm Candy."

"Hey!" said Bob. "That's good. What's your last name, Candy?"

"Candy Nolan."

"That's wonderful," I said.

"That's great, Candy," Bob said.

Candy looked at us evenly, in agreement, I guess.

"Candy Nolan of Jack's on Roscoe Street," Bob said eagerly, leaning toward her. "It's perfect. Where did you get such a wonderful name? Is it Candida? Your father was literary, perhaps?"

"Nope. Papa was Irish. Mama was Italian. I am Candida Angelina Francesca Nolan."

We sat there, breathing it in. The name rang through the night.

"Tell me, my little Candida Angelina Francesca Nolan," I said, "how did you get into the drink-hustling business?"

"Well," she said, "I used to be the girl in the goldfish bowl. That was in San Francisco."

"Candy!" cried Bob, in delicious pain. "You *weren't* the girl in the goldfish bowl. Really?"

"Mmhmm." She smiled a little—with the left corner of her mouth.

"I've heard of you," I said.

"Gosh," Bob said, "everybody's heard of the girl in the goldfish bowl."

"Tell me, Miss Nolan," I asked, "how did you get into the goldfish bowl business?"

"Well," she said, sitting up very straight in her chair and still not getting much of herself over the edge of the table, "I used to be a strip-teaser."

Bob looked at Miss Nolan critically. "Aren't you pretty little to be a stripper?"

"Oh, yes," said Candy, bringing the house down about our heads, "I was billed as The Littlest Strip-Teaser in the Business."

They were glorious words. I looked at Bob, but he did not say anything. The waiter brought our drinks, but Bob could not swallow. While Candy was near, he did not speak again. I have seen this happen to Bob before, and it took months and months until he recovered. I tried to fight against it, for his sake.

"What did you used to *do* when you were the littlest strip-teaser in the business?" I asked, hoping that she would tell some foul burlesque gag, admit to having four children and a wart on her back.

She arose from her chair and said: "I used to do this."

She put her fingertips gently on the lobes of her ears. She raised her pinky fingers slowly. Then deftly and noiselessly (in all the universe there was no sound) she bumped at us. It was the prettiest bump I've ever seen. We kept looking, but her hips were back in place, her tummy was where it belonged, and the lobes of her ears were innocent of soft fingertips.

"Look," I said, coming out of it, "I should like to buy you another Scotch and water, but I haven't . . ."

She caught on right away. "I must go to the biff," she said. "Please excuse me."

I didn't look after her when she left. I looked at Bob. Pretty bad.

"No, Bob," I said. "You can't do it."

He took eighteen cents out of his pocket. "I wish I had a lot of money," he said. "I want to buy her things."

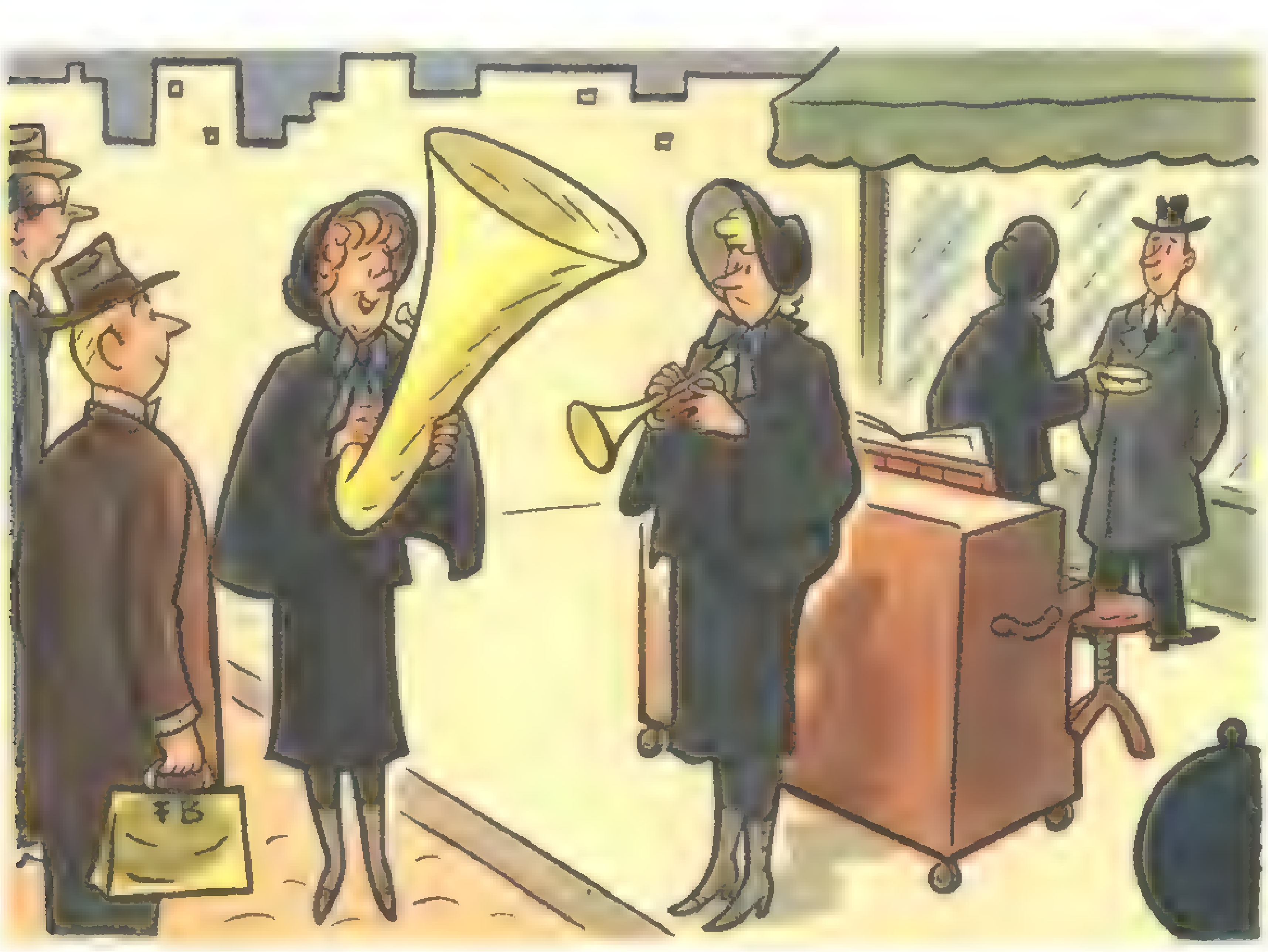
It wasn't a crack.

"Let's go," I said. "It's getting late."

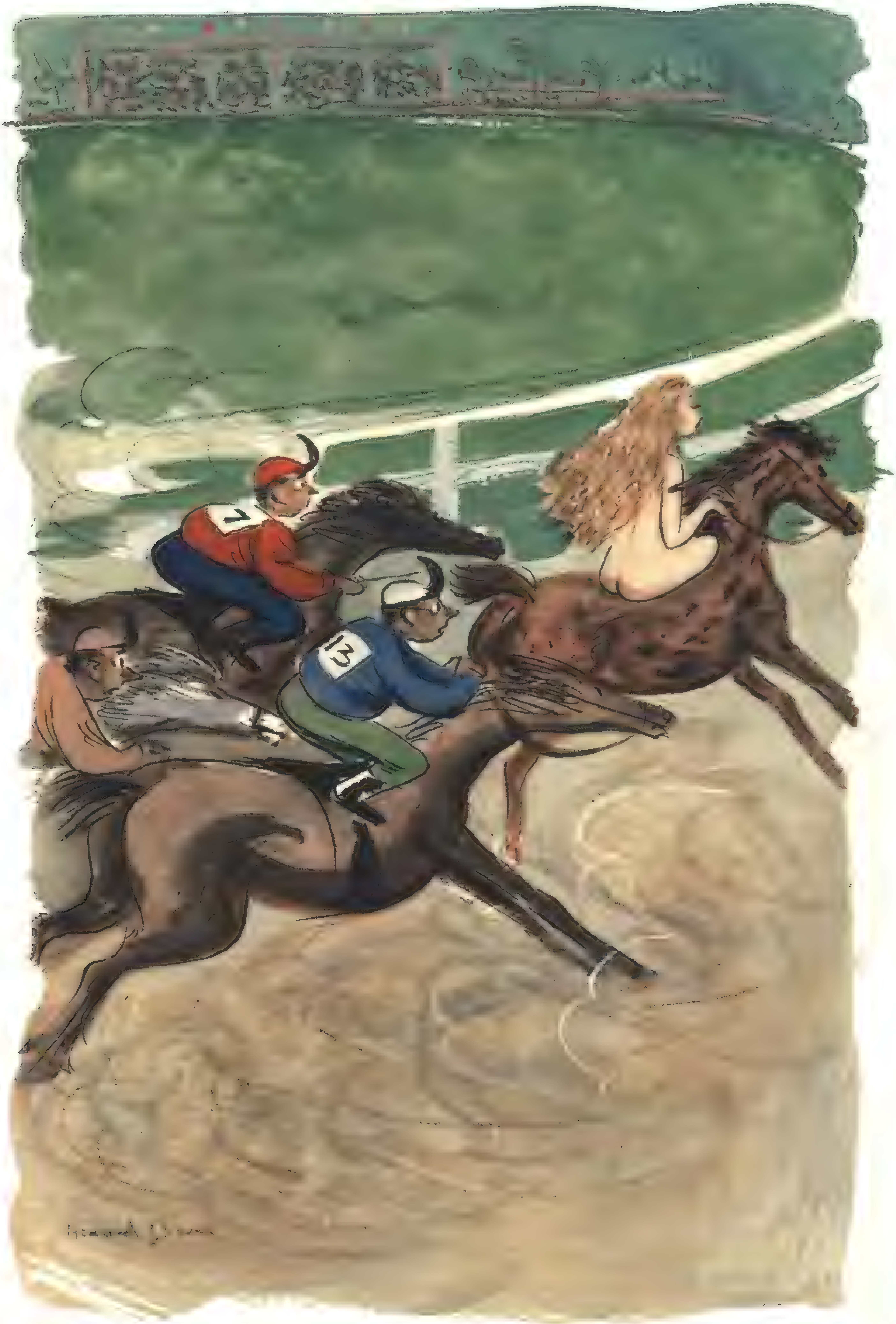
"She's much too good for us," he was saying. "Much too good."

Passing the bar on our way out, we saw Candy Nolan, the honest hustler, the girl in the goldfish bowl and the littlest strip-teaser in the business. She was on a high stool at the bar, a drink in her hand, with two gentlemen on either side, staring at her, hard. There were so many questions yet unanswered—as yet unasked or even thought up. I felt that old, weary, itchy emptiness. Lord knows what Bob felt as he watched her.

Then Candy was looking at us, and without speaking or moving her lips or nose or hips or anything, she was saying good-bye. I thought it was good-bye, come again and stay with me, you are nice boys, but I couldn't be sure. ⁂



"I had a nibble from Phil Spitalny!"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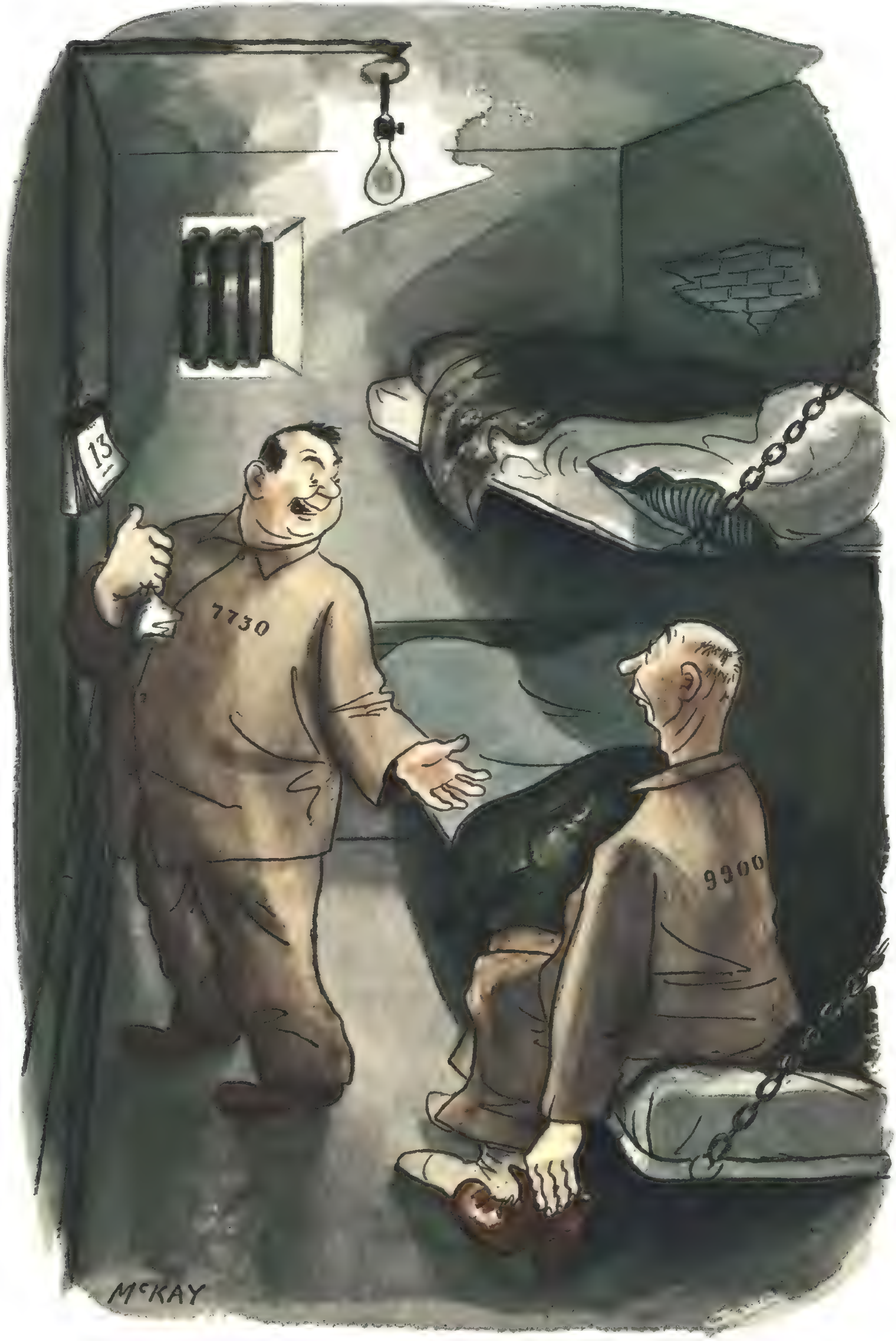
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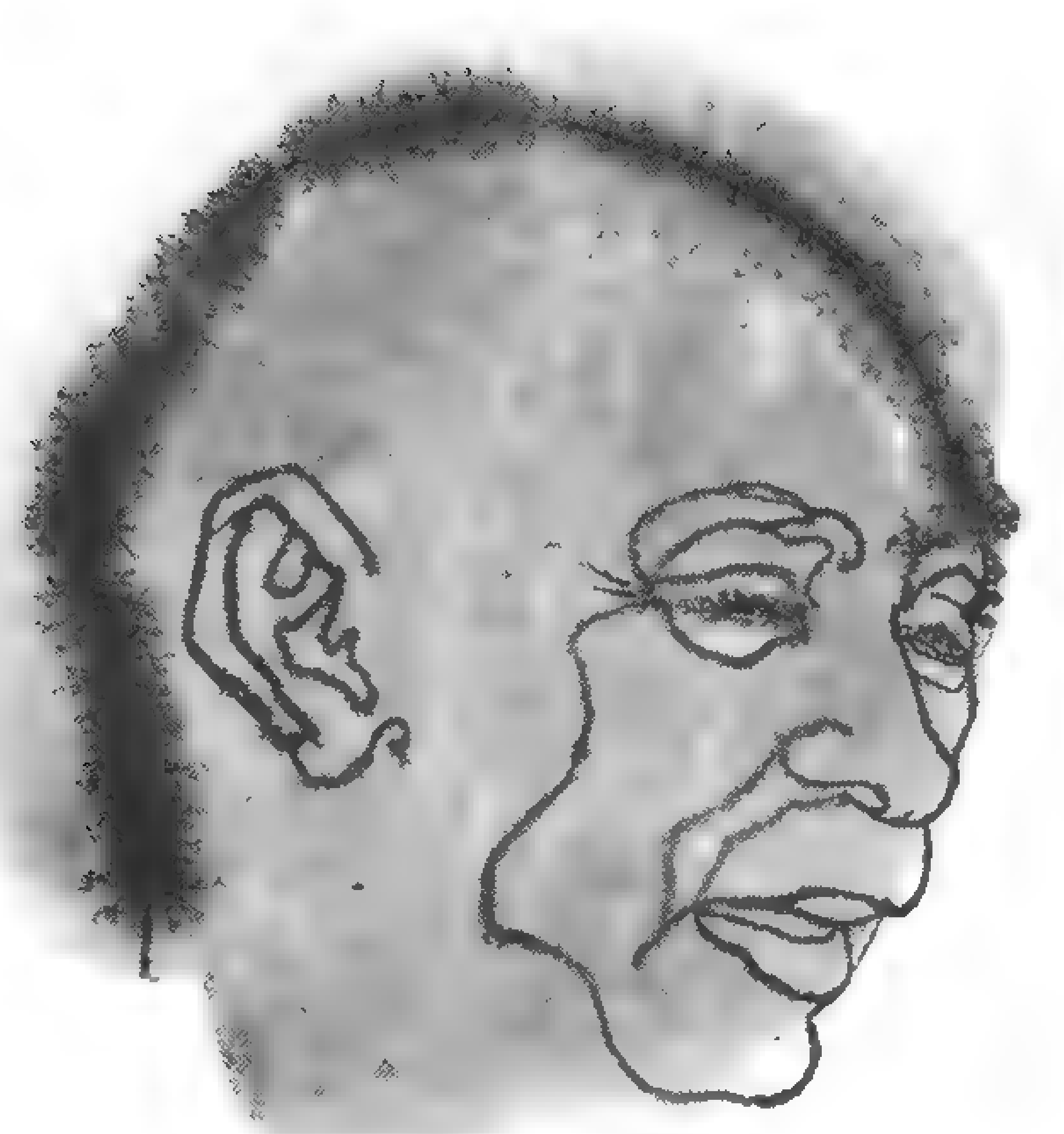
"Today is the tenth anniversary of the mysterious death of me mother-in-law"



BARER

Echoes on Beale Street

The passing of Peewee's Place in Memphis recalls the day when W. C. Handy's band blared his song of defiance to Mr. Crump

by GEORGE W. LEE

My heart grew heavy with a sad sweet pain as I watched two house painters swing from ladders, leaning against the brown façade of a Beale Street building and paint out a name. The movement of their brushes seemed to swing in perfect harmony with the music of an electric piano that blared forth from a nearby café:

Feeling tomorrow like I feel today,
Feeling tomorrow like I feel today,
Gonna pack my trunk and make my get-a-way.

As my eyes followed the wild rush of paintbrushes across the top of the building, I could see a few of the letters cutting through the white paint like brave soldiers determined not to be blacked out. Then another swish of the brushes, and the two words were gone. Of course, I knew what had been written there. The words etched into the heart of every Beale Streeter—Peewee's Place.

I wasn't the only witness to the passing of a name that had become known around the world in a medley of music, and had now been wiped out while the *St. Louis Blues* blared forth in protest at the obliteration of the name of its birthplace.

There were a few wide-eyed old-timers who stood against the curb knee-deep in tears. Perhaps their minds had been borne on the wings of memory with mine to that gorgeous and melodramatic period of Beale Street, when Peewee's Place was the picturesque center of a picturesque life.

Peewee was the nickname of a four-foot, six-inch-tall Italian, Vigelio Maffi, who opened the night spot in 1894. But despite his pint size, Peewee was a man of unusual strength, so unusual that he made a standing offer of any drink in the house to the man who could place his elbow on the bar with Peewee's, lock hands and pull his arm down until his wrist touched the bar. In this test of strength, Peewee defeated Jack Johnson, Sam McVey, Joe Jannette and Sam Langford.

Peewee was Beale Street's most reckless gambler. Many times he was known to place a thousand dollars on a roll of the dice. His favorite pastime on hot summer nights was to go to the foot of Beale Street, jump into the Mississippi River, swim across to the Arkansas side and then leisurely swim back again to Memphis.

Like other dens on Beale Street, Peewee's had lived a gay and riotous life, and then lost its name when Police Commissioner Boyle screwed the lid down tight on vice.

As I stood there in the gathering dusk, I had a desire to step forward and pin a badge of blue ribbon on the door, for Peewee's was where the blues were born. On its mahogany cigar counter, W. C. Handy, Negro orchestra leader and song writer, penned the notes of the *Memphis Blues*, the first blues song based on the work and sorrow songs of an oppressed race.

A weazened little Negro had stepped into Peewee's one night. He slouched on the bar and asked for a drink. With his elbow on the bar and chin in hand, he gazed mournfully into his glass, until finally he started improvising:

Gwine lay my haid right on de railroad track,
Gwine lay my haid right on de railroad track,
'Cause my baby, she won't take me back.
Gwine lay my haid on de railroad track if'n
de train comes along, I'se gwine snatch it back.

For a Negro to ease his soul with ready-made song in Peewee's was so ordinary, that only one man in the place paid any attention to the droning lament. He was W. C. Handy. When the Negro had finished his song, Handy walked over and asked him to sing it again. The little man said he was too drunk, but promised the musician that he would meet him the following night and oblige him. The next night Handy was waiting, but the man whose girl had left him didn't show up.

Months went by, and there was no sign of him but the weird, melancholy monotony of the song kept repeating itself in Handy's head. It was six months later that Handy met him on Beale Street and reminded the little man of his promise. But he refused with: "I'se jined de church an' cut out all dat stuff." It was years later that Handy took the theme of this lament and wrote one of his most famous blues songs—the *St. Louis Blues.*

Peewee's offered Handy just the kind of emotional environment he needed for fathering the unconscious creations of the Negro folk. Negroes from the cotton fields and sweltering river bottoms came there to lay down their burdens of work and woe and to step into a neat lazy shuffle, to raise their voices in wailing melody while weariness, nostalgia and abandon combined to shape their impromptu songs.

Wallace Saunders, engine wiper, was often among those who came to Peewee's Place. He followed the common custom of its habitués when he concocted a few crude verses about Casey Jones, famous railroad engineer. From these original verses, the immortal *Casey Jones* song was fashioned. Out of this same atmosphere came one of the first vague outlines for the *Frankie and Johnny* songs. Frankie had brought her man, Johnny, to Memphis to buy him a hundred dollar watch and chain, but when Johnny saw the brown girls around Peewee's all dressed up in fancy clothes, he had his first temptation to do Frankie wrong.

However, none of the bands of today would have had the chance to go to town on the *Beale Street Blues, St. Louis Blues*, or any of the other thousands of blues that whisper soft and low over the air and swirl up loud in a thousand juke joints had not a political situation in 1909 afforded nation-wide publicity for Handy and his songs. Williams, Talbot, and Crump were running for the election as mayor of Memphis. Mr. Crump ran on a reform ticket, and perhaps he had good reason. In those days Peewee's was not only a blues paradise, but it was a hobo roost. Swaggering river rousters and dead game sports from Chicago drifted south to New Or-

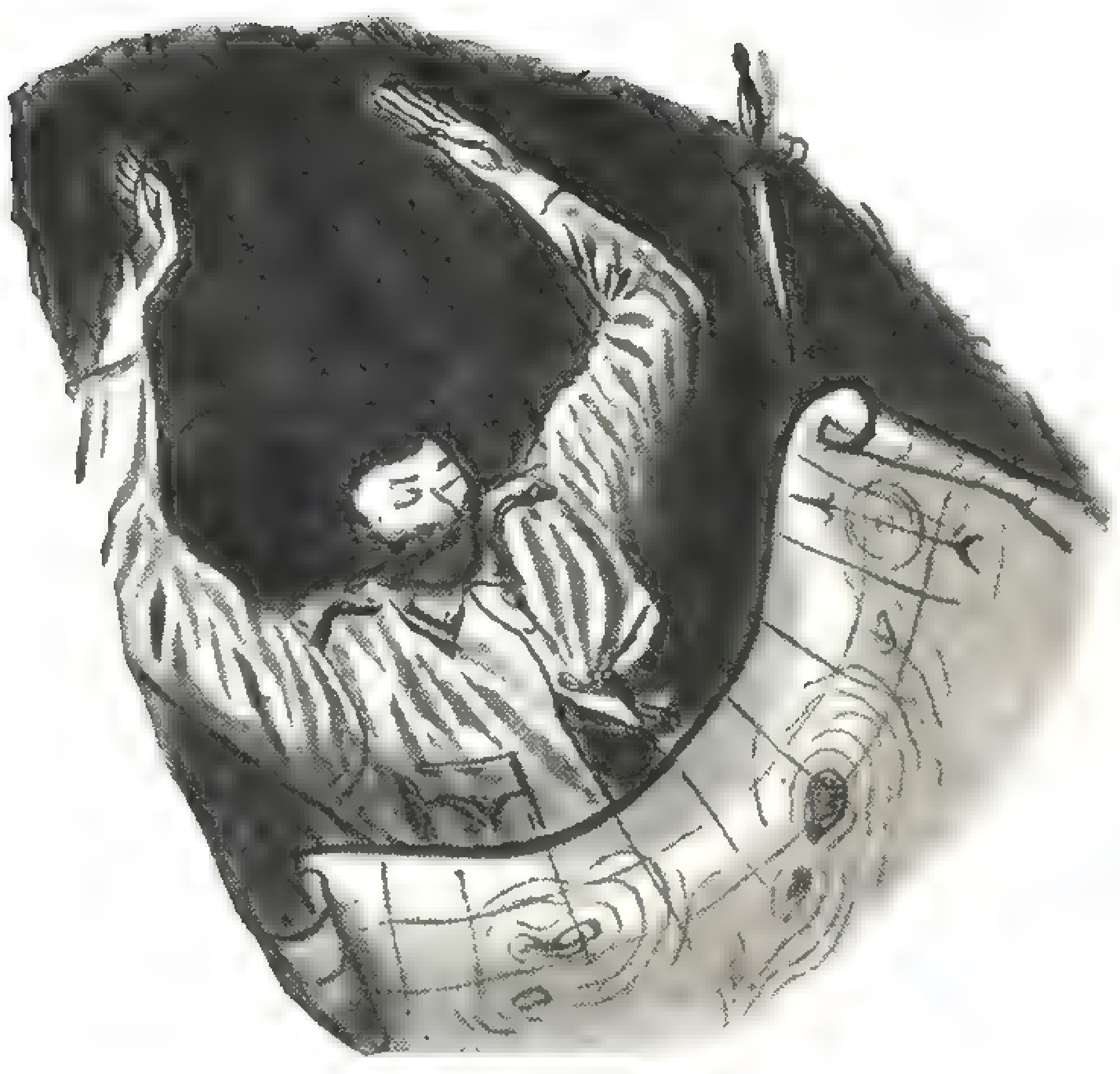
(Continued on page 210)

"Hooray! I've been acquitted!"

He had fought the Americans well and now inevitable defeat left him one final duty

General Saito's Last Order

by MERLE FOLLIN


GREENHALGH

He was tired, tired in mind and body. It had been three weeks since the American Devils had landed. Those three weeks had been a nightmare of attacks, futile counterattacks, constant retreat and ceaseless bombardment.

After the initial assault there had been hope, but only for a few short days. At first there was the hope that the pride and might of Nippon's navy and air force would punish the impunity of the American Devils who had dared to come so close to the Sacred Shores. That hope had begun to dwindle when the official dispatch told them that the striking fleet had retired to the westward—"strategic reasons" the dispatch had said; but if one were to believe the American press release the Empire had suffered a severe loss in ships and planes.

The High Command had denied these claims in a broadcast to the Empire. They had said the battle was a "tactical stalemate"—but the American ships were still there. He had only to look down The Valley of Hell, toward the west, to see them. And where were the *Arawashi*? Surely the Empire could send some Wild Eagles from the north through Iwo Jima and the Bonins. True, there had been a few planes, but only at night, and then in such pitiful numbers.

He picked up his ceremonial dagger and gazed at it, thinking how proud he had been when it was presented to him. Now the jeweled handle was encrusted with dirt and the fine steel blade so corroded that he could barely read the inscription: "To Lieutenant General Yoshitsugo Saito, Imperial Japanese Army, with Admiration, from Hideki Tojo."

That had been a proud moment in his life, even though the dagger had been presented in commemoration of a lost campaign. He could still visualize every detail of the presentation that bright, sparkling morning in front of the Imperial Palace. The Imperial Guards had been on the left and the remnant of his own crack 43rd Regiment in the place of honor on the right. General Tojo himself had made the presentation. And now the memento was to be used on an occasion no less momentous, but far grimmer.

He had had so little time these last few weeks to think of anything but the bitter fighting at hand. Now that the decision had been reached and the order written he had time to think of other things—to realize how tired he was and how old he felt. Thinking this, he realized that he had not thought of his age since he had been very young. The thought brought back memories. He had been a failure as an officer, he guessed. Certainly, ending his career in this inglorious loss of Saipan would not earn him a very enviable spot in Yasukuni Shrine. He probably had never been enough of a jingoist. He should have joined Toyama's Black Dragon Society as Nagumo had done. Nagumo had been one of the most rabid strong policy advocates, and look how successful he had always been. And so had *Kamisori*. How well that nickname, "The Razor," fitted Tojo. There was a one, that Hideki Tojo!

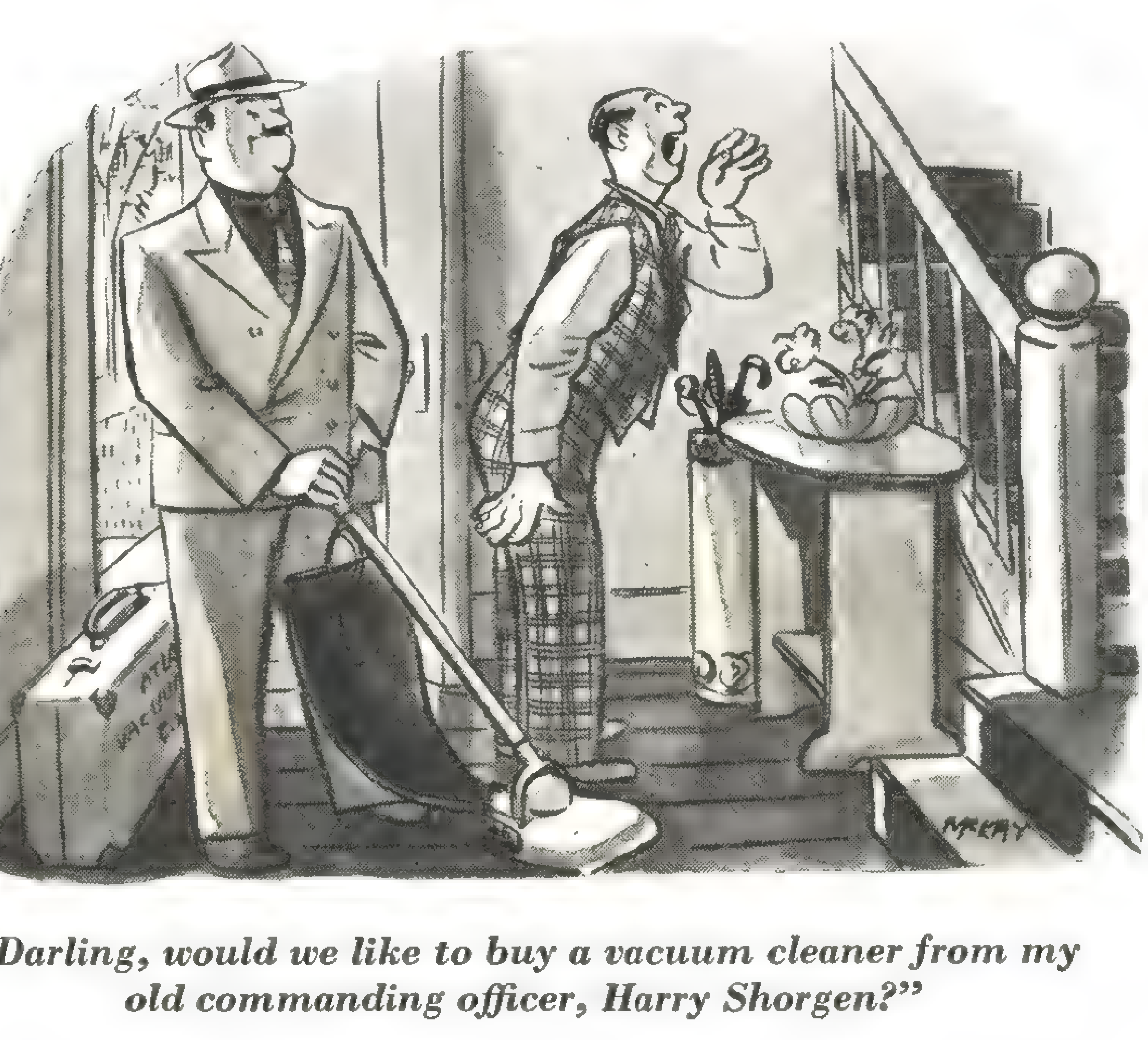
He thought of these two because they all had come from the same small village in northern Honshu. Of course "The Razor" was several years senior to him, but he had known of him as long as he could remember. He had known Nagumo all his life, too. Nagumo was his own age, and they had entered the service the same year, Nagumo at the Imperial Naval Academy, and he at the Imperial Military Academy.

Nagumo had always patronized him and he had always resented it. There had been no reason why he should have been so condescending. They both had come from peasant stock. True, Nagumo's father had become a wealthy farmer while his own family had always remained poor. Perhaps another reason was that Nagumo had always been a leader among his contemporaries in jingoist circles, even when he was a newly commissioned sub-lieutenant.

Nagumo had first come into prominence with the Military when he was a young lieutenant commander, in command of a gunboat on the Sakhalin Fishery Patrol. The Fishery Patrol was supposedly for the regulation of the Nipponese fishermen, but it was really for their protection against the Russian Patrol when they poached in Soviet waters. On patrol he had met a superior force of Russian patrol boats. He claimed they were inside Nipponese territorial waters, and attacked audaciously. By the very ferocity of his attack he sank two of the boats and utterly routed the others. The Soviets had claimed that they had been in their own waters, and apparently they had, because the Imperial Government had apologized and made reparations. Nagumo had been publicly censured, but in military circles he was thought of as quite a fellow, and marked as a coming naval officer.

He had had his own chance too, he remembered, but he had missed it. It was at about the same time, when he had been a young colonel, in command of a small garrison on the Chosen-Manchukuoan border. Only in those days it was not Manchukuo, it was Manchuria. Secret orders had come from Imperial Headquarters to miss no opportunity for aggressiveness against their Manchurian neighbors, even though they were at peace.

The High Command had been particularly anxious to provoke a fight with Chang Hseüh-liang, the Manchurian war lord. His father had been killed a few years before and they had wanted Chang's death. One night a group of "bandits" from Chang's province had crossed the border in a raid on the village near his garrison. He had acted promptly and justly, he thought, in rounding them up and executing them on the spot. His adjutant had urged him to attack Chang's garrison instead. It would have been ridiculously simple, they were so unprepared. There was no doubt that he had captured the right band, because he had caught them red-handed with their loot. But he should have followed his adjutant's advice because he had been relieved shortly, and when he returned to



"Darling, would we like to buy a vacuum cleaner from my old commanding officer, Harry Shorgen?"

Tokyo, the High Command let him know that his action had been completely inadequate. If he had followed the suggestion of his adjutant he could have had the distinction that came soon thereafter to the colonel who succeeded him and used the "Mukden Incident" to liquidate Chang's influence in Manchuria. He could have been as popular as Nagumo was after the Sakhalin incident.

Nagumo had further distinguished himself in the "*Panay* Incident." It was generally known in military circles that while it had been Colonel Hashimoto who had ordered his *Arawashi* to attack the American gunboat, it had really been Nagumo who had instigated the affair. It was Hashimoto who was sent back to the Empire in "disgrace," while Nagumo gained great prestige in the clique. After that, Nagumo had been more arrogant than ever.

He himself, had had a second chance. Relying on the fact that he came from the same village, he had prevailed upon Tojo to use his influence to have him assigned to the Kwantung Army. There he had served well enough, but in that hotbed of strong policy advocates he had looked weak indeed. His lack of prestige with the military clique had kept him in unimportant positions, and finally had caused his transfer.

Nagumo's rise in prestige had been meteoric. By early 1941 they were both wearing their two stars, Nagumo a rear admiral, and he a major general, but Nagumo always seemed to receive better jobs than he did. It was at that time that Nagumo had been given command of a new and powerful carrier striking force, while he had had to be content with an unimportant desk job in the War Department. They had met in Tokyo early that fall, and Nagumo had been very condescending to him. Then Nagumo was picked to execute the audacious "Pearl Harbor Incident." What a hero he had been when he returned from that! Shortly thereafter he had been promoted to vice admiral, and his arrogance had been unbearable.

He himself had been forced to continue in unimportant posts while younger officers got the good ones. Finally he had been sent to the South Pacific to a combat job and had fought well all through the Solomons. The extrication of his troops from Choiseul had even been called brilliant, but always he had been in losing campaigns. It had been for his work on Choiseul that General Tojo had given him the dagger.

Putting the dagger aside, he tried to smooth his rumpled and dirty field uniform. If only he had a proper white ceremonial robe and cushion. And, of course, he would need to bathe and shave. Wistfully he thought of these things, and how necessary they would be, were he in the homeland. He would barely have time now to make all these preparations even if he had the equipment and facilities.

"I'll be delighted to help—do you have a blank check in your pocket?"

Nagumo had had his defeats too. He had been in command at the ill-fated campaign to take Midway from the American Devils. The loss of men and ships had been terrible, but he supposed the brilliance of the "Pearl Harbor Incident" outweighed Nagumo's losses at Midway. Anyway, his prestige had not suffered too severely, and it certainly hadn't decreased his arrogance any. Nagumo had had still another defeat in the Coral Sea battle—at least the Americans called it a victory. Even that hadn't seemed to hurt his reputation.

Late '43 and early '44 had been a bad time for the Empire. They had lost the Solomons, much of New Guinea, and their ring of defenses in the Marshalls and Gilberts. It had been a year of shakeups in the High Command, too. He supposed that was what had promoted him to lieutenant general, and had finally given him his first really big job—command of all the Army forces in the key bastions of the Marianas. He has come here so full of hope. The defenses looked so secure—or at least they would be when the defense plans were complete. Life had been pleasant too. His headquarters in Tanapag was well organized. His staff was agreeable and efficient. He had pleasant quarters in a large house on the hill back of Tanapag. And Hanako, his mistress, was a pretty and charming girl. "Little Flower." How well she was named.

Yes, life would have been pleasant, but for the constant worry over the slowness in completing the defenses. They should have been completed last fall, but the American submarines were always sinking a shipload of costal defense guns, or a consignment of cement, or some other equally important cargo. Also, he hadn't been too happy when Nagumo had come to the Marianas as commander of the Central Pacific Naval Forces. Nagumo had been cordial enough when he arrived—now that they were of equal rank again.

Then came the American Devils. It had been only three weeks ago, but it seemed like an eternity. At first he had thought it was only another hit and run strike. The intense initial bombardment had driven them from headquarters in Tanapag. That first night had been one of utter confusion trying to locate various units of the defense forces. They had stayed in a deep valley back of Tanapag. The next day they had set up temporary headquarters in Garapan, but the American bombardment had soon driven them out. They had held on there for weeks, but it was no fit place for headquarters. So they had established themselves in Chaga, high in the mountains behind Garapan.

On his way to Chaga he had stopped by his old quarters to look for Hanako. The building had been a shambles—and Hanako was gone. His aide told him she had been captured. "The Little Flower" in the Foreign Devils' hands! How he wished that he had killed her!

It was at Chaga that he had seen Nagumo for the first time since the attack, and he had been a pitiful sight. Gone were his arrogance and self-assurance. He supposed that he himself hadn't looked much better, he was so dirty and unshaven, but at least he had retained his pride and dignity. Where was Nagumo's vaunted spirit of Bushido—the Warrior's Code?

Nagumo's ships had all been sunk or scattered, and he was completely useless. It was so bad for the men to see him in such condition that it would have been much better for the Empire if he had been on one of his sunken ships. He had babbled about a submarine coming to evacuate him, but it had never come. Perhaps the American ships had sunk it, or perhaps it had just been a wild hope of Nagumo's. Planes coming to evacuate Nagumo and Nishiyama, the air commander, had tried to land on the northern field at night but had been shot down. That was another thing that angered him. The High Command had felt that Nagumo and Nishiyama were important enough to try to save, while he was not. But perhaps the High Command felt that as commander of all the land forces in the Marianas, his duty to Bushido and Emperor demanded that he stay.

It was a shame that he would not be able to perform this last solemn act of his life in a proper setting. But there was no Shinto shrine within their lines. He should have acted yesterday when the southern slope of Mount Tapotchau was still in their hands. Now, that lovely shrine in the little glade was in the Foreign Devils' hands—they were probably even now defiling it.

They had been driven from Chaga by the intense bombardment and had sought refuge in a deep valley to the north of Tapotchau. It had been secure enough at first, but when the American planes had spotted them it had become hell on earth. The men soon named it "The Valley of Hell."

He had called all his remaining battalion and regimental commanders together for a last conference. His chief of staff had proposed that they should "die gloriously in battle with a final charge now, in this place," but that would have been so futile. He had given them his order and they had decided on where and when to make the last attack. They had gathered all their scattered remnants last night at Matahansa, and were now awaiting the appointed hour.

Last night, the staff had given him a farewell feast in a cave in the valley. They had been able to find only saki and tinned crabmeat. He regretfully had invited Admiral Nagumo to attend, and he had been greatly relieved when his aide (*Continued on page 223*)

Looking on Lana Turner and the Dollys, Breneman's breakfasts, a memorable set

The Postman Rings Four Times

by JACK MOFFITT

Some months ago a guy asked, somewhat sneeringly, if I liked such "unintellectual trash as *The Dolly Sisters*." My answer was, "Yes, I did." And my reasons were manifest. The picture featured four perfect stars—the right and left legs of Betty Grable and June Haver. The underpinnings of these two lovely palominos would have guaranteed success even if the director had hung his hat over the upper half of the camera. The screen has not produced such a magnificent quadruped since *Rex, King of the Wild Horses*.

As Mr. Smith's ruffled cuties also appear in Esquire, it never occured to me to resent this. Expecting a Karl Marx message in *The Dolly Sisters* is like looking for Groucho in *Waiting for Lefty*. To a mature mind, the pillars of Miss Grable and the Pillars of Society can be equally interesting.

The Dolly Sisters was a leg show and nothing but a leg show. No thoughts of sex were permitted to mar the academic worship of the female figure. Throughout the proceedings, Miss Grable and Miss Haver showed a coolness toward love that was almost celestial. Both girls regarded their gams with that devout abstraction which lamas use when contemplating their navels. Neither marriage, nor l'amour nor the sheer joy of conquest could lure these heroines from their dedicated work of exhibiting their calves to the masses. Any man who threatened to interfere with this took a hell of a beating. Miss Grable walked out on the hero every time he started a love song. This left him stuck with the second verse and all the choruses. Grown tired of serenading himself, the poor devil undoubtedly would have eloped with the first bowlegged girl he met if Twentieth-Century-Fox hadn't had him under contract.

On the Fox lot, legs seldom become entangled with philosophy. Only the feeblest of Jake Shubert allegories are used to motivate exhibitionism. Sometimes a lady dressed in a small cotton pancake is permitted to pretend that she is a powder puff. In *Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe*, they went so far as to allow the show girls to symbolize heads of lettuce and tapioca puddings. But beyond this, Fox will not go.

Perhaps it is just as well. At least it avoids that crisscrossing of sex appeal with choreography which made Fred Astaire, in *Yolanda and the Thief*, look so much like a mouse in a maze. In that astounding symbolism, it will be remembered, Mr. Astaire wandered into a dance which was supposed to illustrate the evils of avarice. Before he was through, he was attacked by a horde of beautiful South American washerwomen. A great many serious thinkers still are stymied in their efforts to figure out what this meant.

Nor was the mantel of philosophy the only garment that obscured what every ticket buyer has a right to expect in a musical. During one of the big numbers a covey of dancers, flushed from the heights of the Andes, rushed out, whirled their skirts and displayed long purple underdrawers. Such costuming may have been accurate in Bolivia, but it should have been left in oblivion. It defeated the purpose of a leg show. Give me a good, forthright tapioca pudding any time.

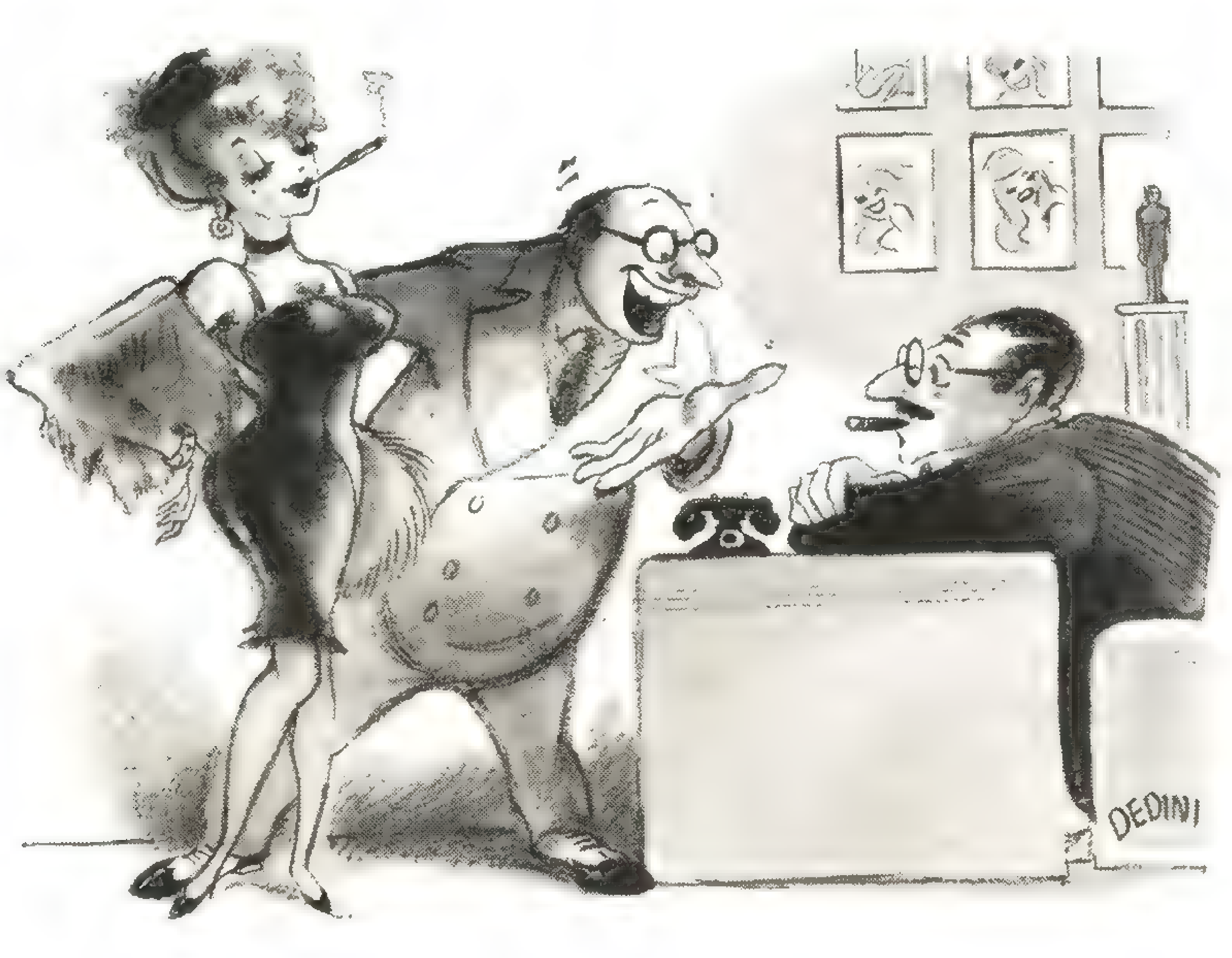
The Postman Always Rings Twice approaches the problem from a different angle. It presents a moral with legs attached to it. The moral is by James M. Cain. The legs are Lana Turner's. Miss Turner's knees are soft: it's been a long time since she's had to scrub a kitchen floor. In this picture she plays the sizzling wife of a California hamburger dispenser. From the moment John Garfield gets a gander at her in a sunsuit, he streaks toward his fate as though impelled by jet propulsion. Commonplace things take on a fearfulness that makes Dracula seem to be living next door. A drunken husband in a bathtub becomes a victim prepared for slaughter. A prowling cat short-circuits the light system and produces a screaming inferno. Later, the voice of the murdered man, re-echoing through Malibu Canyon long seconds after he is slain, creates a sensation of unforgettable horror.

Murder is a mere incident in cheap fiction. But, in reality, it's a devastating force. A man may kill for a woman, only to find that love is the first thing he has slain. Love is the forgetting of self. Murder breeds panic for self-preservation. Anxiety and suspicion are devils who soon rout Cupid.

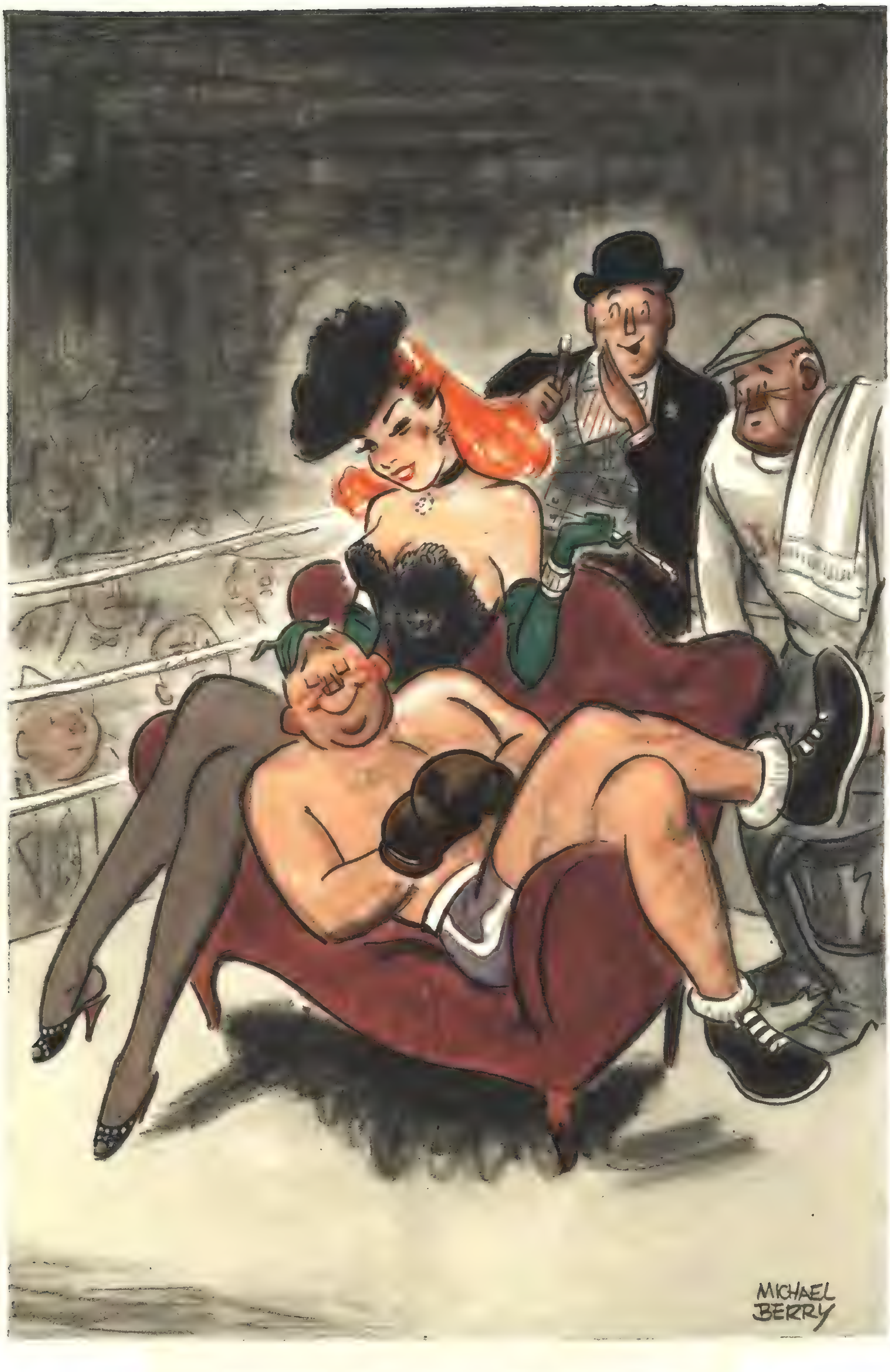
This knowledge is a useful tool in the hands of all policemen, lawyers and judges. Understanding the psychology of guilt is their business. In *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, the hero and heroine become suffering pawns in the duel of wits that develops between an ambitious prosecutor and a saturnine defense attorney. Tortured and embittered, they do not realize that their atonement begins in the very courtroom where they fight to escape punishment. Through an agony of confession and counter-confession, we see murder destroying the passion that brought it into existence. Both conspirators manage to cheat the law. But peace doesn't come with acquittal.

Hating each other, they're forced to marry for the sake of appearances. They continue to be torn by mutual fears of betrayal. Blackmail menaces. The man seeks forgetfulness with another woman. But unsuccessfully. Finally, worn out by mistrust and selfishness, they return to the moon-swept beach where they first succumbed to their terrible attraction. Here they are given one poignant moment of tenderness before the dark forces that rule their lives close over them.

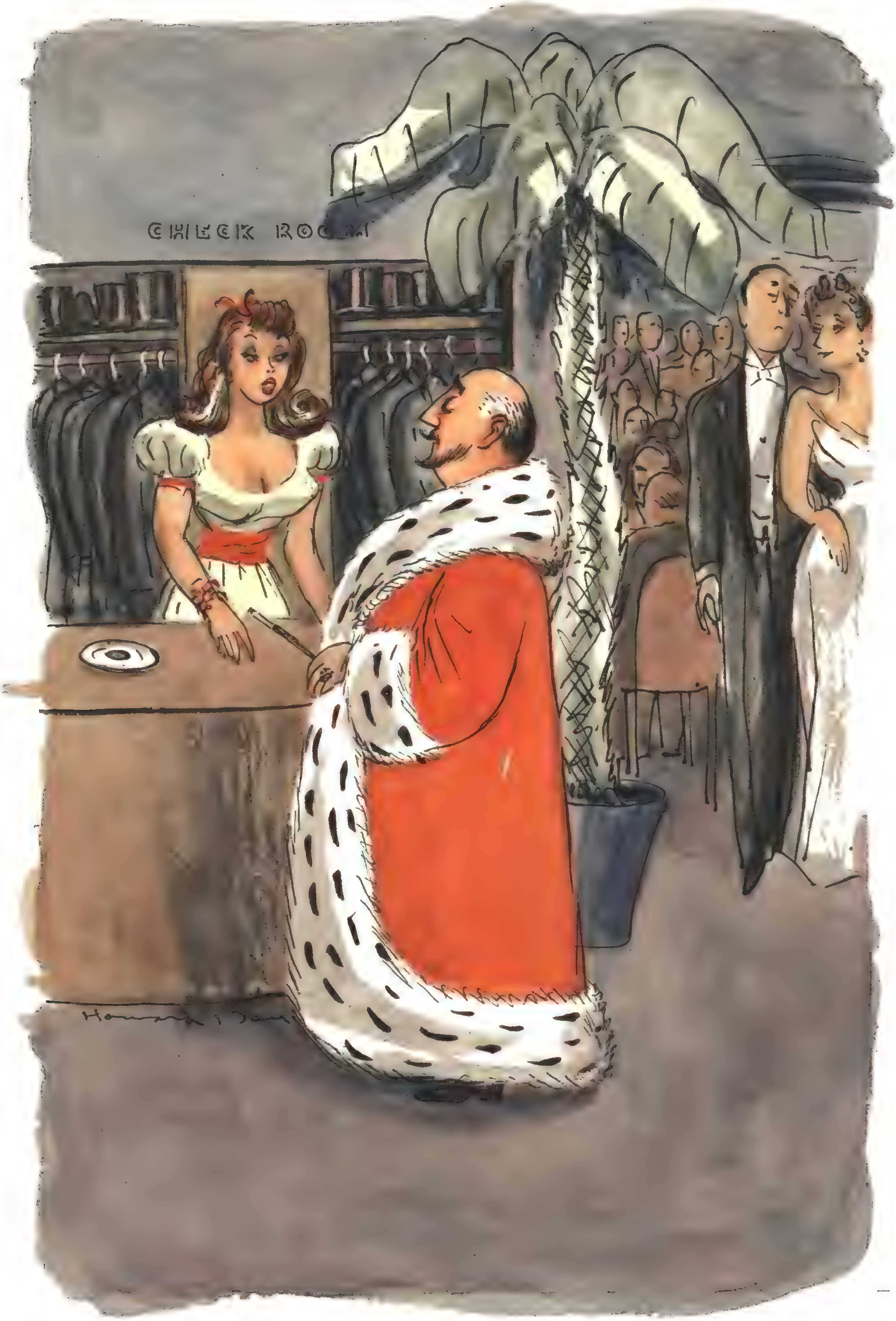
John Garfield, as the hapless vagabond who becomes a killer, delivers the best performance of his career. This may enable him to avoid the eclipse that overtook his eminent contemporary, Paul Muni. Paul started in the Jewish Theatre and graduated to make *Scarface, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, The Life of Emile Zola,* and *The Story of Louis Pasteur*. Unfortunately, he developed a Messiah complex. Refusing to make *High Sierra* for Warner Brothers, he donned *(Continued on page 187)*



"Here is no cheesecake starlet, but an intelligent young actress interested in her work"


MICHAEL
BERRY

"It's surprising how it peps him up between rounds"



"Are you sure you wore your crown?"

RYERSON

A story for every man who remembers the halcyon days of his boyhood when ecstasy or heartbreak lay in the soar of a kite

The Butterfly Kite

by DOUGLAS R. ANGUS

"WHAT a mess!" his mother said. "Two days now. Paper and string and paste from one end of the house to the other!"

But his father looked interested. He held the monstrous kite, so large that the tip touched the ceiling and it divided the room like a partition. "It has no tail," his father said.

"Oh, father," he exclaimed in disgust, positively swelling with disdain, "it's not a tail kite. Anybody can make a tail kite—It's a butterfly!"

"Oh! A butterfly." His father moved it closer. "Of course. I hadn't noticed. Then of course it wouldn't have any tail. What would a butterfly be doing with a tail?"

"A butterfly doesn't need a tail." He was watching it in his father's hand, pride and fear in his eyes. He was like a mother dog watching her puppy being lifted up.

"Isn't she a beauty?" he cried.

"Not bad." His father cocked his head critically. "But I like a tail kite. A kite doesn't seem right to me without a tail."

"A tail kite's old-fashioned." He grew impatient with his father's ignorance about kites. "A tail kite wobbles—a butterfly is nice and steady."

"It's progress," his father sighed, "science and progress taking all the glamor out of life. Efficiency, efficiency, efficiency, even you kids are infected with it."

But he had stopped listening to his father. He picked the kite up tenderly and carried it into the dining room, standing it in a corner, where he could watch it over the rim of his soup plate. He could hardly wait until the meal was over.

He was too impatient to go down to the playfield, but rushed over to old Mr. Downey's potato field, flying the kite joyfully behind him on a couple of yards of string. He was far too happy to run in a straight line and scampered down the street like a stray leaf in a wind.

What a beauty she was! What a perfect balance! He held the kite high and cautiously as he climbed over the rail fence.

The cool March wind swept steadily over the freshly-plowed field, and he stumbled and slipped as he clambered over the furrows, his shoes growing heavy with great gobs of yellow clay. He had brought no one with him to hold the kite because he didn't want to share the glory of the moment with anyone. He wanted to surprise them all tomorrow at the kite contest.

He rested the kite against a high furrow at the far end of the field so that the wind could pass under it and lift it easily into the air. Then he slipped and slithered excitedly back over the furrows unravelling string from a torpedo-shaped spool on a short stick. He stopped, breathing hard. Tensely, he waited for a strong gust of wind that would lift the kite up from the ground. In a few seconds it came, pressing flat and cool against his face. He pulled slowly and, as the kite rose, started running wildly, jerking the string violently to get the kite as high as possible before he came to the end of the field. Once he stumbled in a deep furrow that held sticky yellow water, yet even as he fell, he kept jerking with his arm so that the kite would lose no altitude. When he scrambled up, one knee was a sticky, yellow mess and he had a great smudge on one cheek.

Up and up went the kite, straight and true. "It doesn't dive. It doesn't dive!" he sang exultantly. At last he stopped running, for the kite was now riding steadily, higher than three houses. He walked leisurely over to the fence and perched on the top railing, never taking his eyes from the dark triangle silhouetted against the clouds. It was a moment too full of happiness and triumph for words. Every once in a while he pulled slowly on the string, thrilling to feel the firm resistance of the wind.

The minutes flew by. The wind was growing much stronger, but he hated to reel in the kite, hated to bring to an end this pure joy. Soon, however, the pull of the string in his hand became so strong that he knew he must pull the kite in. He could see the framework standing out strongly as the wind whipped the paper hard against it. Reluctantly he began to "wind in."

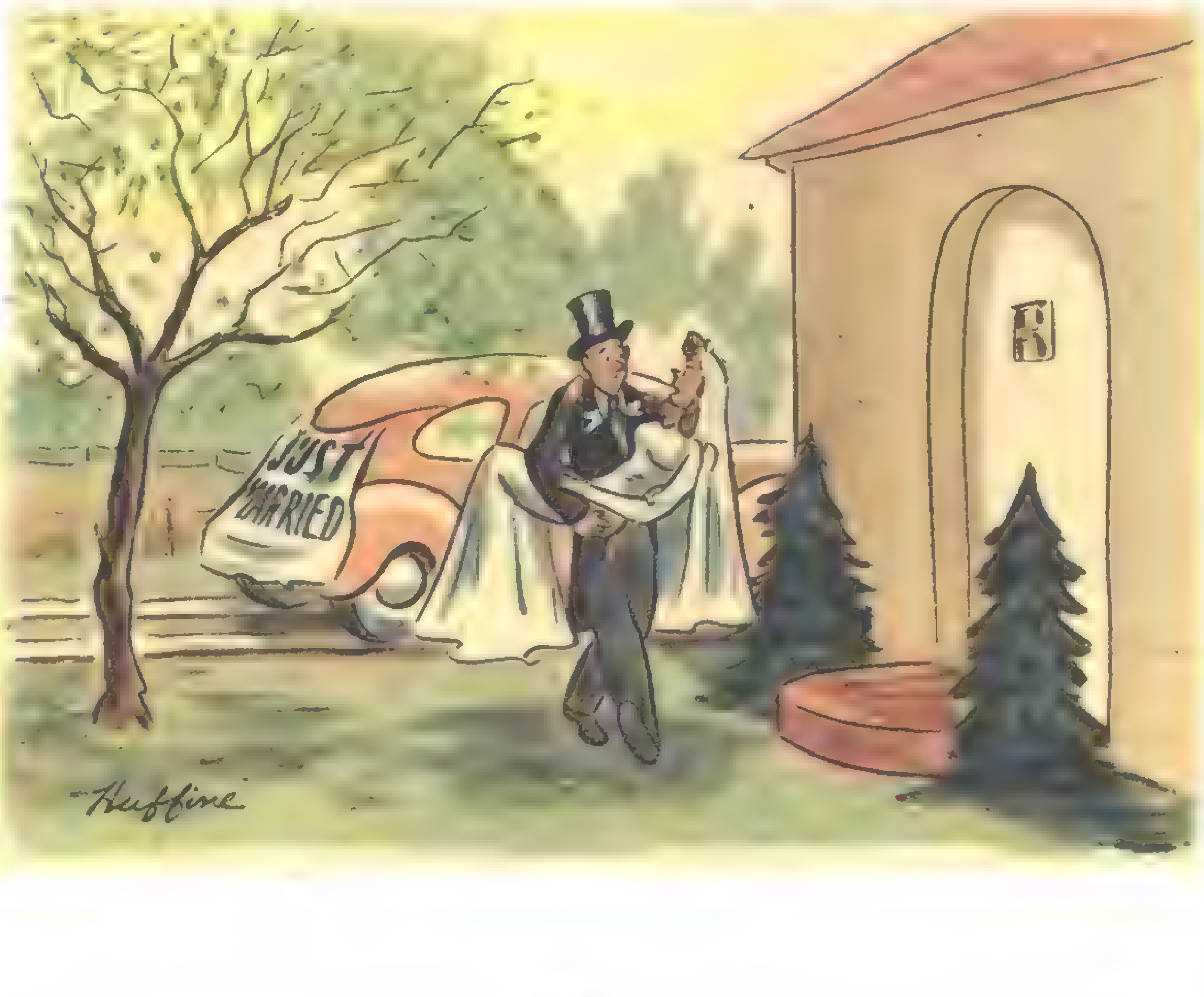
By the time he had got the kite halfway in, he was winding frantically, full of fear now that he might lose it. The wind was blowing in fierce, irregular gusts. He could hear the paper of the kite flapping in sharp, thin reports. He dropped his spool and began pulling in hand over hand, a little mound of tangled string rising about his feet.

Then the awful thing happened. There was a sudden gust, the paper snapped against the thin wooden frame, and a great rip appeared on one side of the center stick. For a moment the kite veered wildly as he watched it, holding his breath, and then, in a single, great majestic arc, dived over and downward to crash, a tangled wreckage of paper and splints at the edge of the field.

Slowly he began to wind up the string, his eyes smarting with tears. "Why, oh why didn't I bring it in sooner?" he cried softly over and over. Now he couldn't win the kite contest, couldn't even enter it. He would have to sit on the edge of the field and watch the others. There was the bitter taste of gall in his mouth as he came up to the little heap of tattered paper and twisted sticks and kicked it.

He was a pitiable object when, a few minutes later, he entered the kitchen where his mother was baking apple pies. Cap askew, eyes red, covered with mud, he trailed into the room, pulling disconsolately behind him something that vaguely resembled a wounded crane. His mother paused on the way to the oven with a pie in either hand. Her heart seemed to turn over as she looked at him. For a moment she could hardly breathe for love of him. Every nerve of her body tingled with desire to gather him up in her arms. Not for the life of her could she have told why, instead, she spoke so crossly—

"What a mess!" she said. ⌗



"Now get your good clothes off and get that garden started"

The singing heart, not Mr. Beast with all his gold, is her cherished dream

Eve Pegged the Ceiling at Love

by ROBERT E. HARLOW

PALAZZO

In that beautiful Garden of Eden, long years ago, there lived a maiden by the name of Eve. She looked upon the Big Apple and decided it was goodies. She seduced Adam to join her in the feast. That was the beginning. And Eve pegged the ceiling for it at love.

And now, in the year 1946, comes Mr. Herb Graffis, who in the February Esquire gave us the bloodless story, *Beauty and Mr. Beast.* Since Eve dated Adam, quoth he, inflation has disturbed the boy-meets-girl market. He says the modern Eve discounts her natural instincts and disposes of her charms to unattractive males for trinkets of fur, silver, and gold and the opportunity the companionship of a mug provides to build herself by comparison into a cover girl.

The modern Eve undoubtedly enjoys strutting like a peacock and feels very elegant in furs and quite secure in diamonds. But regardless of how many Beasts she plays with, when the Big Apple tempts, everything else is off. When Mr. Graffis challenges this age-long call of the blood and the heart, he has failed utterly to understand the tempest which beats in the breast of woman.

When mugs, furs and jewels run contrary to the promptings of the blood, it is a sad day for the Beast. In all these years Eve hasn't changed a single gland.

It is true that in ancient and modern civilization babes have realized the value of their charm, and all have put a price on it. But from the Garden of Eden to the Garden of Hollywood, the ceiling price with women is love. And the boy friend is often an Adonis.

Even men cool off when the demands become excessive, regardless of how charming the prospect. There is the case of Chrysis, a gorgeous courtesan of Alexandria when the social life of Egypt was burning bright.

Chrysis demanded of Demetrios in exchange for her lustrous beauty, a mirror of silver which belonged to her girl friend Bacchis. Bacchis had stolen one of Chrysis' lovers and then jeered at her at a cocktail party in Alexandria. Chrysis said Bacchis was drunk. The mirror of silver would avenge her. Her second demand was for the ivory comb handed down from the queen and worn by the high priest's wife. But above all else she coveted the seven-stringed pearl collar which adorned the beauteous neck of Aphrodite, the Goddess of Love. Demetrios presented Chrysis with the three gifts, obtained by theft, murder and sacrilege, but his desire left him. He probably sought solace in the arms of a less demanding lady.

In the greatest story of *The Decameron* by Giovanni Boccaccio, Madam Giovanna's heart is touched, not by a mug, but by the gentle and impoverished Federigo. He wrung the neck of his only falcon, a bird which provided him with his scant livelihood, in order to provide Madam with dinner when she called unexpectedly at his humble shanty. It was love, not furs, that melted her heart.

RAVITZ

Chinese boy meets Chinese girl

George Khan and Anna Lee, as they appear in the ingénue leads of one of the plays (in English) about modern China, presented by the Chinese Theatre, under the direction of a tiny Chinese actress named Wang Yung. The troupe played briefly in New York last year, then went on tour with the idea of bringing Americans a better understanding of the problems of China. The plays, including one by Pearl Buck, are a departure from the usual ritual, and are acted Western style. They deal with triangles and domestic situations as well as political questions. After two years of entertaining the Chinese armies at the front, and several years in Malaya and Indo-China, the troupe was finally hounded out of the Pacific by Jap police. Now in America they carry on their work for modern China.

It was love for Thaïs that drove Paphnutius, the youthful monk, batty. Thaïs was Alexandria's most famous courtesan. For Paphnutius she gave up her wayward style of living and when he heard she was dying, he threw himself into a boat on the Nile. As author Anatole France tells it:

"And as the boat came down the river with the current, he remained whole days lying on his face, and repeating, 'Never! Never! Never!'

"Then, at the idea that she had given herself to others, and not to him; that she had poured forth an ocean of love, and he had not wetted his lips therein, he stood up, savagely wild, and howled with grief. He tore his breast with his nails and bit the flesh of his arms. He thought:

" 'If I could but kill all those she has loved.' "

As Thaïs was about to expire, she called:

" 'Is it thou, my father . . . Dost thou remember the water of the spring, and the dates that we picked. . . That day, my father, love was born in my heart . . . the love of life eternal.' " Then she died.

And in more modern days, a poolroom poet, writing about the love of Paphnutius for Thaïs, penned something the substance of which is: I was a sap to pass her up that time I had the chance.

The Duchess Josiana was another dame who became practically mad about her man, Gwynplaine. Victor Hugo says in *The Man Who Laughs*:

" 'I love you,' she cried, and stung him with a kiss."

Eve was right. The ceiling price is love.

About the year 1459, as Charles Reade tells the story in *The Cloister and the Hearth*, Gerard departed from his small Dutch village to seek his fortune in Rotterdam. On the road he met an old man and his daughter. They sipped a moiety of hot soup from one flask through adjacent straws. It was good. But let Reade confirm Eve in this adventure.

"She hesitated; but eventually put out her hand a very little way, very slowly, and with seeming reluctance. He took it and held it prisoner. Words were not needed here; and silence was more eloquent. Nature was in that day what she is in ours; but manners were somewhat freer. Then, as now, virgins drew back alarmed at the first words of love, but of prudery and artificial coquetry there was little and the young soon read one another's hearts. Everything was on Gerard's side; his good looks (notice that, Mr. Graffis), her belief in his goodness, her gratitude, and opportunity; for at the duke's banquet this mellow summer eve, all things disposed the female nature to tenderness; the avenues to the heart lay open; the senses were soothed and subdued with lovely colours, gentle sounds, and delicate odours; the sun gently sinking, the warm air, the green canopy, the cool music of the now violet fountain.

"Gerard and Margaret sat hand in hand in silence; and Gerard's eyes sought hers lovingly; and hers now and then turned on him timidly and imploringly; and presently two sweet unreasonable tears rolled down her cheeks, and she smiled deliciously while they were drying; yet they did not take long.

"And the sun declined; and the air cooled, and the fountain splashed more gently; and the pair throbbed in unison, and silence, and this weary world looked heaven to them." Their son became one of Europe's greatest men—the scholar Erasmus.

In Meredith's *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, Lucy and Richard tryst in a woodland in Merry England. They are enchanted at the notes of a sheep boy who pipes on a penny whistle. No jitterbugs, these two. They were lovers with no thought of any gift save mutual love. As it says in the story:

"They have outflown philosophy. Their instinct has shot beyond the ken of science. They were made for their Eden.

" 'And this divine gift was in store for me.'

"So runs the internal outcry of each, clasping each; it is their recurring refrain to the harmonies. How it illumined the years gone by and suffused the living future!

"They believe that the angels have been busy about them from their cradles. The celestial hosts have worthily striven to bring them together. And, O victory! O wonder! After toil and pain, and difficulties exceeding, the celestial hosts have succeeded!

"The night-jar spins his dark monotony on the branch of the pine. The soft beam travels round them, and listens to their hearts. Their lips are locked.

"So Love is silent. The woods are still. There is heard but the night-jar spinning on the pine-branch, circled by moonlight."

Then there was Madame Bovary and Rodolphe Boulanger, brought to life by Gustave Flaubert in his novel *Madame Bovary*. It was another decision for Eve. Did Madame Bovary think of fur wraps and jewels, of showing off her own beauty in comparison to her man? Not she. Flaubert pictures this daughter of Eve, returned from her first tryst, standing before her mirror:

"But when she saw herself in the glass she wondered at her face. Never had her eyes been so large, so black, of so profound a depth. Somthing subtle about her being transfigured her. She repeated, 'I have a lover! a lover!' delighting at the idea as if a second puberty had come to her. So at last she was to know those joys of love, that fever of happiness of which she had despaired! She was entering upon marvels where all would be passion, ecstasy, delirium. An azure infinity encompassed her, the heights of sentiment sparkled under her thought, and ordinary existence appeared only afar off, down below in the shade, through the interspaces of these heights."

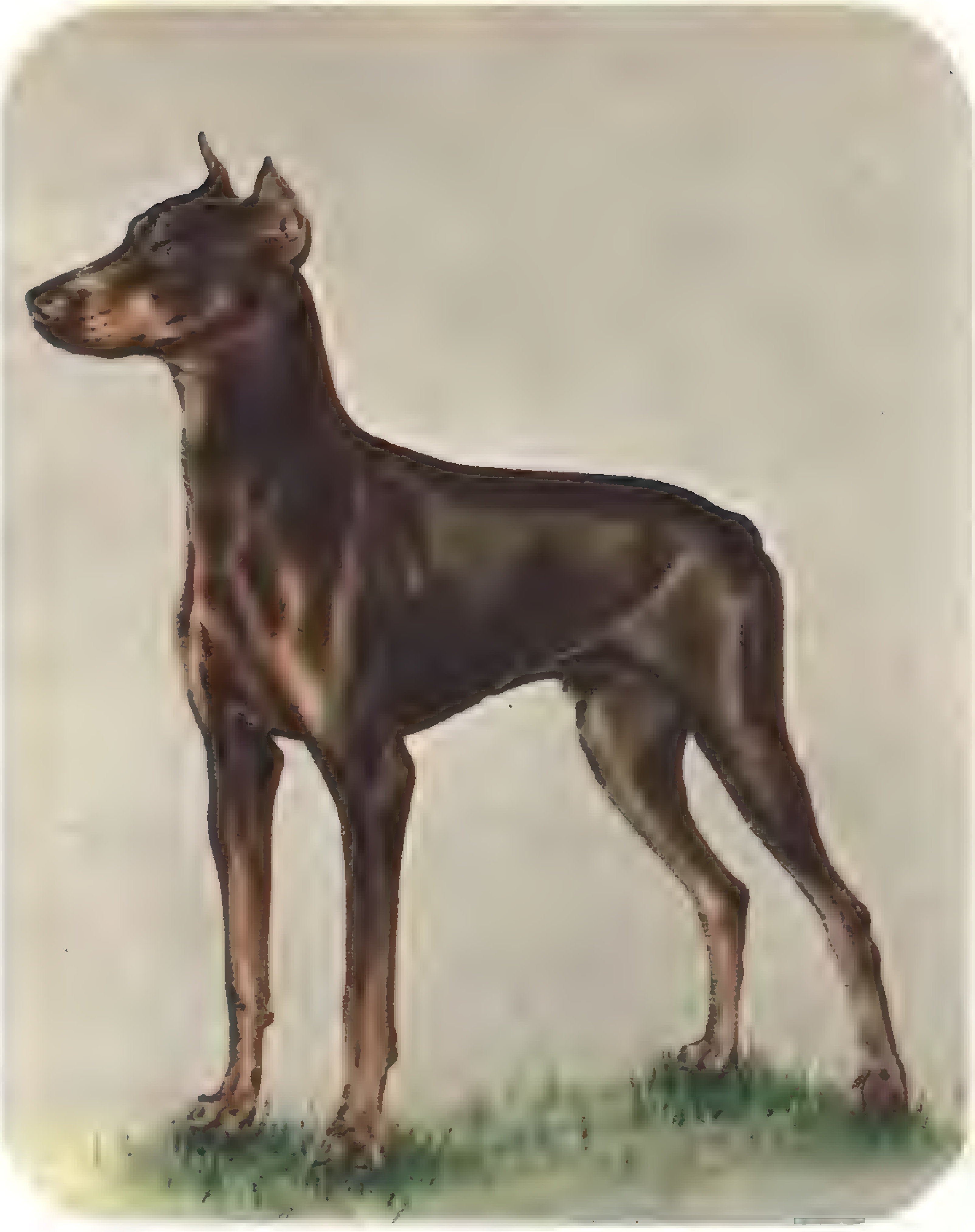
As for today, an age in which world economy is pegged at chaos, the commodity which Eve pegged at love remains exactly at par. Boy continues to meet girl, and when they play for keeps the blood standard of the Garden of Eden prevails.

Three motion pictures will suffice to prove that while time marches on, a woman's heart ticks at the ageless beat of love. These pictures are *Love on The Dole*, *Scarlet Street*, and *Spellbound*.

Deborah Kerr, English actress, is the Eve of *Love on The Dole*. Her man is a youthful labor leader. He is broke and out of a job, but Deborah loves him dearly, passionately. The manner in which she brushes off the minor league Mr. Beast, an ugly and wealthy bookie, punches a hole in the Graffis theory about women.

Deborah's lad died in a hospital, having been trampled under the feet of London bobbies and workers in a labor riot. It happened in 1930 when depression hung over England like a shroud. Deborah's father had been out of work for months. Her kid brother, his wife and child were slowly starving. The family was sinking into a dismal abyss. With her lover dead, Deborah sells out to the bookie, not for furs or jewels, but because Mr. Beast can obtain work for her father and brother. But before the rent came due, the labor leader was far out in front.

In *Scarlet Street* Joan Bennett remains in love during the complete film with a worthless young man named Johnny, who gives her nothing material. But he directs her activities in procuring Edward G. Robinson as rent payer for their love nest. When Edward G. discovers Joan in the arms of her Johnny whispering, "Jeepers, I love you Johnny," he knows he is being sideswiped and he can't take it. He picks up an ice pick Johnny had borrowed from the corner grocer to slice chunks of ice for a party. So Edward tattoos Joan with enough ice-pick holes to give the house a large percentage on a punch board. Before the killing Joan sits up in bed and tells the middle-aged Robinson, in a jeering love song, what a jerk he is and how she adores her Johnny. The only thing this proves is that Graffis is wrong. It indicates that no matter how tortuous the road for the woman, the ceiling price is love.



Champion Eric the Red

Owned by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wirtz

Classed as a working dog by the American Kennel Club, the Doberman-Pinscher originated around 1890 in Thueringen, Germany. He takes his name from his first breeder, Louis Dobermann, who was, of all things, a dogcatcher. Because of his courage, nimbleness and ready response to training, the Doberman has long been a favorite for police work as well as home-guard duty. During World War I this alert and sinewy fellow distinguished himself as a member of the K-9 Corps. Of middle size, with a compact, slender body, he is as tall as he is long, his short, hard coat may be black, brown or blue in color. He is testy toward strangers and quick to defend the members of his household. But with his adopted family and friends he is affectionate, obedient, even playful.

In *Spellbound*, Ingrid Bergman applies psychoanalysis in an exceedingly lengthy treatment to extricate her man who suffers from the worst case of amnesia we have witnessed on the screen

We thought that either Ingrid or the audience would give up. But the patient never forgot he loved Ingrid even if he could not remember who he was, who murdered the doctor, what he had to drink in the 21 Club, or where he went skiing.

That was enough for Ingrid, for she was in love with him.

In view of testimony presented by these women of history, and of historic and modern literature, consider this crack by Graffis.:

"Beauty in following her natural bent, is not deluded by the immutable Beast. The only change that seriously concerns her about Beast is the possibility that he may get more money and hold out the increase on her. If he gets less, that's his tough luck. She then quickly trades him to the minor leagues and with never a scratch on her heart, if any."

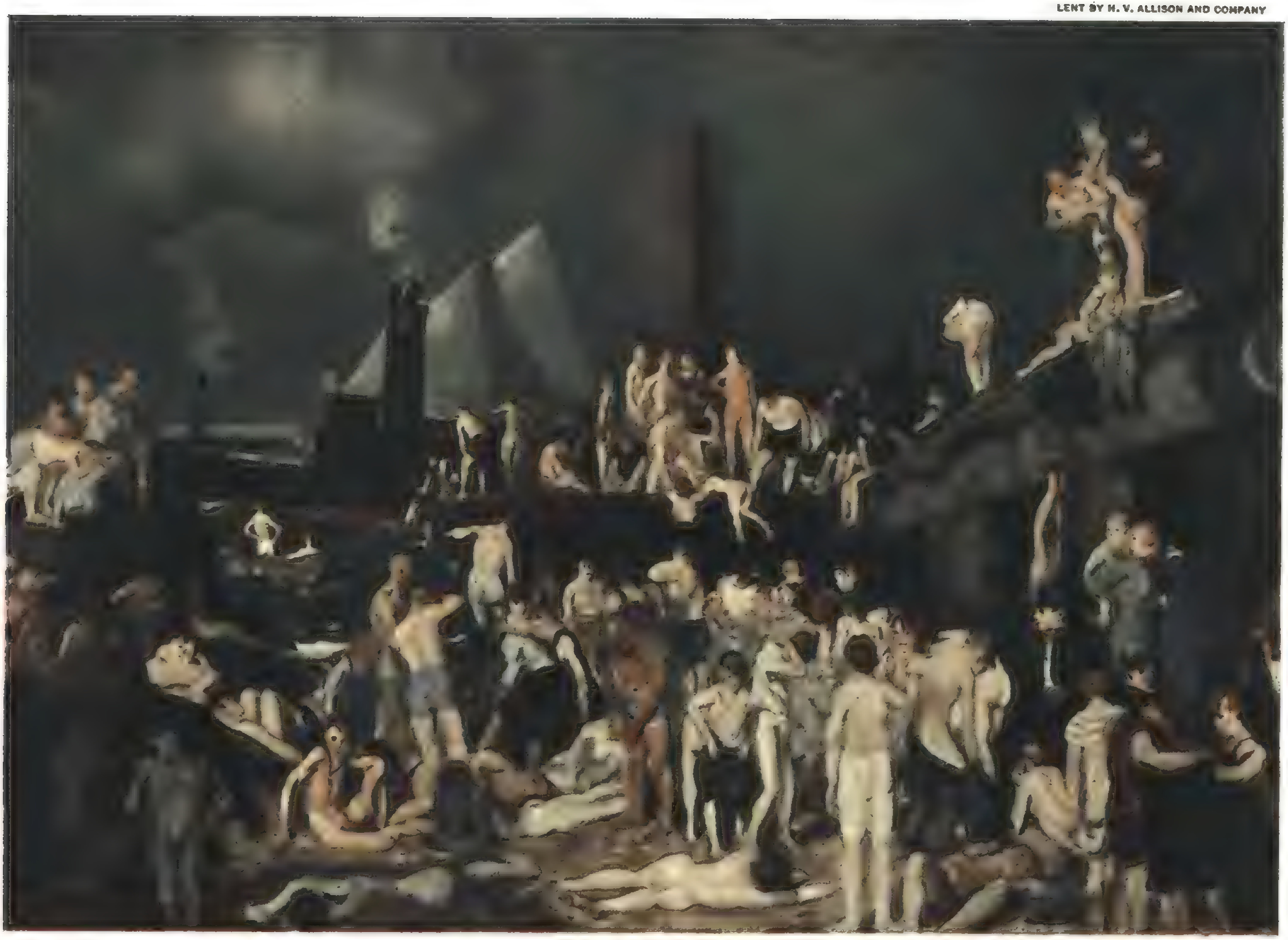
World literature, from the days authors carved the story in stone to our time, proves that women are true daughters of Eve.

In every city and hamlet and crossroads in America, the daughters of Eve appraise their beauty and their charms. It is fundamental for them to seek, beyond anything else in life, a true lover.

Any favors these daughters of Eve exchange for furs or jewels, or security, or a chance to strut because their escort is ugly, is truly beastly, and is purchased by Mr. Beast. The play is scored in the Garden of Eden as an error, not as a put-out.

Eve pegged the ceiling at love. ###

LENT BY H. V. ALLISON AND COMPANY



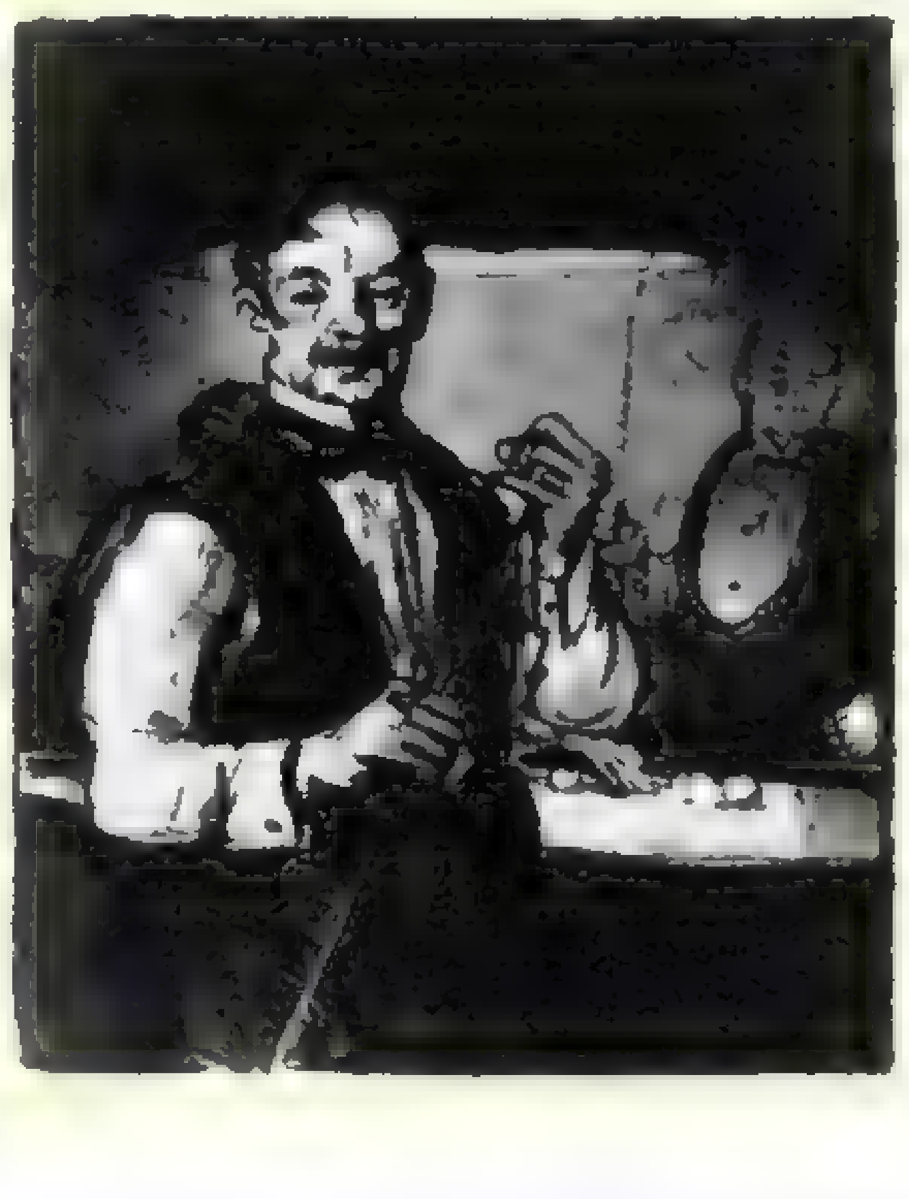
OIL (45" X 63")

RIVER FRONT, NO. I

This painting won the Gold Medal at the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco in 1915. The scene: Manhattan's East River near 59th Street

Spokesman for American Art

In twenty years of painting, George Bellows realized his genius, his urge to live many lives in one, and his Olympian dreams



OLD BILLIARD PLAYER

LITHO (9" x 7½")

George Bellows, the painter, could have been an athlete, a carpenter, a billiard player, a fight promoter, a baseball player, a basketball player, a tennis player, a poet. There was so much he wanted to be: pious man, parodist, lover, crusader, actor, cynic, sometime spokesman for liberalism. He had a tremendous variety of interests and grandiose plans, and he died when he was forty-two years old. An ordinary man could not have done it: the life span was far too short for any real gratification. But Bellows did it—by painting. On canvas he could be horseman, college prankster, roustabout, idler on docks, lover of crowds, or solitary walker in country hills. In painting he indulged all his interests, fulfilled all his plans, in the forty-two desperately short years of his life.

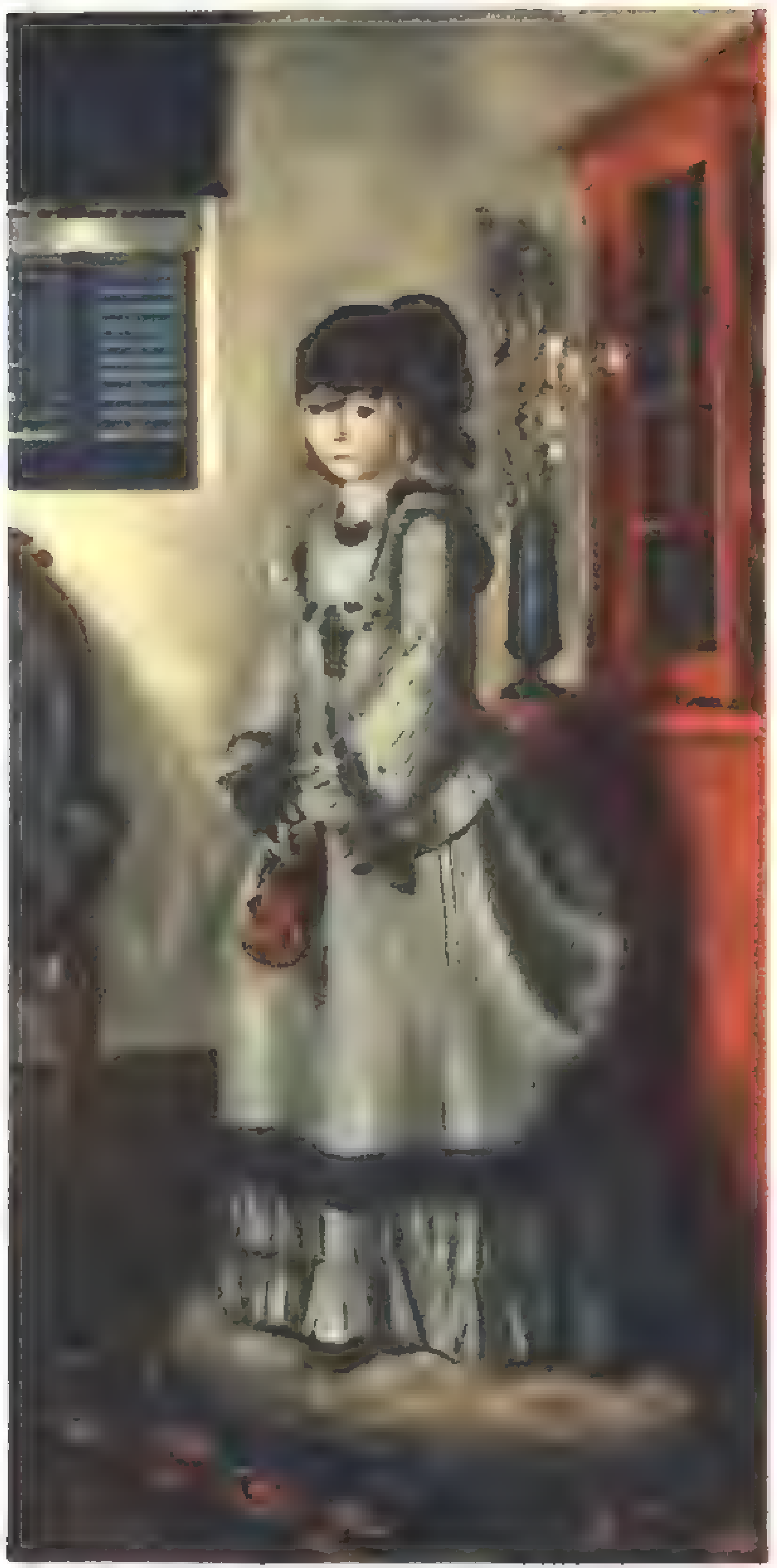
He was a big, bald, robust, laughing man, and a lucky one. He was lucky because painting came easy to him. Bellows was not one of the great Strugglers in art; there were no garrets in his life. He had an easy, early success. In a broad sense, there is little difference between the things he did when he was twenty-five and the paintings he made when he was a step from death. The essential spirit of his work, his swift, infallible way of putting paint on canvas or the black line on the lithographic stone, was already part of his equipment when he came to New York in 1904, at the age of twenty-two. It was never necessary for him to live off sour grapes and join in the chorus of Ho! for Bohemia and to hell with Bread and Butter! He had his Bohemia and his three squares a day right from the very start.

In 1904, that then brash and brawling, now romanticized day and age, eight artists were trying to convince America that art was not a trick, like Egyptian embalming, which had died with the ancients. Nor was it a shepherd on a hill painted by a high-priced Frenchman who copied Fragonard or Poussin. They were eight in love with New York, with America, with Whitman, and they were trying to show America that the Land of the Free itself was pictogenic; that in its streets, in its countrysides, in its harbors and wharves and railroad trains and burlesque houses and its "teeming, pulsing streets" there was the substance of art. They were known as "The Eight." Their names were Luks, Shinn, Henri, Sloan, Glackens, Davies, Lawson and Prendergast, and they were big men, important enough to stump for revolution and still command an audience. And in their heyday the youngster Bellows, in his twenties, an unknown from the corn belt, moved into town like a hayseed Lochinvar and made them move over. The Eight saw how good he was. Ungrudgingly, almost overnight, he became the Ninth.

Two years after he started to paint, one of his paintings was purchased by the Pennsylvania Academy of (*Continued on page 163*)

George Bellows

LENT BY STEPHEN C. CLARK

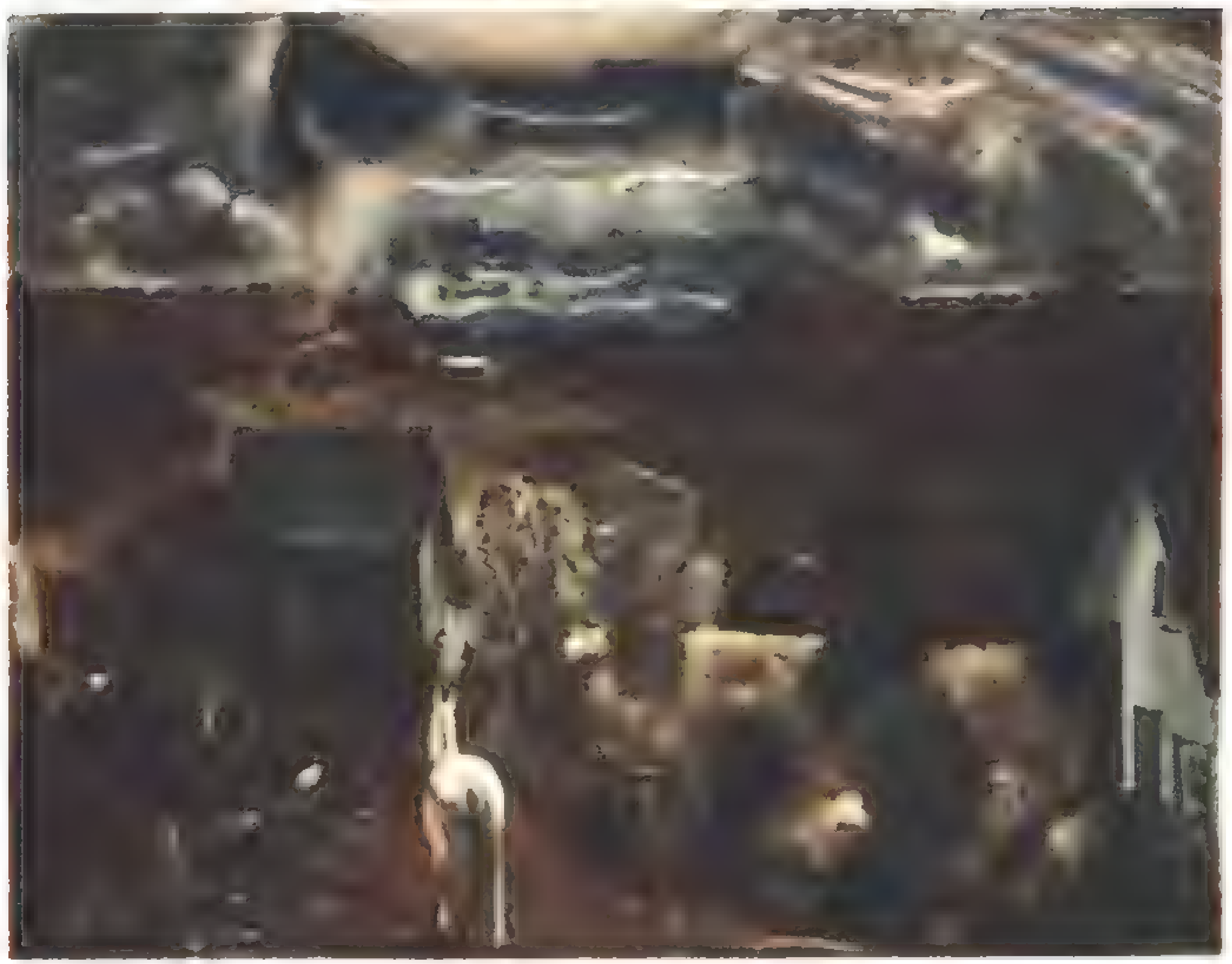


OIL (72" x 36")

LADY JEAN

The artist's younger daughter dressed in a gown presented by a Southern lady

LENT BY WORCESTER ART MUSEUM, WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

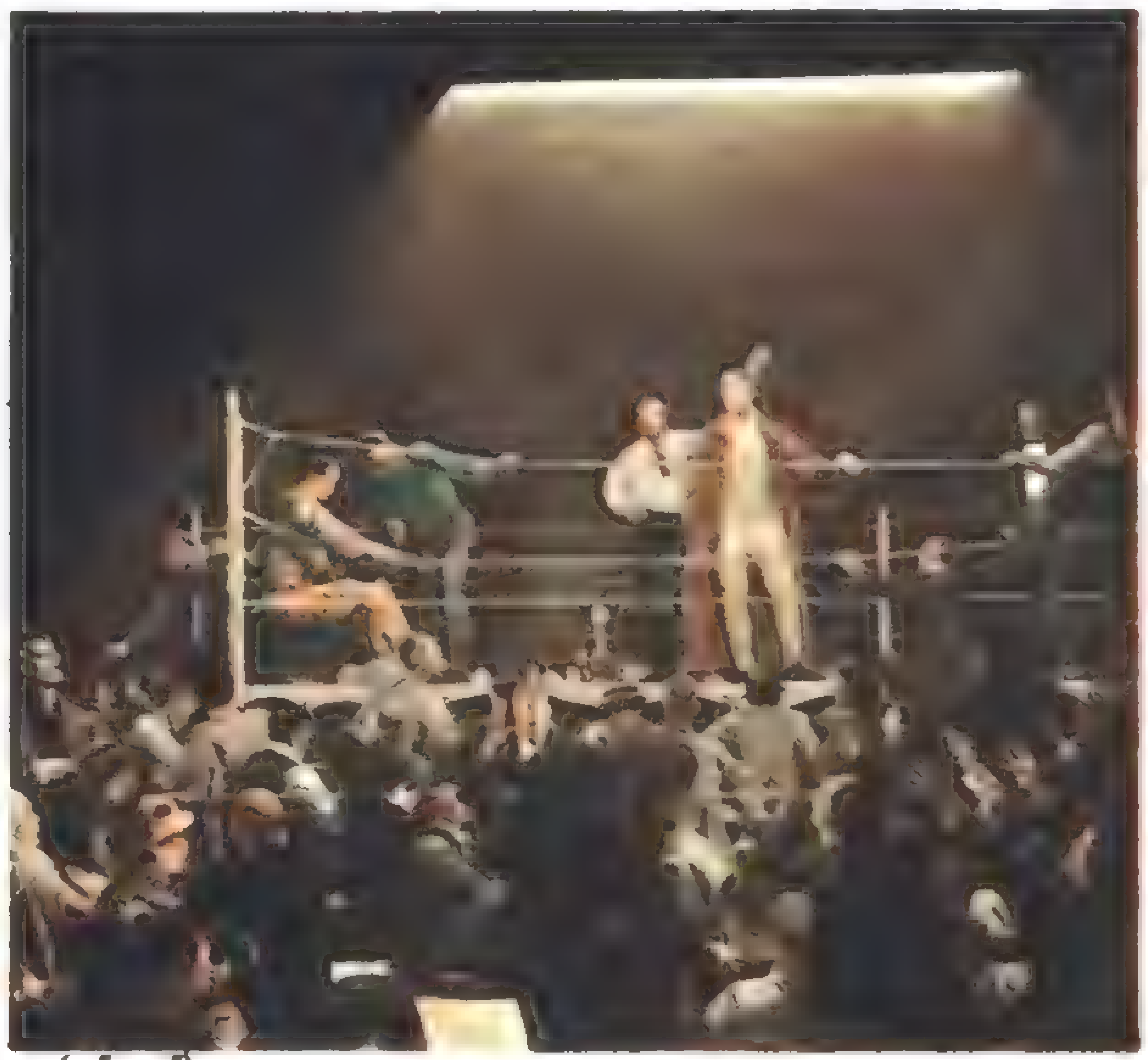


OIL (34¼" x 43")

THE WHITE HORSE

Painted in 1922 at Bellows' summer home in Woodstock, New York

LENT BY MRS. GEORGE W. BELLOWS

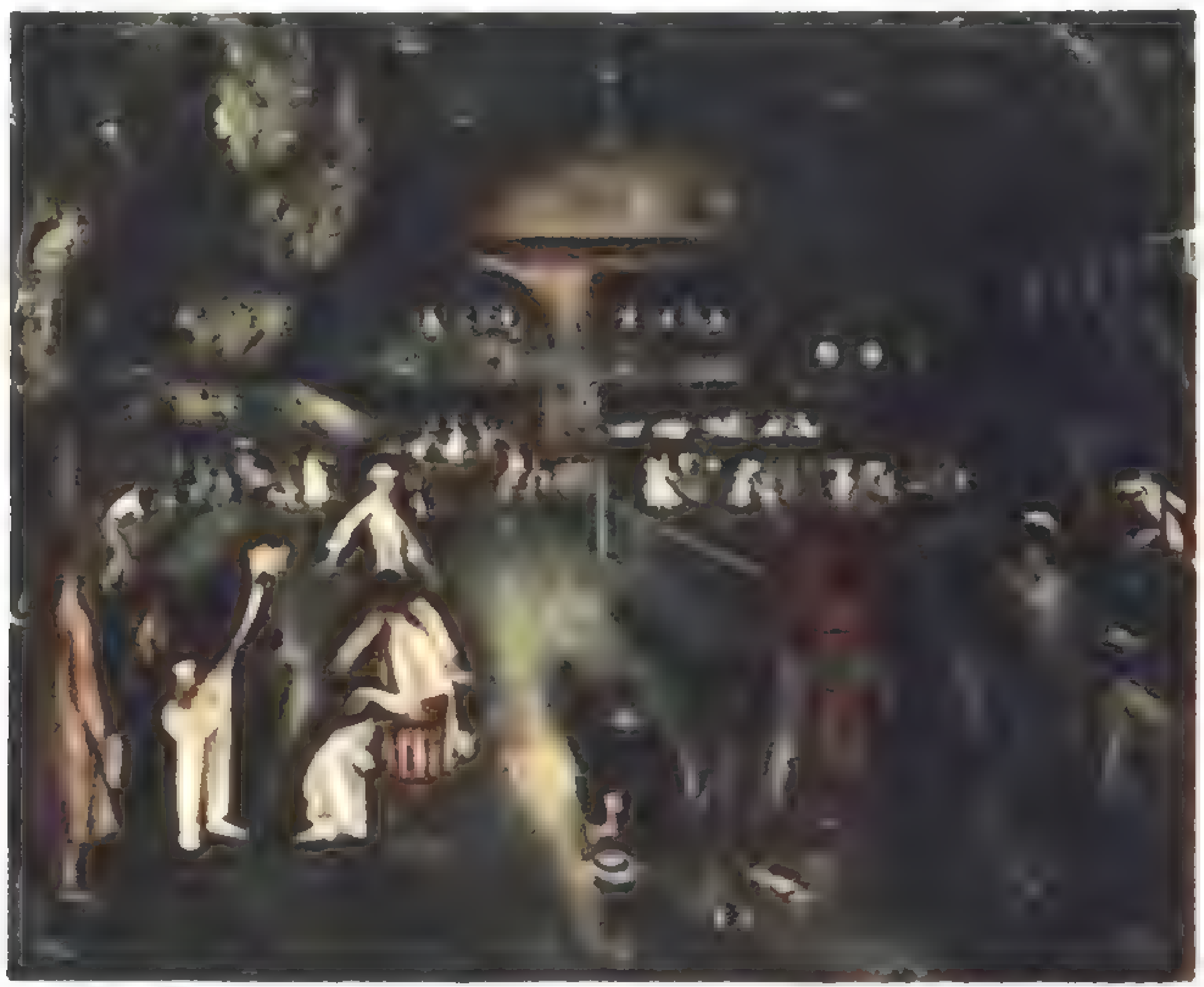


OIL (59" x 65")

RINGSIDE SEATS

The scene of this canvas is the old Madison Square Garden

LENT BY MRS. GEORGE W. BELLOWS

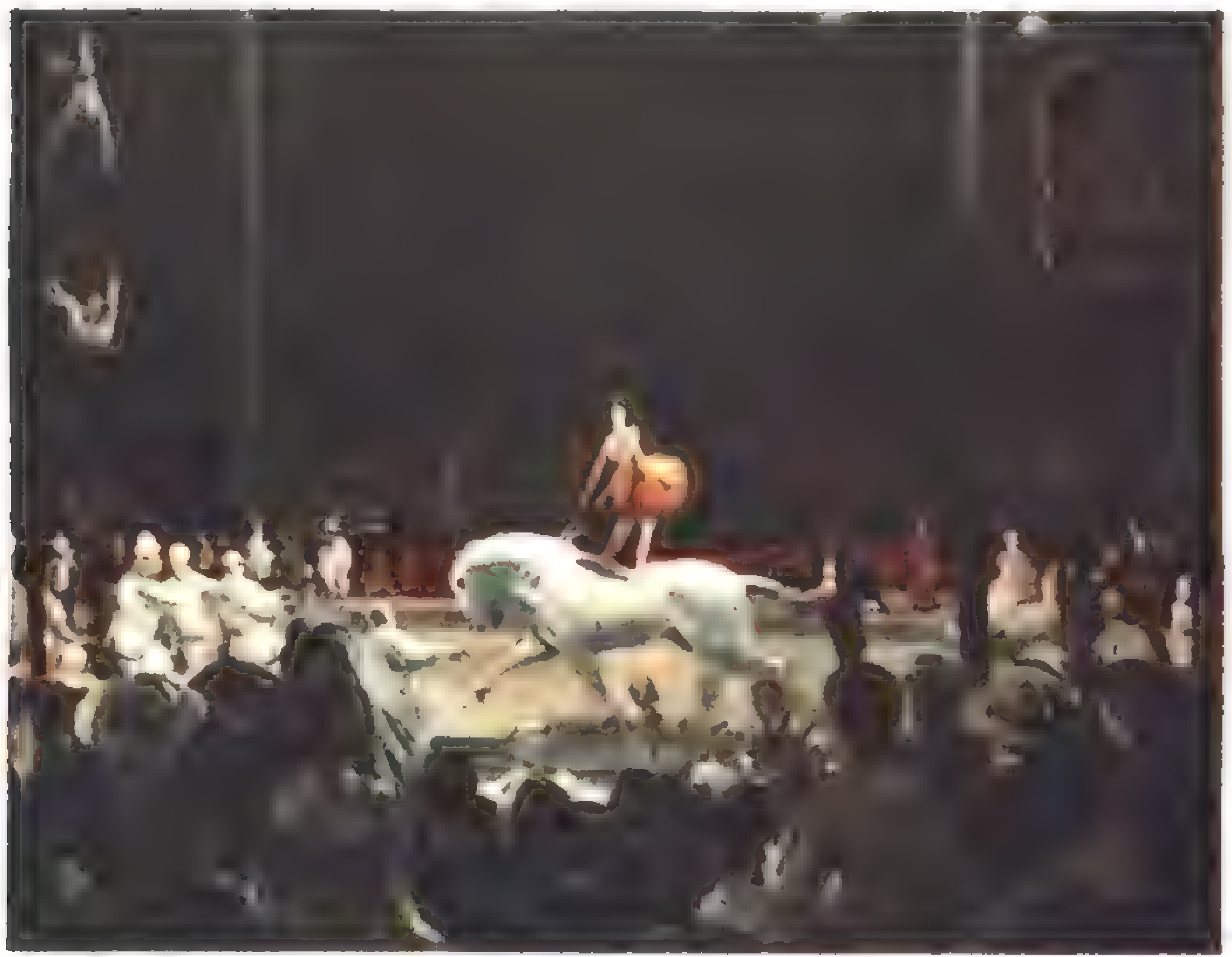


OIL (57" x 63")

TENNIS AT NEWPORT

Painted in New York from sketches made at the Newport Casino

LENT ANONYMOUSLY

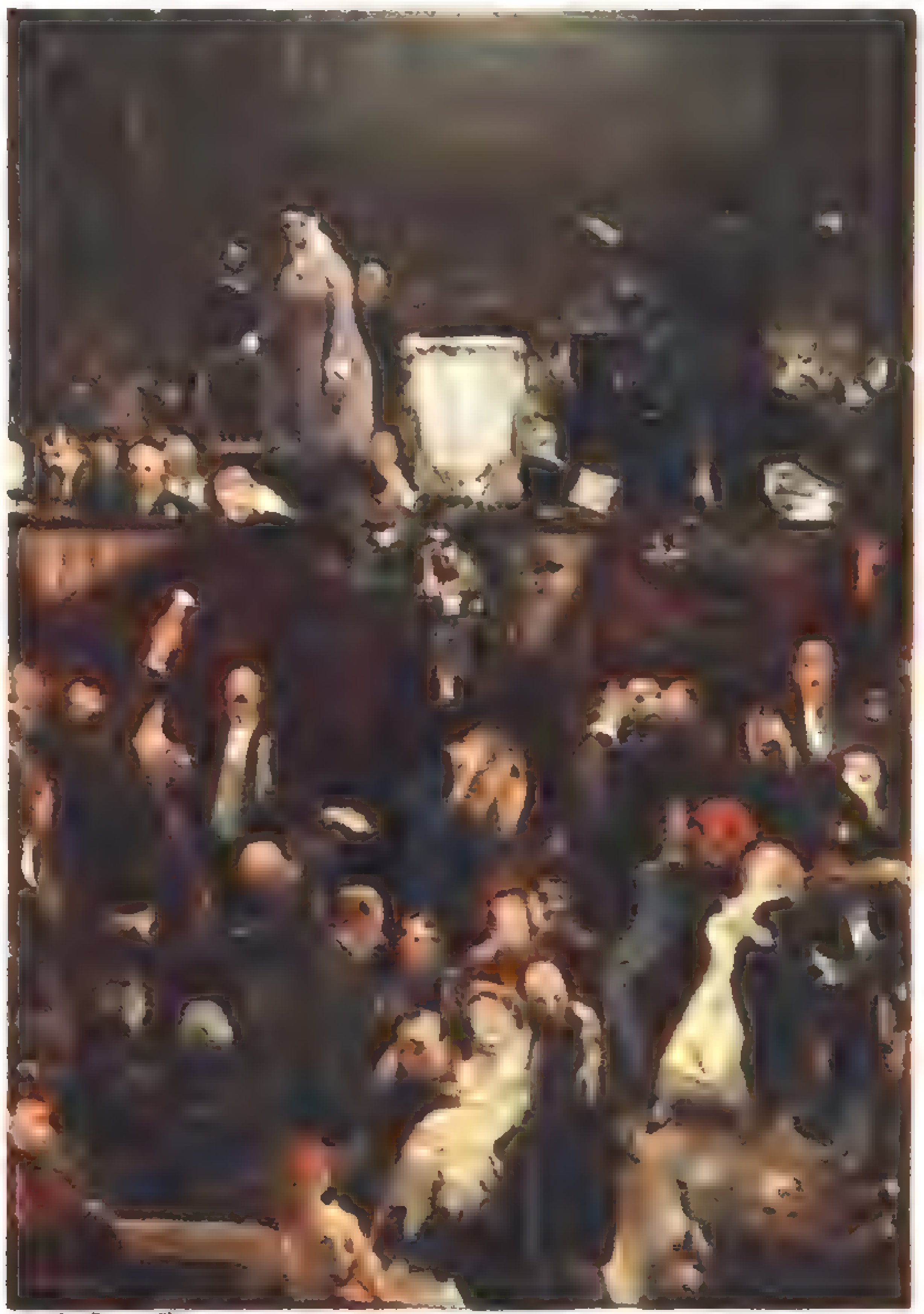


OIL (34" x 44")

THE CIRCUS

Won the First Honorable Mention at the Carnegie International of 1913

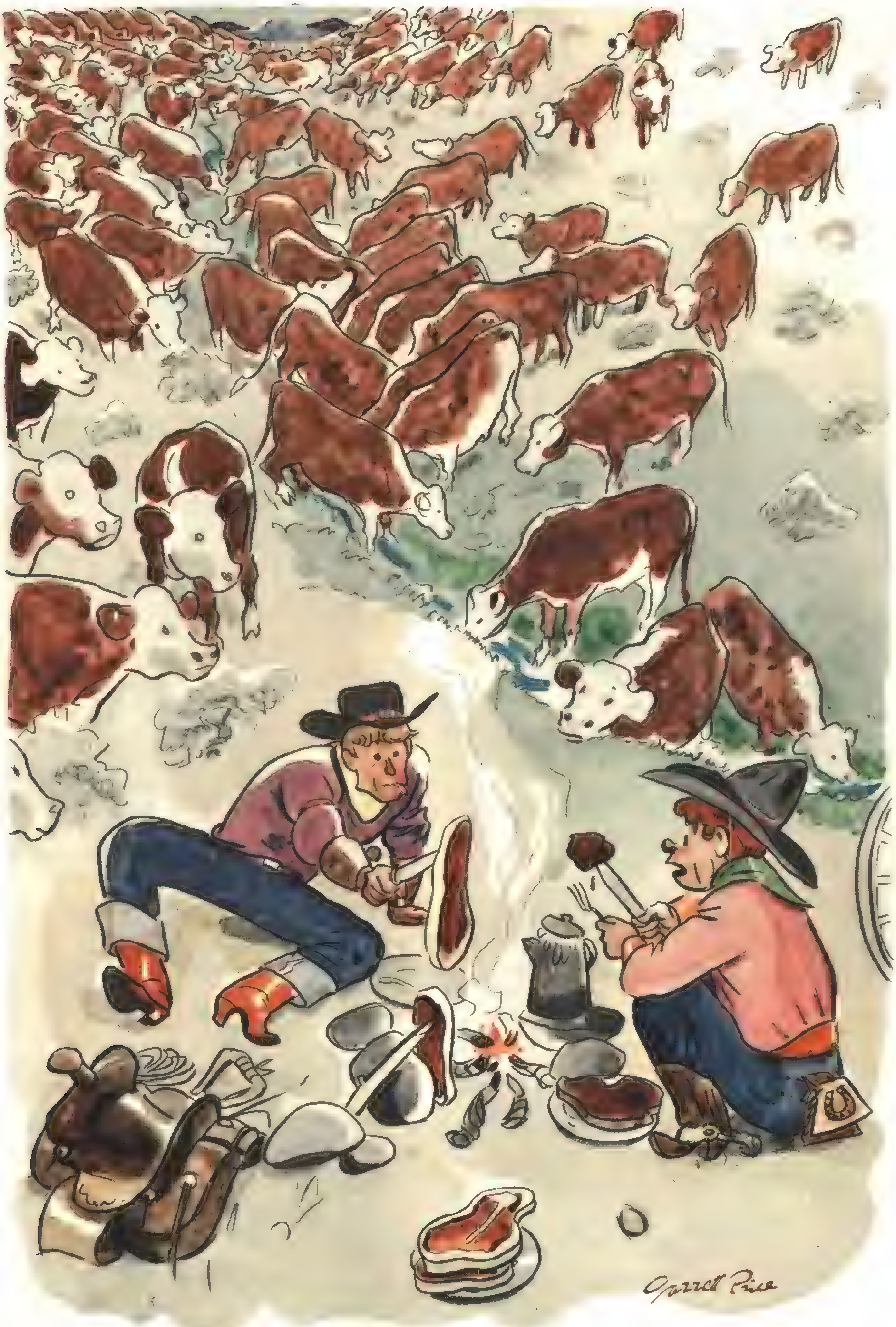
LENT BY MRS. GEORGE W. BELLOWS



OIL (63" x 45")

THE SAWDUST TRAIL

Painted after seeing Evangelist Billy Sunday in action


Garrett Price

"All this meat and no potatoes"

Wm. DuBois

Gulls in the Mountains

The sea birds at Giddingsville seemed no more incongruous to the villagers than had the coming of Captain Judd

by JOSEPH E. SHANER

Dad was so surprised he shouted, "By damn," in front of mother, and mother was so surprised she didn't notice dad had cussed.

"Sea gulls!" Dad said. "Why, we're 300 miles from the ocean!"

Dad pulled the car to the side of the road and we all piled out and watched the large white birds wheeling and arcing in the sky. In a few minutes they flew over a ripening corn field, crying to one another, and then out of sight.

"Now how in the dickens did they ever get way up here in the mountains?" Dad asked. "I've heard of gulls going inland but I've never heard of them in these parts."

We returned to the car and drove two or three miles until we hit a hamlet called Giddingsville. Dad and mother talked about the gulls the whole way there, so when Dad turned in to a filling station I knew he was only trying to get the answer from someone because the tank was more than half full.

The attendant came over to the car. Dad ordered five gallons and as the thin-faced, angular fellow began loosening the cap on the tank Dad said: "I swear, but I think we all saw a lot of sea gulls up in the mountains."

"Yes," said the attendant, "they're sea gulls all right."

"But how did they get way up here?"

"Well," the attendant continued, "it's a long story. Why, I reckon I've told it a hundred times—and then some—and I reckon I'll be telling it for years to come. Takes too long to tell it all . . ."

"Go ahead," said Dad, "we're listening."

"First off, we're mostly farmers around here. Really not much in the way of big farms but big enough to get us by on. Most of us had never seen sea gulls until these ones you saw came here last spring. I don't know much about the sea, nor I reckon does anybody else hereabouts, so when Captain Judd came here ten years ago he was a real stranger amongst us.

"The captain had decided to retire from the sea, and for some reason he picked this section to settle in. Guess he was nigh fifty-four or fifty-five when he came up with his wife and moved in on the old McIntyre stretch. That wasn't much of a piece of land for farming, or you could be sure that the McIntyres would have clung to it.

"Well, the captain hired himself a man to help with the farming, and a couple of other men from town went out there to do the carpenter work. There was a lot of it to be done, because the McIntyres had let the buildings fall apart.

"Guess it was them that did the carpentering that started the stories about Captain Judd. It just seemed as though one day the captain came out and took a look at the sky and shouted to the hired man to 'batten 'er down . . . there's a blow coming.' Well, what the captain meant was to put the cows in the stable. Just his way of saying it, but it wasn't our way and farmers up and down the valley laughed until their sides ached, and a long time around here every time the sky clouded up even a little everybody would be asking everybody else if they'd battened down.

"Then the hired man said Captain Judd was running his farm as if he was still at sea. Used to walk back and forth on the porch in the morning with his hands behind his back, Sam told us—Sam being Sam Weaver—and thinking up work for Sam to do. Sam said the captain would give him a chore to do and Sam, who always was a good worker, would be about it quick-like, but in a little while the captain would call him and ask him if he'd squared it away.

"Next thing you know everybody around here was 'squaring things away.' Not that people are mean around here. They're good people. It was just out of place to us, and I reckon that's what funny stuff really is, something that don't fit where you are or that isn't done where you are. Lots of folks carried it on as a big joke, and Steve Bennick started saying the starboard side of his store and speaking of the overhead. Things like that, which nobody meant in a harmful way. Especially Steve, because he was getting the captain's business.

"Sam Weaver'd come in and tell us how the old man had the dangest biggest compass in the world in the parlor of the farmhouse. The captain had a ship's clock and he tried to show Sam how to go by it, but Sam said he never could catch on, because it was tingling all the time. And the captain had charts up on the wall, with red lines on them to show where he'd been, and a life preserver which saved his life once at sea, and three sextants, each in a box of its own, and conch shells and stuff that's strange hereabouts."

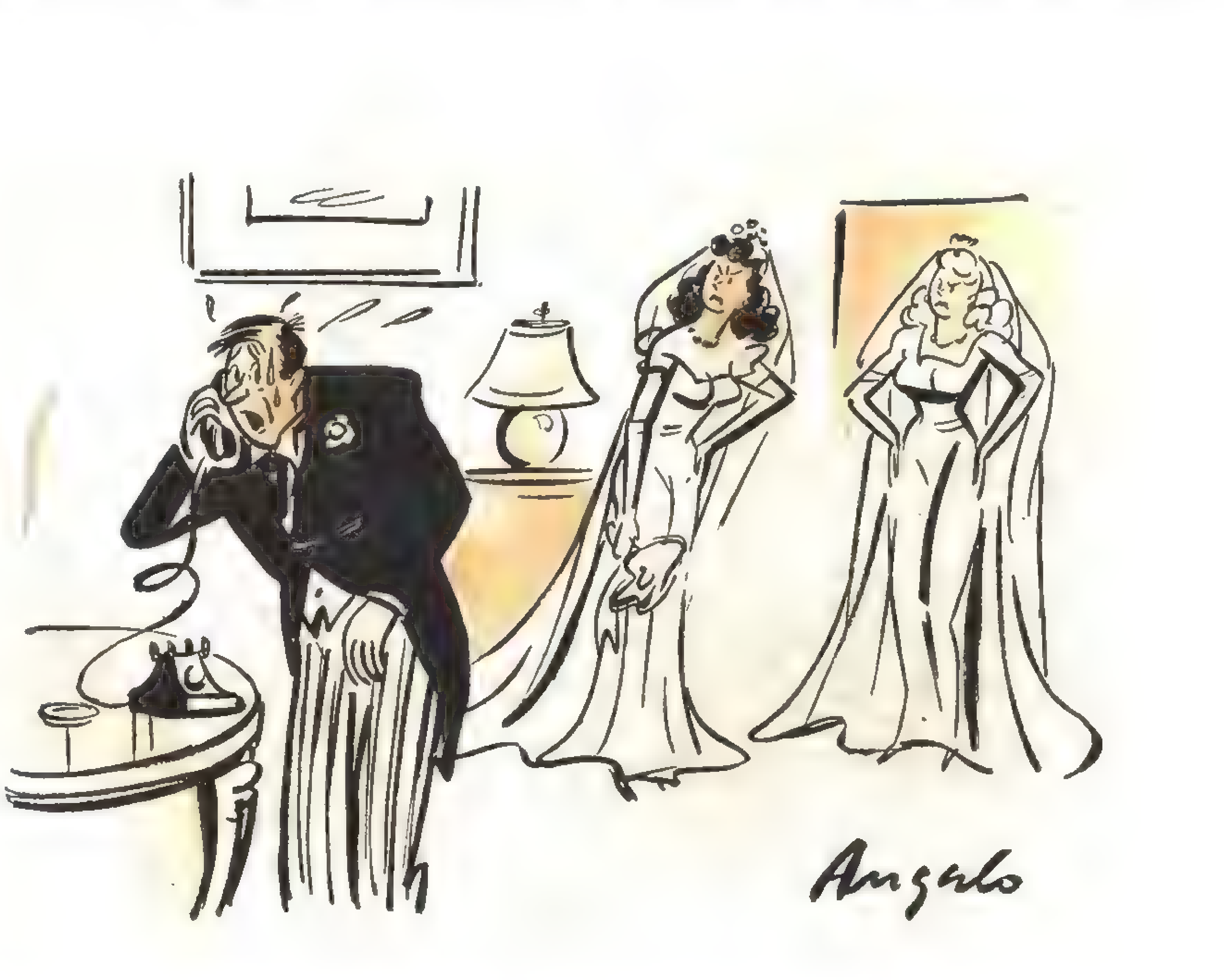
"Yes," said Dad breaking in, "but what about the gulls?"

"Coming to that," the attendant said. "Have to tell about this my own way . . ." He scolded Dad with his eyes. Then he went on:

"Anyways we all got to know the captain by sight and a few got to know him intimate. He was always talking about going to sea again, but he'd tell those who were close to him that he had to stay ashore because he'd bargained with his wife once, and like a fool, he swore to it that he'd stick to farming once he got at it.

"Sam always said the old woman was good to him, meaning Sam, though she didn't have too much to say to him nor to anybody. As Sam had it, she just seemed to be getting a lot of pleasure out of being on the farm because it held the captain there, too. Don't know that that's so, because I have a good woman of my own and never been around any mean ones.

"She and the captain would come to the church sociables and to church now and then. Mrs. Judd always was polite and seemed to enjoy all the fun, but the captain would be sneaking out when he could, especially at night. You could find him surrounded by youngsters while he told them about the different stars in the sky. Kids all got to loving him so that you would have thought he was the greatest man on earth, and a few of them who'd listened well slipped away from their homes at night, and next time they were



"Bud, I wonder if you can help me out—I'm in a rather tight spot"

heard from it would be by a letter from Singapore or Panama or Rio de Janeiro or London.

"Sam said every time one of the boys beat it off like that, and word got to Mrs. Judd, she'd lay it into him something fierce, and he'd just have to stand there and take it good. Anyway, we knew the captain loved the sea, because he would still sneak books about ships around to the kids in the town. They'd have to read them in the barn or in the attic. Womenfolk around here wouldn't allow their boys to have them.

"Grown men got to love the captain, too. He could spin one yarn after another, and there was never anyone around here could tie him for stories. Reckon it was the men and boys who felt the worst when the captain died. He had a heart attack one night. First time I ever saw so many men and so few women at a funeral.

"They had the burying out at his farm, which he called The Northern Star, but which his old woman called Green Meadows. Preacher read a bit from the book about men who go down to the sea in ships and see the works of the Lord and the wonders of the deep. It's in the Old Testament, though I don't know why I should have to tell fine folks like you just where to find it."

"Psalm 107, Verses 23 and 24," mother said.

Dad looked at Mother. "Don't see how you remember things like that." Then he turned to the attendant again. "And . . .?"

"That's when the gulls came down, 'bout mid-afternoon of the day we buried the captain. Don't know where they came from. They could have come from the Pacific or the Atlantic, and we'd never have known which ocean. Or they might have come from the Great Lakes. Wherever it was, those gulls must have had a long flight.

"Before you ask me where they're feeding, I'll tell you. It's a lake back of the captain's farm. The gulls all seem to stay right up there around the farm and the lake. 'Course, we all did a lot of speculating and some of the stories that have come out have been stretched, and some of them have been made scary. I guess the only way for the story to be told right would be to have a sailor tell it, because we're all farmers and might not understand . . ."

The attendant paused, scratching his chin.

"Truth is, the gulls are disappearing," he continued. "The widow moved from the farm and is living in town. Said she couldn't stand it up there any more, with all those gulls screaming around. I've been watching it all from the beginning and I reckon the day she decides to leave town for good, all the gulls will go away."

Another car was driven up to the pump. "Well," the attendant said, "got to be about my business. Good luck to you."

We watched the driver swing excitedly out of the front seat.

"Yes," sighed the attendant, "they're real sea gulls . . ." #

Two years in the gentle atmosphere of Sing Sing convinced this grad it's the nation's most cultured finishing school

Cons Are Little Gents

by THEODORE GLADSTONE

Let it not be whispered where the giant tabloid presses roar, but chum, there ain't no underworld.

There it is—the truth melancholic, and another enchanting dream be shattered. An underworld there may be in the adolescent fevers of the script writers where Tony the Slug just ain't comfy unless he packs a .45 snug-fitted in his draped, double-breasted model; but you should take a gander in person at the lean-jawed lads doing Toity to Sixty at Sing Sing and see if I'm not telling you the real McCoy.

For two years I saw them, and to put it bluntly, not as a social worker. And if they have a cauliflower ear to bend, it is to list to the Fifth Symphony and not to crook for the fourth at Arlington.

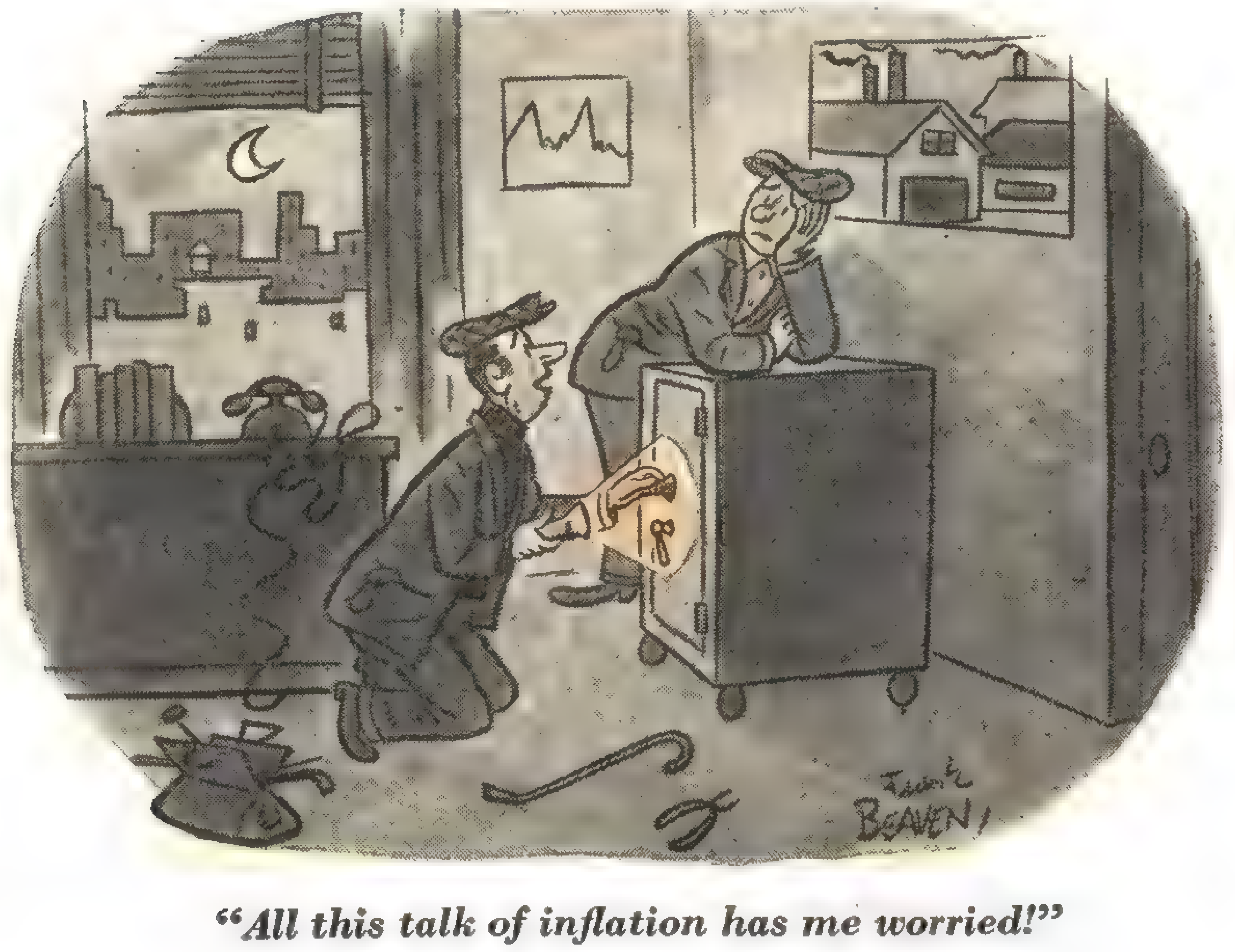
Nor while doing the stretch do they get help from the mob. No, the mob just doesn't take care of them when they get to the Big House, contrary to public opinion. You see, there just ain't no boys, and there just ain't no mob. Instead there's Mother—Mother fabled in song and epic, who washes floors in office buildings, and stints herself out of the second one with the head on, to be able to relay a two-dollar monthly money order to Ossining-on-Hudson.

The boys are little gents who make Emily Post look like she's all thumbs when a complicated dish like artichokes is set forth in the mess hall. Up and down go the little pinkies, and the esteemed vegetable is plucked down to its very unmentionables without a clumsy giggle or a gauche dropping of the mayonnaise spoon while the head bumps oafishly against the table on the way up. Nor are there furtive castings-about of the eyes to see what the white-collar swindler is doing with his cutlery. It's not necessary, you see, where everyone is equally taught and Democracy has come of age.

And I'll tell you why. Social decorum is simply a "must" and the great State of New York, owner of the most chi-chi finishing school in the country, comes down hard with the ruler on the knuckles until the lessons in deportment are well conned.

I crimson saying this, for there is little happiness in the world, and the spectacle of Izzy the Mope grating with his yellow teeth bared: "I'm busting out, and you're coming with me, pal," is one calculated to beat the hot little fists together and is a fixture on the American scene—an illusion that should not be exploded else other American institutions might fall by the wayside and foreign isms be imported without letup.

But an ex-con is so well schooled in the verities, and has been so oft chided by his college-bred screws, that he just cannot linger long from the truth without wincing deep down inside of himself.



"All this talk of inflation has me worried!"

Jails today are finishing schools. All of them, with Sing Sing carrying off monastic honors. And finished to the point where Proust and Browning are dismissed with a wave of the hand except for the subtler finesses such as: dynamisms of prose and iambics of meter. And if you don't know what the hell I'm talking about with such passionate culture, then your expensive education at Princeton and Holyoke needs a refresher course up the river, old Alma Mater and hallowed walls (may the latter be accursed).

Saunter along as I take you with scholarly languor through the curriculum. After the cops get through with you, and you've met the man with the horn-rimmed spectacles called D.A. by the uninitiated (and Arm of the People, by the boys) now come comforting men bearing hot coffee and sandwiches cut into little triangles just like they do at the Ladies' Aid Thursday afternoon collation. The kindly men put quilted gyves on your ankles and entrain you to the most famous jail in the world where existence becomes the very thing struggled for so oratorically at the San Francisco Conference, a nirvana in life and time (the latter a word allergic).

When you get there, you are plugged into, of all things, a place called Reception. From the very choice of the word, you may guess what happens, but let me intercept. It's here that you're classified, processed, I.Q.'d, and introduced about, but oh very gently. The Supervisor of Education drops by and talks books, lectures, musicales (huge album collections, movements no end), and lures you like a Lorelei to bookish paths and gets you to sign up for one or more of the 150 courses offered, many so lofty and and hair-splitting as not to be found in the Five-foot Shelf.

Then a pleasant guy comes along, and gets very magazine cover: I mean the men of America are fashioned on the playing fields of Sing Sing, and all that. He is the Director of Recreation.

Is it Ping-pong that fascinates you? Do you wish to skim airily about on ice skates, weather permitting? Perhaps a set at tennis (and here the cordial smile says: we have quite a few good backhand hitters here). Or shall we have a round or so of the manly sport (no mugging, please)? A dribble of basketball in the handsomely-equipped gym? A turn at squash to limber up those muscles grown flaccid while sweating it out in the county jail? And the floor is most assuredly polished twice weekly. Or the diamond, staffed with landscape gardeners, and not a pebble in a slide to first?

Or let's get leisurely. Do you play Culbertson or Jacoby? We have teachers with cups who in prewar days used forcing methods in the clinches on trans-Atlantic liners. Shall we not make it badminton; shuffleboard; horseshoe-pitching; quoits? And if the menu, printed daily, promises rich red-bloody meats, let's get strenuous and heave to at volleyball.

"That Hogan's a snob, isn't he?"

You should see the football coach (his drop kick, practiced in a brutal moment, landed him forty yards penalty behind time itself). Setting-up exercises? Thrice weekly in the cool of the morning. Inclement weather being had, we'll knee-bend after ten o'clock tea and say with vitality: hup, hoop, three, four, while a mechanical clock plays a merry sostenuto that's a dream in rhythm.

Let our trained guide show you about the splendid library, with 30,000 books, well bound and indexed awaiting your dipping, and subscriptions to the dailies, weeklies and monthlies, ranging from the divine right to the divine left.

We're still in the nimbus called Reception, remember? That's to chart our likes and dislikes, and please forgive the plural. Some of our best stock has been "recepted" at Sing Sing.

Now come by the Chief Physician and his staff, each looking like the paternal Vienna doctors in the ads.

Aches? Pains? Little bruises left over from when the hand fell on the shoulder? Any longtime symptoms? Would you care to have this little blemish on your left cheek removed—it will vitiate the inferiority complex that makes you hug the shadows and hang your head to one side. Little intimate problems? Come off side and we'll talk things out gently without chafing the sensibilities.

Hmm, you're getting bald. We'll recommend to the Master Barber our seven-week stroking and pomading treatment. Corns? The State shoe section will last-up special ones for you so that you don't have to hobble from the pork chop lunch to the riverside walk.

Tush, that's quite a hideous nose. Bet that's why you couldn't get a job and felt inadequate and became steeped in crime. Our plastic surgeon (Park Avenue, too) comes twice monthly. We'll shape it to a snub, or would you prefer a flowing Grecian? Your wife won't recognize you when you leave here twenty years from now. Here's a chart of noses-to-come, noses to treasure and fondle. Son, you should have those tonsils removed: maybe they make you irritable.

And then teeth, with snaggle ones painlessly eased, and pearly ones architected. All without charge, of course. And toothbrushes that get into difficult corners; and clothes; and razors; handkerchiefs, with rolled edges; and an illustrated handbook on personal hygiene, discreetly written so as not to bruise the tenderest. And so on and on, far into the century, depending on your rap.

Reception is over and we smile happily at one another. Good morning, good morning, let's out into the beautiful campus, flanked with rare trees and the blooming hibiscus.

Now interviews with plump, smiling chief screws (we prefer to call ourselves "custodial workers," you know; it sets the tone of the joint). What kind of work have you done, son? If you're an arsonist, we can't have you at the furnace, you know. Everybody beams and chuckles; the tension is eased. Do you think you could stand an hour's daily travail serving Virginia ham to your colleagues? Or checking athletic supplies? Or counting light bulbs? If it gets too tiresome or irky, we'll chat it over with you and the Director of Vocational Guidance. Good day, now.

And in less time than it takes to say the People of the State of New York, Larry the Slug is a thing of the past, so much so that even his Rogue's Gallery photo wouldn't recognize him. He manicures his nails and takes intensive studies in pre-Raphaelite art; he discourses learnedly on politics and passes the salt with a courtly incline of the head; he gets heated about the verbal lollypops of Thomas Wolfe and reads the handbooks on the handbooks on Joyce; he writes sleazy prose home, studded with literary phrases that affright relatives; his courtesy is unparalleled, and he's a nicer person, cross-sectionally, than one can index on Broadway or Wilshire Boulevard.

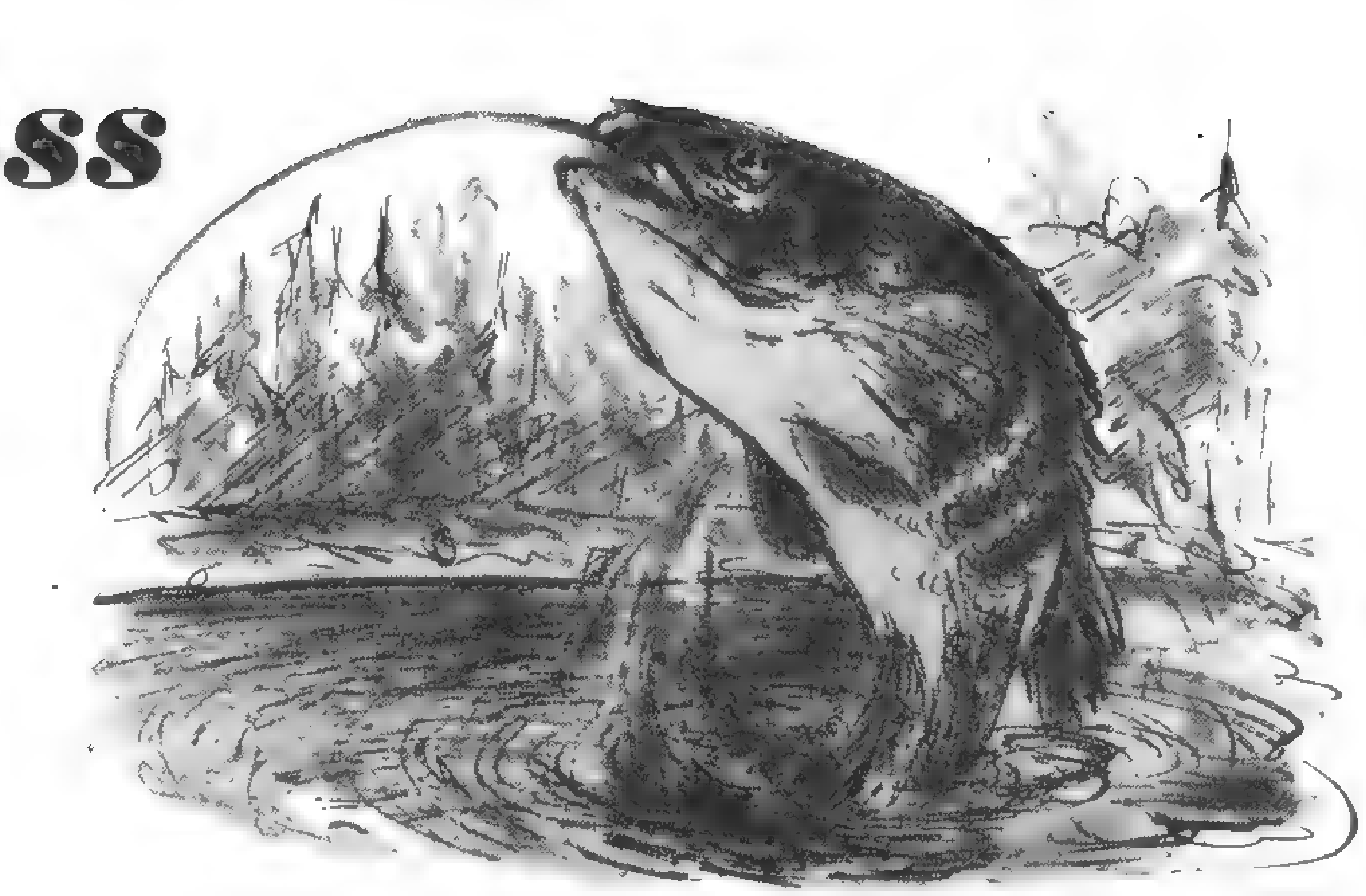
Actually, to begin with, there are few inmates who addled their lives with crime. There just are no, or few, professional heist men, trigger boys, slugs and dips. Most Sing Sing inmates are not members of a mob, and wouldn't know how to import a tomato from St. Louis to do a job. If you were to ask them about it, they'd be embarrassed and say simply: People see too many movies.

Not that they aren't bad persons to meet in a dark alley. They are, but mostly because they held scaled-down jobs and wanted to get their girls a wristwatch on the installment plan and stuck up the corner cigar store. Most, of course, and this is sociologically trite, come out of slum sewers and couldn't get a job during the depression. Banal it is, but nonetheless loaded with implication.

Proof is that the population of Sing Sing and all other institutions making silk purses out of lugs' ears fell off during the wartime prosperity. Younger brothers who might have gone the way of bing-bing and sock on the side streets were able to knock down living wages, whereas older brother hit the road and wound up in the can.

Sing Sing's polishing and bevelling job is craftsmanship in humanity, and humanity of the most shapeless putty to start with. Boosters of democratic action will find arguments without end by peeking into the state prison where the integrities of life are surely given every opportunity to catch on and stick. And the inconsistency of the whole thing is not only to please the risible palate, but also to point up the need for better distribution of the good things of life: from the jails outward to suffering humanity. #

Trout Tackle for Bass



MOORE

Open-minded anglers are urged to explore the excitement of this new sport, adapted to neighboring lakes, ponds and streams

by **HARRY BOTSFORD**

The fly fisherman's affection for trout is steadfast and curious, a love affair that lasts a lifetime. Like many love affairs, it has its tragic side.

The days of really good trout fishing are merely a cherished memory to most of us. Once favorite and productive trout streams are either fished out or as remote as the Alps. And trout season comes at a time inconvenient to many people. The man spurred with a desire but unable to drop a Silver Doctor in a piece of fast water teeming with hungry trout feels as impotent as the man with three cars in the garage and no tires.

The confirmed fly fisherman has two choices. He can either let the light rod rest in its case while he spends his time mourning, or he can compromise and enjoy some other exciting sport.

If he's willing to experiment he will discover that he can find good fly fishing, plenty of thrills and full creels not too far from home.

Bass and pan fish, plebian fish, according to older standards, are acceptable substitutes for trout when creeled by light trout tackle. And, I do mean *light*! Try matching a four-and-a-half-ounce, whippy fly rod against a two- or three-pound bass and you will see what I mean. You will find that such a fish will not only give your rod a thorough test, but that it will also test your capacity as a fisherman. Tie into a lusty, chunky fighting bass, and you should have a fight that has drama, suspense and physical strain.

Time was when the purist looked upon fly fishing for bass or pan fish as sheer slumming. To use fine trout tackle for such purposes bordered on heresy in the purist's opinion. Only a few of us, forced by circumstances to resort to consolation angling, took the sport seriously. As we explored its possibilities, we realized we had discovered a Golconda of our own invention. Our words of praise fell, at first, on deaf and hostile ears. Those of us who became ardent addicts literally lengthened the fly season from mid-April until the first snow. We had an abundance of prime sport, too.

If it is a long, long way to a stream that abounds in trout, it is comforting to know that many home waters still offer bass and pan fish despite what run-of-the-millstream piscatorial pessimists say. The chances are there will be smallmouth in adjacent streams, bigmouth and plenty of pan fish in your neighboring lakes and ponds. In most areas, such waters can be found within a few miles of your home. An evening or a short while in the early morning on these waters will prove very productive if you will toss aside prejudice and ignore tradition.

There will be no new tackle to buy, no new flies to tie. My advice is to use precisely the identical tackle you would use for trout. In my own instance, I use a seven-and-a-half-foot fly rod that weighs an even four ounces, a double tapered line, a seven-foot tapered leader and the usual assortment of wet and dry flies that trout have always favored.

Experience has taught me that the smallmouth bass in streams prefers a wet fly, while his larger brother, the bigmouth in lakes and ponds, looks upon the dry fly favorably, if it is properly presented.

Some bass fly fishermen firmly believe in a heavier rod, one which will go as much as six ounces, and is capable of handling spinners and wind-resistant bass bugs. They have a right to their opinions. Yet, their creels are no heavier than those of fishermen who cling to the lightest tackle. The man with the lighter rod obviously has more sport.

Bass fishing techniques vary somewhat from those used in trout fishing. There are times when bass take a lot of coaxing! On a supposedly fished out Pennsylvania lake, I remember once watching a big bass feeding on surface flies. From my boat I could see that he was extremely dainty about it, rolling lazily close to the surface, his wide ugly mouth just barely breaking the still water as he sucked in the fly. I was able to match the flies in the air—tiny chaps, blood brothers to the Black Hackle I optimistically and nervously tied on.

I was within easy casting distance. Luck favored me—I dropped my fly within a foot of the feeding fish's mouth. He ignored it, continuing his leisurely lunch on the live surface flies. Three more perfect casts netted me the same maddening indifference. I decided to experiment. My next cast was accurate. Instead of letting the fly float cockily on the surface in the accepted technique, I immediately started to twitch the tip of my rod slightly, dragging the dry fly under the surface where it seemed to wriggle frantically. That interested Mr. Bigmouth. He flicked his powerful tail, opened his mouth and gobbled the fly. I struck smartly and found myself fast to a fish full of fight and robust energy. That I lost him at the end of fifteen minutes is beside the point. I had learned something.

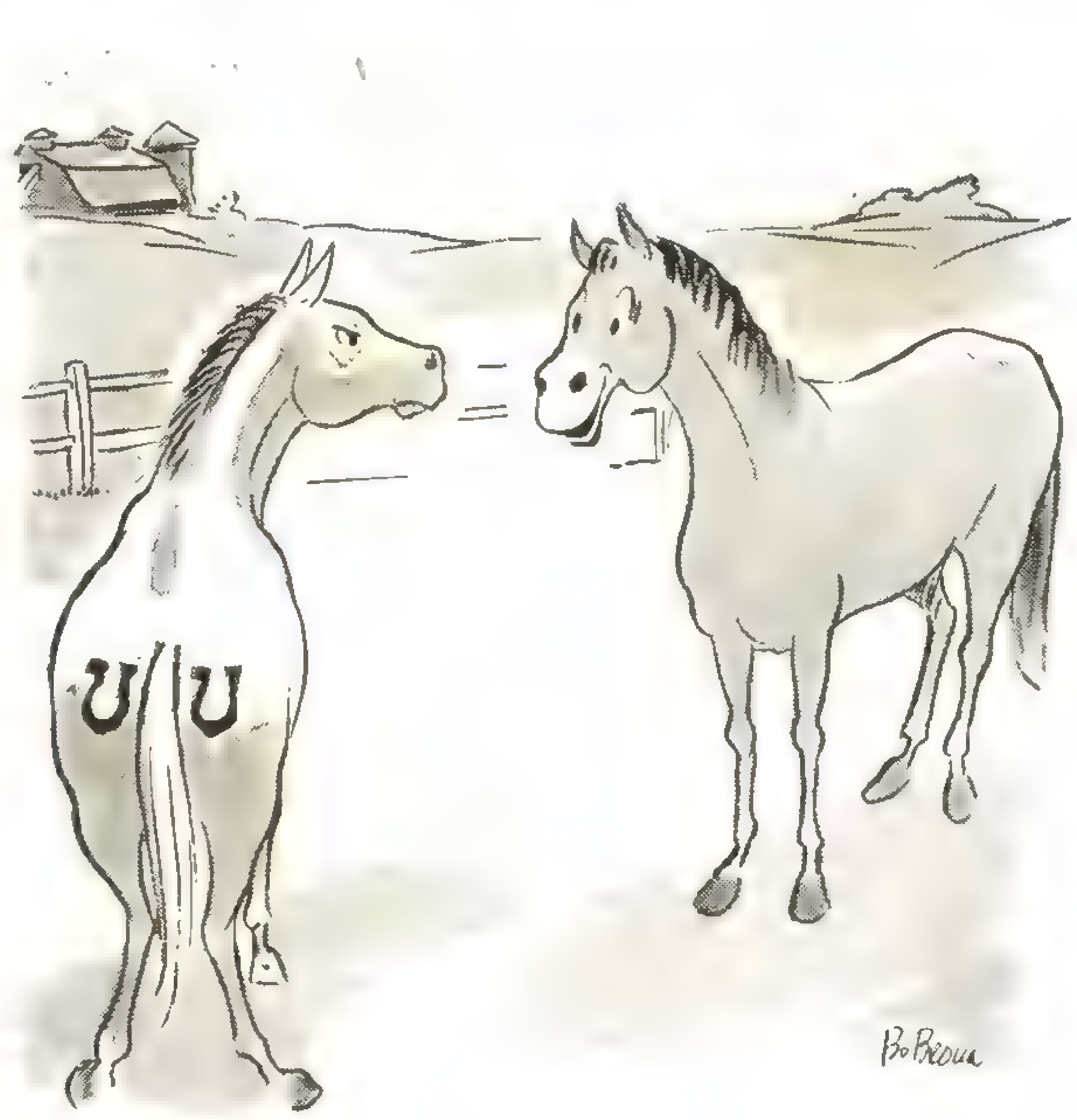
Since that memorable evening I have tried this technique to distinct advantage with bigmouth. It doesn't always work. But it is worth trying.

Like trout fishing, fly fishing for bass is frequently a matter of trial and error. Bass have their moods, their sulky days when it takes a lot of fly changing to strike the golden formula. Sometimes you can't find the answer. But once you find what bass are taking, you will be able to continue the color and size of fly successfully until the light changes for they are steady and dependable. This quality serves to endear bass to the fly fisherman who takes them seriously. Trout, as we all know, change their minds and readjust their appetites every quarter of an hour.

Trout are acknowledged aristocrats. Bass are not. This fact, however, is no excuse for an indifferent casting technique. Above all, bass are smart. If you want good sport, cast as accurately for bass as you would for the wiliest trout. Remember, the bass is just as cunning as any trout. Never underestimate his sagacity.

Largemouth fishing, usually on a lake or pond, is best from a boat or canoe. Row quietly; the bass may appear to be bold and careless, but his native shyness is equal to that of the trout. Cast toward and close to weedbeds, old stumps, and round lily pads. These are favorite feeding places.

Mr. Bigmouth has some quaint characteristics that are likely to come into sharp focus when you least expect them. His surface smash at a dry fly in quiet water is almost terrifying. The water literally explodes and sometimes the entire gleaming length of the bass is out (*Continued on page 219*)



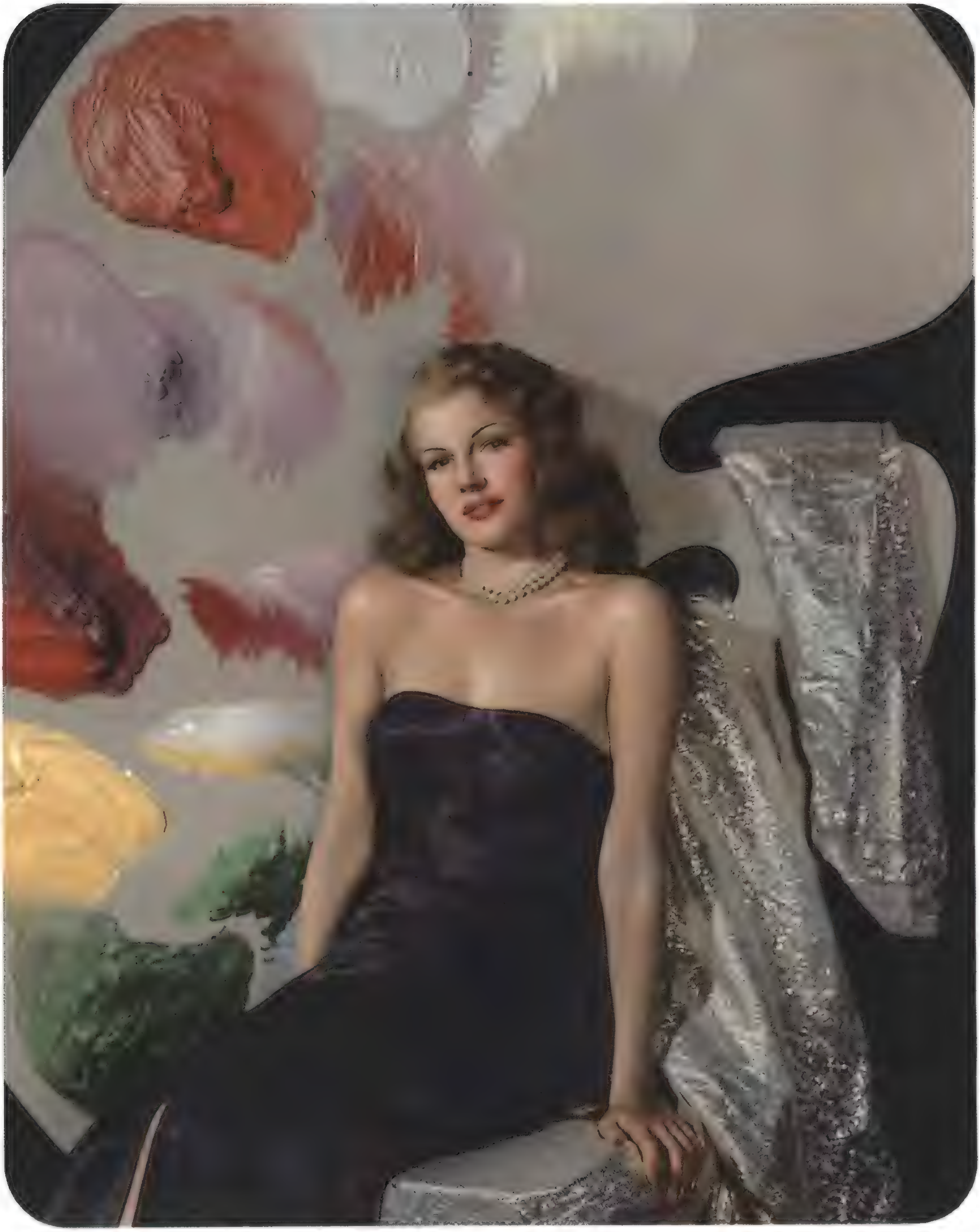
"You and the little woman have words?"

STAGE DOOR ESQUIRE

The Day Before Spring

Photograph by Ed Rinker

In a scene from the Broadway musical about a college reunion, Pat Marshall exercises some wolverine tactics on a reluctant John Archer, in his role of the alumnus who's in love with his wife. Miss Marshall, as the predatory daughter of the Prexy, gets pretty frank about things in songs like *My Love is a Married Man* and *A Loaf of Bread, a Jug of Wine, and Thou—Baby!* A decided find in the well-equipped Personality Girl league, Minneapolis' Pat walks into an M-G-M contract right after this show. At the left rear is Mattlyn Gevurtz—in the season's most publicized bit part. She silently skulks through scene after scene, like a haunting refrain; then finally she discloses in her one spoken line that she's "looking for a man."



AMERICAN BEAUTY

Rita Hayworth

Photograph by Bob Coburn

Marguerita Carmen Cansino, now known as Rita Hayworth, was a professional dancer at six, trodding the boards with her Spanish-born father. When she was sixteen, she and her dancing dad had a long engagement at the swank Agua Caliente Casino, and Rita became the toast of tourists from the States. Dancing roles in Hollywood followed—and though Rita's fans still prefer her as a dancer, she aspires to heavy drama. She gets her wish in Columbia's *Gilda* in which she plays the *femme fatale.* But her fans get their wish in the Technicolor musical *Down to Earth*, for redheaded Rita plays the part of Terpsichore, Greek muse of dancing and song. Vital Statistics: *Height:* 5′ 6″; *Weight:* 118; *Bust:* 34½″; *Waist:* 24″; *Hips:* 34″.

It would have been far easier to pass by that shabby house, but a man feels certain obligations toward a friend

A Mission for Eddie

by MAYNARD KNISKERN

The porch sagged a little, the paint was flaking off the door panels, the bell didn't work. It was almost enough excuse to drop the mission; I could send her the stuff by mail, with a note: "I called, but unfortunately you were not at home, and so . . ." But I knocked.

A small boy opened the door almost at once, as if he had seen me and was awaiting my signal. He stared, then wheeled and ran, calling excitedly: "Mama! Mama!"

After a moment a fat and tired-looking woman appeared in the doorway.

"Mrs. Torrence? I'm . . . I'm from Eddie's outfit. I . . ."

"Yes, sir, Lieutenant," she said. "Please won't you come in and sit down?"

The living room was dim and tiny, with a pleasant musty smell. Hastily she gathered up battered toys and old magazines from the sofa. I moved awkwardly under the low ceiling and sat down—apparently on an unmoored spring. Mrs. Torrence squeezed into a rocking chair. "Can I make you some tea or something?"

"No, thnaks. I can't stay long. I—uh—I've brought some things of Eddie's. Did he—?"

She nodded, studying my face. "Yes, sir, he wrote. Thank you kindly."

I took the manila envelope from my pocket and opened it. A big gold ring lettered U. S. NAVY. A fountain pen. An ancient wallet stuffed with snapshots, newspaper clippings of Golden Glove bouts (Eddie had been a boxer in college), ticket stubs, a button, a fragment of cardboard with *Dear Papa* scrawled on it in crayon by a child's wavering hand, a lucky coin, a remnant of tinseled string from a Christmas package—the mute, inexplicable souvenirs of a man's life, mute and inexplicable because the memory that had animated them was gone.

"He said you might want that. There are forty-two dollars in it."

The fat woman nodded again. She did not look at the items as I arrayed them carefully on a card table next to the sofa, but kept her eyes on me. I was relieved to have something to do, for while the stare was grave and not unfriendly it was persistent. I had the notion she was waiting for me to finish in order to ask about . . . Oh, well . . .

"Wristwatch. Said he won it in a crap game."

I smiled. The woman stirred her bulk slightly, but did not smile back. "Yes, sir," she said.

"Cigarette lighter. Gold watch chain—guess he won that, too."

"He was always pretty lucky," she observed soberly. "Sent his pay home regular—sometimes a little extra."

"How about his Government insurance? Did that come through all right?"

"Yes, sir. Won't you have a piece of candy?" She tendered a tin of mints. I didn't want them, but I took a couple. She went on: "I put the check in the bank where I work. I'm sort of matron there. I clean."

"Going to keep the job?"

"Yes, sir. They're nice people . . . He wanted the money to go for Eddie's college schooling." She seemed to remember something and raised her voice, "Eddie Junior!"

"Yes, mama." The boy appeared primly from the hallway.

"You come in here and sit down."

"Yes, mama." He advanced solemnly, perching himself on the other end of the sofa.

I reached into the manila envelope once more.

"Shoulder patch—Amphibious Force. That's about all, except for these." I produced a stick of campaign ribbons I had purchased that morning. Eddie had never got back and so had never worn any. "This is the Asiatic-Pacific Ribbon, for being with our outfit. The two stars mean two amphibious landings. This is the American Defense Ribbon, for service in Alaska. This is the Victory Ribbon. The star means overseas duty. Did you get his Purple Heart?"

The woman gazed blankly for a moment. Then: "Oh, yes, sir. Yes, sir."

"Papa wrote about you," the youngster said suddenly. "He wrote—"

"Eddie Junior, hush now!"

I said: "That's all right."

Emboldened, the boy moved closer to me. I could feel the quiver and warmth of childhood; it was like one of those rare triumphs when a wild bird feeds from your hand. "I weigh seventy-five pounds," he confided. "How much does your little boy weigh?"

"You hush!" said Mrs. Torrence.

"I don't have a little boy. If I did I don't suppose he'd weigh that much."

"Eddie Junior, you go out in the back yard and play."

The child straightened reluctantly. "Good-bye, Lieutenant."

"Good-bye—Eddie Junior."

At the door he turned and whispered gleefully, "Good-bye!" I winked. Eddie Junior disappeared.

"Mind if I smoke?" I said.

"No, sir."

"Is there anything I can do, Mrs. Torrence? I mean, do you need help or anything?"

"No, sir. Thank you kindly." She still regarded me steadily.

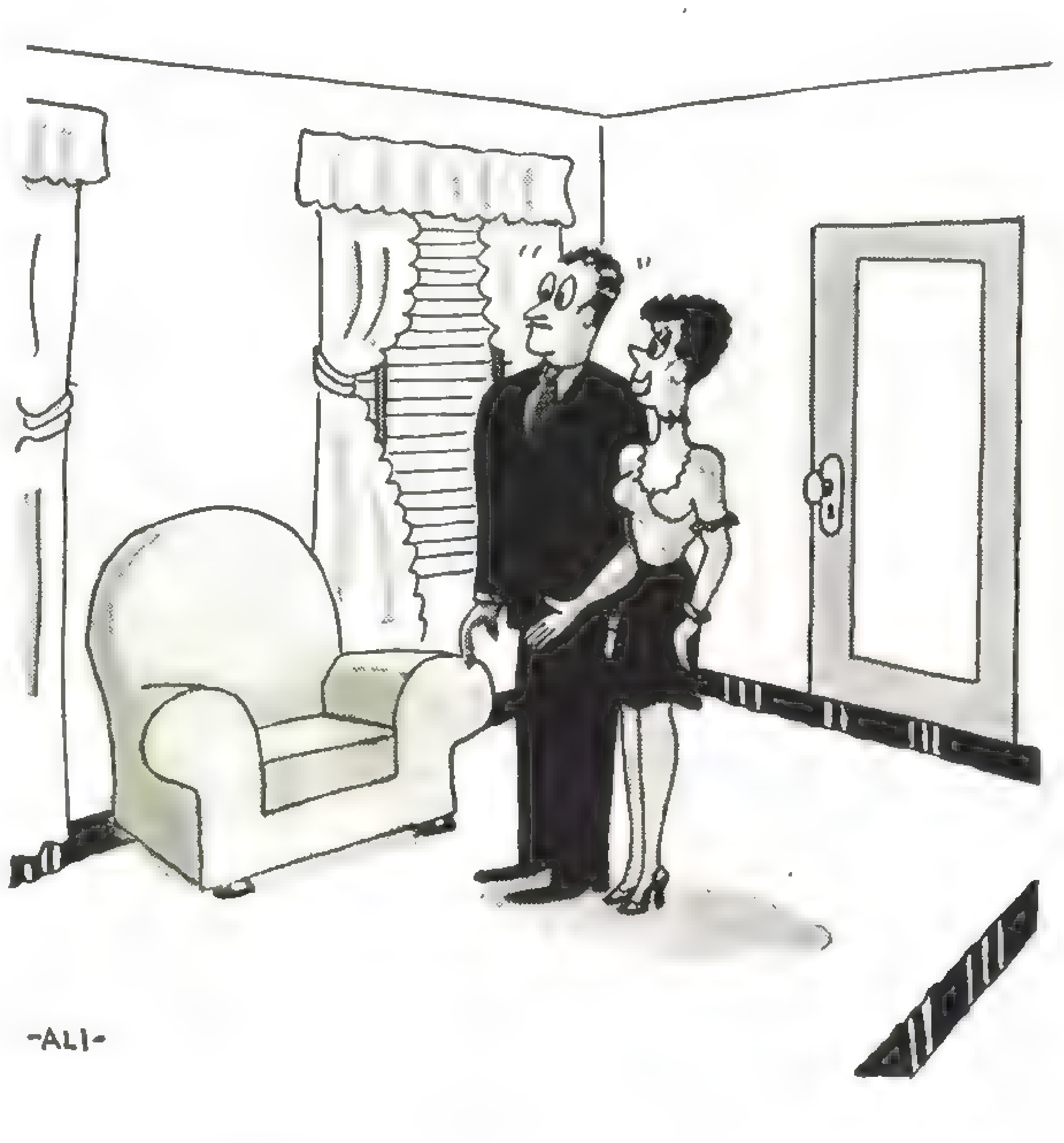
"Anything that—that you'd like to know? Anything about Eddie, that is?"

For the first time since I entered the house she lowered her glance to plump hands in a plump lap. "I guess not."

With her eyes elsewhere, it was easier to talk. "He was bringing chow down to the strip. In a jeep. There was . . . there were lots of planes, you know, strafing the revetments." I added foolishly: "Jap planes."

"Yes, sir." The response was soft.

"He . . . got hit, somehow, and ran off the road . . . He was—I mean, there was no pain. We got him to the hospital and the surgeon gave him—" I hesitated at morphine—"gave him some medicine to make him comfortable. He talked all right; I stayed with him quite a while. That was when he wrote you. I mailed the letter when I left. When I went back that night he seemed a little sleepy. Said he was thinking about you, and Eddie Junior. Then he asked



"Shall we sit down, Gary?"

if I'd mind getting him a drink of water. When I came back with the water, he—well, it must have been very peaceful."

I paused, but the silence was so intense I had to go on. "He was a good guy, Mrs. Torrence; everybody liked him . . . We . . . buried him where our outfit had a place by the shore, under some palms. There was no Baptist chaplain on the island so our padre, Father McCoy, read the Baptist service. It was very nicely done . . ."

Slowly I got up from the sofa. Mrs. Torrence looked up at me, startled.

I said, "Well, I must go."

"But won't you have some tea?" she asked. "You come all this way—"

"Really, no. Thanks just the same. Must catch a train," I interrupted.

"I thank you kindly indeed."

There was probably more to be said, but neither of us knew how to say it, or even what it was. I retrieved my cap from the table. The woman gasped weightily out of her chair and trundled ahead of me to open the door.

"I suppose we don't have to call him Eddie Junior any more," she said dubiously.

"Oh, it's all right to call him that. Quite all right," I said.

She peered at my taxi waiting at the curb below. "Seem funny, no Eddie coming up them steps no more. Can't hardly believe it. He used to jump 'em, two at a time."

"I can imagine. He was like that overseas, too." I cleared my throat. "Well, as Eddie Junior says, good-bye." I mustered a smile. "If there's ever anything I can do for you, my address is in that wallet . . . It's been good to meet Eddie's wife. He talked about you so much, you know."

"Yes, sir, we was right close. Thank you for coming. God bless you."

I put on my cap. "God bless you, too, and Eddie Junior," I muttered, and stumbled down the steps into the cab. "Back to the hotel," I said brusquely.

As the taxi pulled off I looked up at the rickety porch and waved. The stout figure lifted an arm tentatively, then bowed. I didn't see Eddie Junior. I wanted to say good-bye to him just once more, but presumably he was in his back yard.

There was silence for a moment or two. Then the cab driver said: "Too bad about Eddie."

"Yes," I said.

"The best ones always get killed," said the driver. "That Eddie—he was the finest colored boy I ever knew." ♯

For comic muddling and snafu operation, the vaunted Nazi air force earned the swastika-studded dunce cap with palms

The Ludicrous Luftwaffe

by KENT SAGENDORPH

GROSZ

The U. S. Army, as any returning G.I. will tell you with deep feeling, has done some odd things. But for the world's classic example of snafu operations, I give you the vaunted Luftwaffe, the Nazi air force. I was one of the American intelligence officers assigned to unravel its affairs following Germany's defeat. My interpreters got the story from humbled generals and dazed senior staff officers who were caught in the Prisoner of War net so rapidly that many had no time to think of a good story, and told the truth. Truckloads of baled Luftwaffe reports, orders, pamphlets, directives and diaries were collected in Germany and shipped to my office near Paris.

When our section reconstructed the Luftwaffe on paper, we got a picture of a class-ridden, spy-infested administrative crazy house. Its organization was so complicated that the RAF Air Ministry had a separate office which spent three years trying to untangle the functions of all of its bureaus, sections and divisions. By V-E Day, the Luftwaffe was so badly disorganized that its chief of staff, General der Flieger Koller, didn't know where any of his units were or what he had left to surrender. He sat hunched over in a chair in a resort hotel near Berchtesgaden, repeating over and over: "I don't know . . . I don't know. I can't tell you where my commanders are. I haven't seen any of them for weeks. I have no idea what units are still intact."

At this point a senior RAF officer handed him an enormous chart, about three by five feet. It was crisscrossed with lines like a jigsaw puzzle. He said: "General, this is what the Luftwaffe should have."

Koller scrutinized it for a long time. Then he relaxed, and sighed. "*Ja, ja,*" he nodded. "That's it. That's a better chart than any of ours. I guess you know more about the Luftwaffe than I do."

The RAF Intelligence Service, throughout the war, had been keeping us advised of day-by-day changes in the Luftwaffe. How they got the information, I don't know. Koller himself didn't know. His official organization chart skipped at least a dozen administrative sections which he himself didn't realize were part of his organization.

In the Luftwaffe, the German passion for thoroughness backfired. Often it was carried to a point which was downright ludicrous. Nobody under the rank of colonel was presumed to be capable of independent thinking. The subordinates followed orders implicity; theirs was not to reason why. They had been told that everything coming from the Luftwaffe staff was secret—for the eyes of top commanders only. Just before the war, the operations sections developed a nicely-illustrated little booklet on how to attack industrial targets entitled *Die Bekämpfung de Wehrwirtschaft* (literally

"The Fighting Against Munitions Factories"). They printed several thousand for distribution to flight crews in training centers, but bonehead staff officers in lower echelons promptly stamped each of them "Secret" and locked them in vaults. The pilots never did see them, but after the war great piles of the booklets were found.

Class feeling and snobbery were the hallmark of Luftwaffe leaders. They were all General Staff Corps members; they wore a special uniform, gaudier than the ordinary pilot's; they had coveted initials in their titles, and they certainly lived and behaved as if the Luftwaffe men were their personal servants. A great many of them really wore monocles and prison haircuts, and adopted the mannerisms of Erich von Stroheim in the old silent pictures.

The fact that many of them wore wings only because they had been granted the courtesy by Goering made matters worse. Most of the mission planning had to be done by professional soldiers whose experience was in the cavalry and infantry. These ground-pounders did not think in terms of pure air warfare as we understand it. There wasn't a Spaatz, an Eaker or a Kenney among them. They were merely ground-trained commanders who had been transferred into the Luftwaffe from the *Wehrmacht* or the general armed forces pool.

Their method of briefing crews showed the kind of training they had. A decision was made by somebody—Milch, Koller, possibly Goering. The Luftwaffe was to send a mission to attack some American airfields in France. But they didn't have a huge map supply such as that of our U.S. Intelligence Sections, and the photographic file of targets was in the *Wildpark*, a forest near Potsdam. They had only a limited amount of target material. The big brass on the staff, therefore, went in heavily for sand tables, papier-mâché models and replicas of the targets, built from the few photographs available.

The commanding general of the *Fliegerkorps* assigned to the mission would call all the squadron and group commanders to his headquarters to look at this model. He would explain everything carefully, show how to approach, where to put the maximum impact, and go over the enemy defenses.

After being briefed, these commanders would return to their bases, call in their pilots, stand before a map, and tell them that they would take off at a certain time to attack an enemy airfield at this point. The rest of the briefing was entirely operational—formation to be flown, altitude, power settings, time off and time of return. They knew the whole story of the target, but seldom told their crews. It sounds silly to us, especially in the light of the thorough briefing our own flying crews received from their commanders. But remember, these commanders were German. They honestly felt that the pilots couldn't understand tactics anyhow, and might talk too much if taken prisoner, and besides, it was none of their business. I have talked to Luftwaffe pilots who said they were shot down because all they knew was the name and location of the target; they had not been told how to get there and back. They'd get off course and be pounced on by P-51s out on patrol.

OPERATING
Reamer Keller

"In fifteen minutes they'll be happily reunited—with her minus her adenoids"

Life in such an organization was full of the unexpected. It had an aura of unreality about it, as if the people taking part were just actors on a stage. Actually this is what the Luftwaffe was doing throughout most of its history—acting. It was conceived and organized around a dramatic idea. It was spectacular in operation and grew increasingly bizarre as the war progressed.

It had to be dramatic. That was the method used by Goering to keep it alive. Hitler never had much confidence in air warfare. He tolerated the Luftwaffe because it was Goering's pet and was immensely popular among the German people. It was the sort of weapon that fitted Germany's idea of "lightning war" in 1939 and 1940. In the first year and a half, the Luftwaffe had no repair depots, no spare engines or accessories and no provision for repairing battle damage in the field, except that which a mechanic could do with a screwdriver and a pair of pliers. The truth is startling, but to the Germans entirely logical. They had a very large factory capacity built up by 1939. They planned to junk all damaged aircraft, and put them through the production lines again. Every time an old Stuka so much as cracked a landing gear they casually left it there for the salvage gang and drew a new one from stock. This worked fine as long as the Luftwaffe was opposed by the Polish Air Force. It was dramatic. It appealed to the public's sense of the spectacular.

The urgent necessity to dramatize the Luftwaffe was made apparent in a document dated in Midsummer, 1943. By that time the Luftwaffe was at its lowest ebb since the war began. It had failed in the Battle of Britain, failed to stop the American landings in Africa, failed miserably against the Soviet YAK's at Stalingrad. Germany was beginning to feel the weight of the nightly RAF attacks on the Ruhr. Fed up, Hitler proclaimed that when he became ruler of the world not a single airplane would be built or flown, and forthwith transferred several thousand Luftwaffe personnel into the infantry. Goering tried to salvage something by organizing the "Hermann Goering Division" out of them, but they were infantry just the same.

To prevent Hitler from dissolving the Luftwaffe completely in a fit of pique, Goering spurred work on the 120,000,000-dollar experimental plant at Peenemünde. From 1936 to 1938, Germany had spent fifteen to twenty times as much on research as the U. S. Army Air Forces. Now, out of Peenemünde, came the most fantastic flying machines conceivable. They captured the German imagination, and again the Luftwaffe boys were heroes. Mechanically these freak aircraft were far in advance of their time. Piggy-back fighter-bomber combinations, wing-and-a-half designs, jet jobs, buzz-bombs, rockets, what not.

The engineers saved Goering, but the Luftwaffe staff planners let him down again. They did not have imagination enough to get the most out of these astounding contrivances. They concentrated V-1 buzz-bombs on London instead of the Eighth Air Force bases which put 1,800 four-engine bombers over the Reich every day. They pounded London again with the V-2, which was certainly accurate enough to hit a selected airfield in England. They sent jet fighters up to hopeless battles against tremendous fleets of American fighters convoying the bomber stream. We lost comparatively few fighters to jets. They lost most of the jets which were not adapted to that kind of combat.

The great minds of the German High Command further distinguished themselves by splitting the Luftwaffe into air units and ground units, with the motto: "Never the twain shall meet." They divided Germany and the occupied countries into areas and set up a ground organization to administer each on behalf of the Luftwaffe. The air units were moved about from one area to another like pieces on a checkerboard. The pilot of an Me-410 shot down while trying to strafe Fortresses on English airfields carelessly had his pay book in his pocket. It showed that he had flown with fourteen different Luftwaffe units during the preceding year and a half. He had been in Africa with Rommel; on the eastern front with Guderian; in Holland with von Rundstedt.

This policy, designed to keep pilots from becoming too friendly with each other, had a serious tactical effect. On a given mission, a squadron would take off from Base A, attack the target, then separate and land at Bases B, C and D. Usually the pilots handed in highly dramatic reports of the damage they had done, and the commanders at the new bases could not prove otherwise, since they had not briefed the mission and knew nothing about it. These attacks were written up in the Luftwaffe reports as awful devastation to the target area, wherever it was.

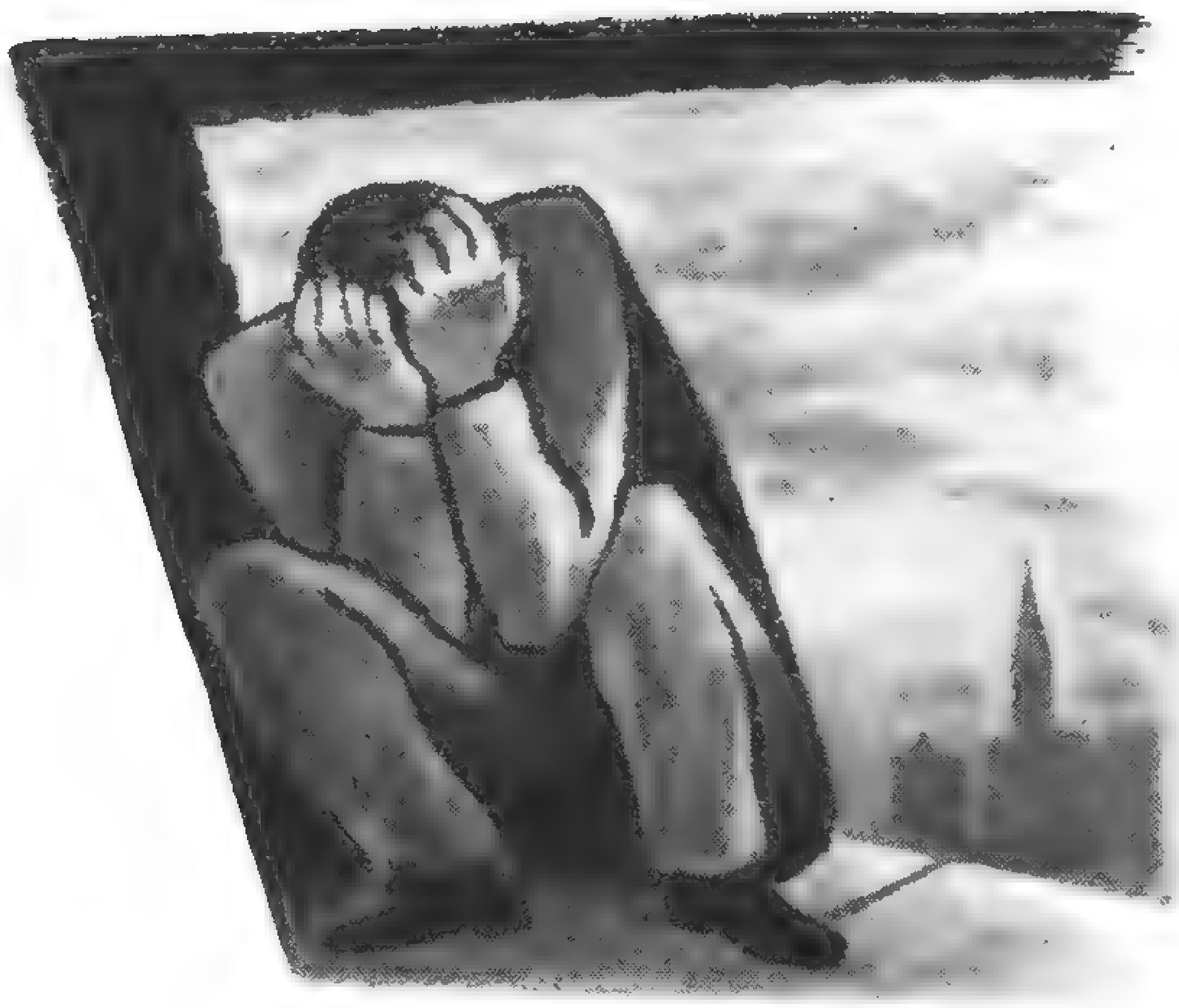
The Luftwaffe's passion for mobility frequently messed up its maintenance facilities. In the confusion of these rapid transfers, they sent bombers to fighter fields, brought

(*Continued on page 204*)

When the psychologist offered to argue the suicide out of jumping, he forgot to reckon with his own fear of height

Man in Space

by NIGEL BALCHIN



SADER

(Man in Space *is an extract from the novel,* Mine Own Executioner, *which will be published by Houghton-Mifflin Company in the Fall of 1946.* The Editors)

The inspector said, "How the hell did he get up there anyhow?" He tilted his black Homburg on the back of his head and gazed at the huge office block discontentedly. The young sergeant said, "There's a fire escape down that side. He must have climbed it and then walked along the ledge."

"Then he's crazy all right," said the inspector dryly. "No doubt about that anyhow."

"I haven't tried to get out to him," said the sergeant rather apologetically. "I thought I'd wait till you came. But I reckon if I could get out of one of the windows just above, I could drop down and work my way along and round to him."

"Well you're not going to, son. He's crazy, and he's got a gun. We don't want to get anybody killed. Let him sweat for a bit until it's lighter and we can see what we're doing."

"I don't think he'll fall," said the sergeant. "He's safe enough up there."

Milne said, "I think he may quite well jump."

The inspector shrugged. "Well, if he does that'll save us the job of going and getting him," he said calmly.

"Can you do anything about catching him? Net or something?"

"The fire people'll do that. They'll be here any time. They're bringing a floodlight too, so we'll be able to see what we're doing."

They stood in silence for a moment, gazing upwards. In the half-light Milne could just see the dark patch of Lucian's figure against the white stone of the big building.

Milne asked, "Has he got his back to us? It looks like it."

"Yes, sir. There's a parapet running along, and then a sort of niche goes in. It's the same way right down to the second floor. He's sitting on the parapet with his back to us. I don't reckon he'll fall unless he overbalances."

"Does he know you're here?"

"I think so. I've shouted to him from here, and I went up inside and shouted to him out of the window. Of course I couldn't see him because he's round the corner. He didn't answer but he must have heard."

"He didn't say anything?"

"Not a word. Never even moved since I've been here."

It was growing lighter rapidly. Milne could make out Lucian's back more clearly now. He seemed to be sitting quite still, with his head sunk forward. He looked very small up there and incredibly lonely.

Milne said suddenly, "I think I must get up to him."

"You can't do it, sir," said the sergeant, shaking his head. "He's on the sheer wall, see."

"I could go up the fire escape and round, like you said."

The sergeant smiled. "I wouldn't try that, sir," he said gently. "It'd be a tricky climb even if you're used to scrambling about on places. I'll go if you reckon someone ought to," he added simply.

"No," said the inspector irritably. "Nobody's going to break his neck for the sake of quarter of an hour. I tell you he's got a gun, and he's as like as not to shoot you if you did get up there."

"I don't think he'll shoot me," Milne put in. "And I might be able to get him to come down."

"Well, what if you do," said the inspector bluntly. They looked at one another for a moment in silence. The inspector shook his head and turned away. "It's not worth risking a good chap's life for any good that it'd do us. Or any good that it'd do him, poor devil." He turned to the sergeant and snapped, "Go and see where the hell the fire people are."

Milne looked up at the small figure perched on the face of the white building and as he did so it moved. The back straightened and the sunken head came up and back as though Lucian was looking upwards. Then the head slowly sank and the back bent into the same position as before. It was a movement of utter weariness.

He made up his mind. He turned to the inspector and said, "Look, I'm sorry, but I can't just let him stay up there. It's all right for you, but he's my patient. If I hadn't let him go this wouldn't have happened." He stopped and added shamefacedly, "You do see, don't you?"

The inspector shook his head and said irritably, "That's all very well, Mr. Milne, but—"

"And anyhow," Milne interrupted, "even when you've got everything and everybody here, he's still got a gun and somebody'll still have to go up and take a chance of being shot. Far better to let me talk to him."

The inspector hesitated. "I don't mind your talking to him if you think it'll do any good. As long as you don't go trying to get out there. How about going up inside and calling to him? Maybe he'll take some notice of you."

"I doubt that'll do it," said Milne thoughtfully. "But it's worth trying."

They went up to a big room filled with tables and drawing boards.

The sergeant said, "This is the top floor. He's just below this, 'round the corner there."

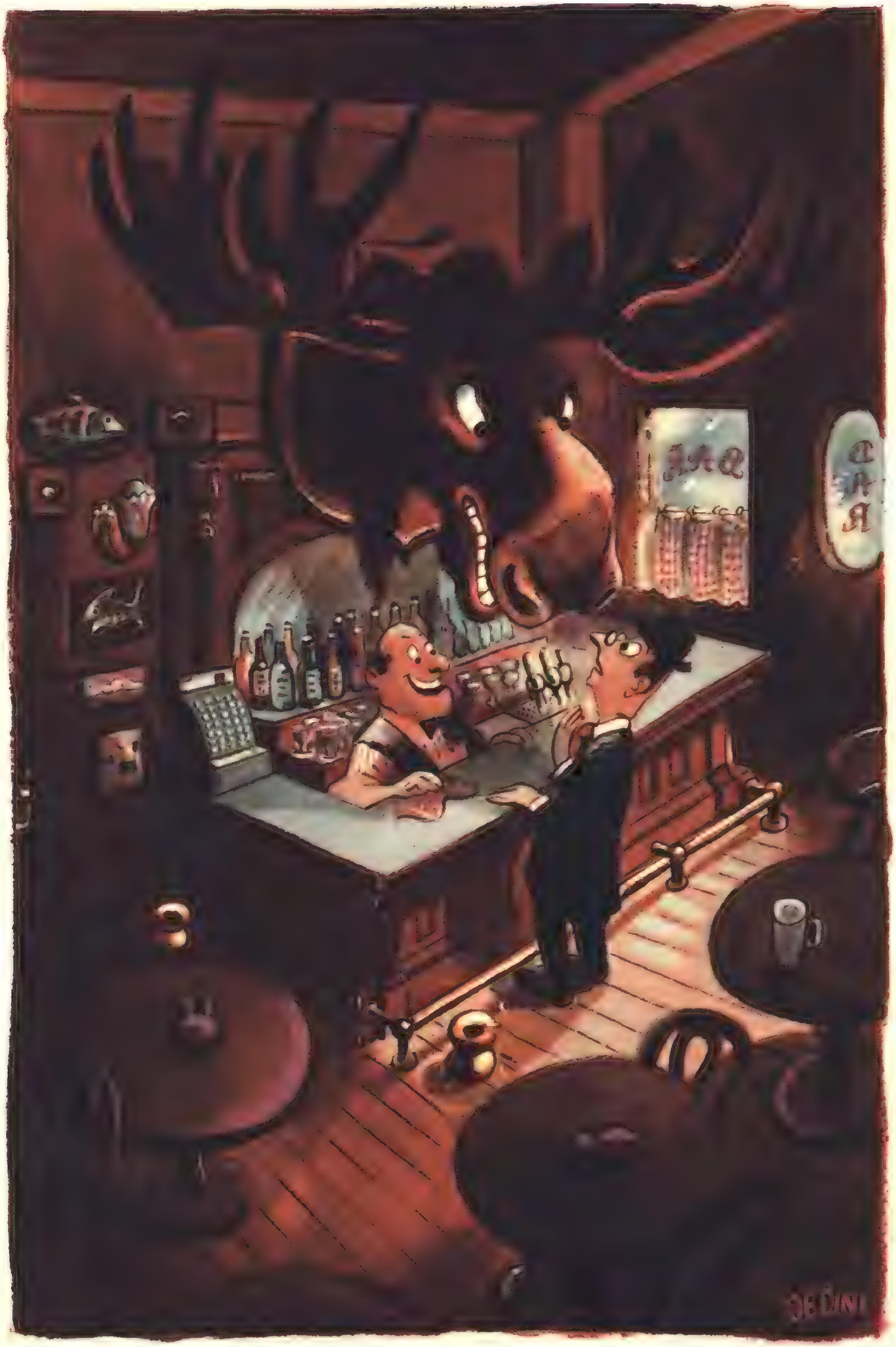
"How far 'round?"

"About twenty yards I should think. If you shout to him out of the window, he's bound to hear you."

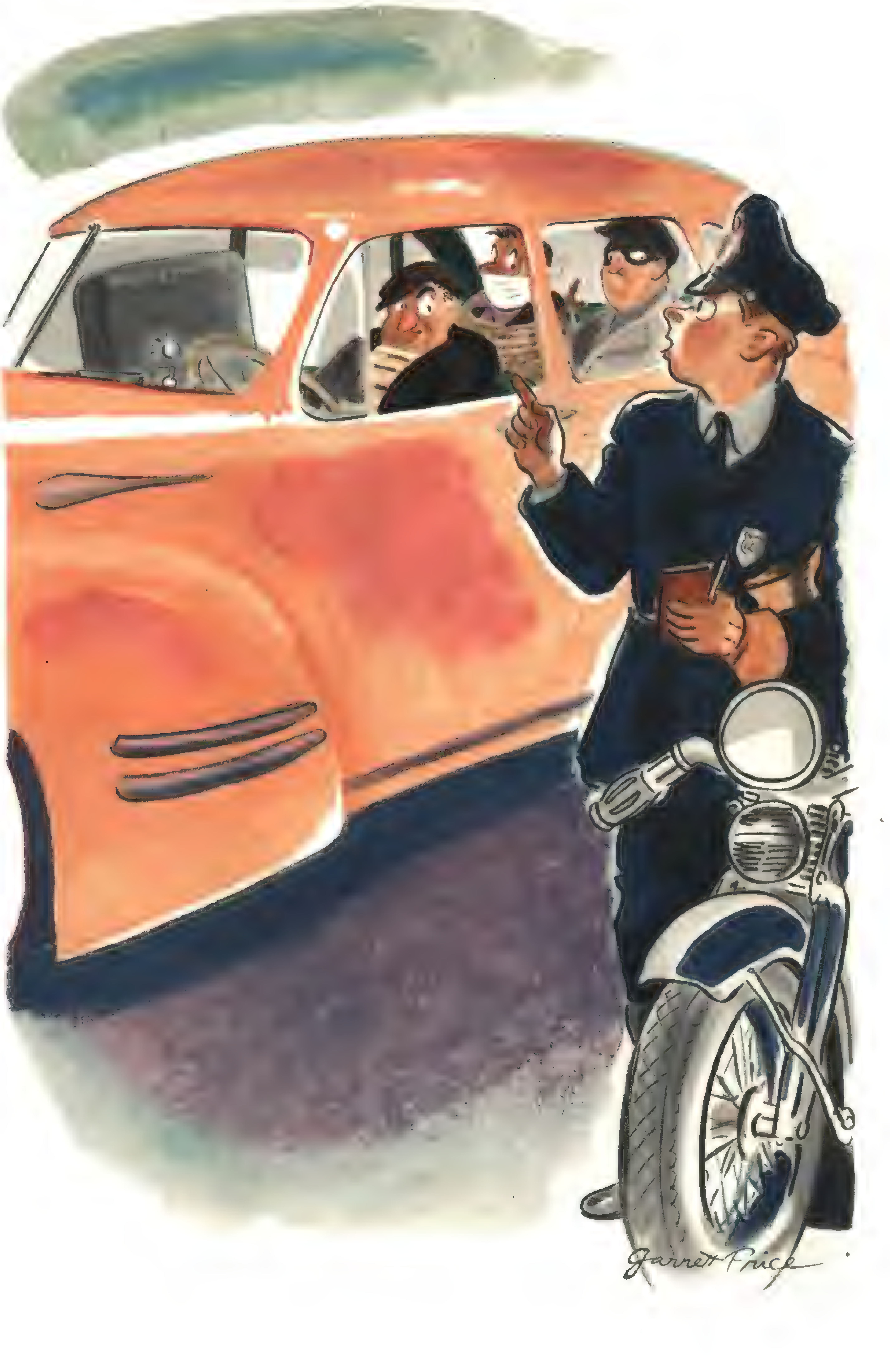
Milne went to the end window and opened it. About seven feet below was a gutter-way with a narrow parapet only about a foot wide. Ten feet beyond the window to the left was the corner of the building. Milne glanced down. A hundred feet below, and directly beneath him, he could make out a policeman on the walk.

He turned to the inspec- (*Continued on page 200*)

Cpl. Chas. Cartwright



"We have a back room that's more cozy, sir"


Garrett Price

". . . and next time, watch for those red lights"

Golfers Named Joe

Golf offers no consolation prizes; it's the winner who takes all and the number two guy doesn't even rate a red ribbon

by **TOMMY ARMOUR**

In baseball the losers of the World Series finish in the big money and enjoy almost as much acclaim as the champions. In horse racing, the nag running second rewards those who have bet on him to place. Even the number two dog in the show rates a red ribbon.

But in golf the man who finishes a 72-hole tournament just a stroke or two behind the winner — well, he's just a guy named Joe. While the champion beams in the worshipful eyes of club officials, parasites and friends, the fellow he has just beaten usually sits alone in the locker room without even an attendant to console him.

I remember when Mike Brady lost the championship to Walter Hagen in 1919. Mike had a commanding lead going into the last round, but a few errors and a few bad strokes sent his score on that round up to 80 and Hagen tied him. Next day they went out for the play-off. Things were even until the 17th hole when Brady hit a fine shot and Hagen sliced his ball into the trees.

Hagen's ball landed on water-soaked ground and though the whole gallery looked for it, no one could find it. The time limit for hunting a lost ball is five minutes; after that the ball is considered lost and the player is penalized two strokes to drop a new one. Somehow, the referee overlooked the rules and after about ten minutes, the ball was found—by none other than Brady—sunk in the mud.

Hagen asked the referee to identify the ball, a request quite within the rules, but by the time the muddy ball had been identified, the water-soaked ground had leveled itself, leaving no depression. So the ball was placed on top. Hagen put his second shot on the green and holed out for a four. Poor Brady took a five.

Actually, when the time limit had expired, Hagen should have been playing three off the tee. But incompetent refereeing made him the champ and Mike became just an unlucky Joe.

Another pathetic case was that of Cruickshank at Inwood. Approaching the 16th hole, he smacked two excellent shots to the edge of the green. In the rush of the gallery to get around the green, someone stepped on his ball. The rules entitled Cruickshank to dig out his ball and place it as near as possible to the original position since the ball had been moved by an "agency outside the game." But not knowing the rules he decided to play it. He took a hack at it and the ball dribbled up on the edge of the green. Addressing his putt, Cruickshank discovered a blob of mud on that part of the ball that he had to stroke with his putter. One putt brought him within two feet of the hole but the mud was still there and he missed the short one. A practically sure four became a six. He finished in a tie with Bobby Jones and lost in the play-off.

There was no official sympathy for this tragic hard luck. Jones got the fame and glory and another Joe just faded.

One second-best story important to me occurred the year José Jurado took a six on the par four 71st hole at Carnoustie, Scotland, in the British Open.

I had finished with 296, after luckily holing an 80 footer on the 16th green in the last round.

Jurado was playing about six holes behind me and was going pretty well. He had had a five-stroke lead at the beginning of the last round. Word came that he had holed a great four on the 14th by sinking a bunker shot. Then he got two pars and stood on the 17th tee with 4-5 to win and 5-5 to tie. The 17th and 18th holes at Carnoustie are difficult, but two good shots will put you on the green. I was hoping for a tie.

Suddenly disaster hit José between the eyes. He played safe off the 17th tee and used an iron, trying to place the ball on a plateau between the two streams. He topped it into the first one and had to drop behind the water hazard for a one-stroke penalty. It was now impossible for him to get home in three. So he put his next shot into a bunker to the right of the green and took a six on the hole!

He stood on the 18th tee needing a four to tie. His drive was beautiful, leaving a spoon shot to the green. But the same little brook winds in front of the 18th green, and Jurado again elected to play it conservatively, short of the water. He made a good third shot, the ball stopping fifteen feet from the pin. Then he missed the putt. He had made me a present of the British Open Championship.

Probably the saddest runner-up story of all golf is what happened to Roland Hancock at Olympia Fields in 1928. He was a youngster playing his first national championship. He arrived at the 71st tee needing two fives to win, or a five and a six to tie. As the holes were par four and five, he looked like the certain winner.

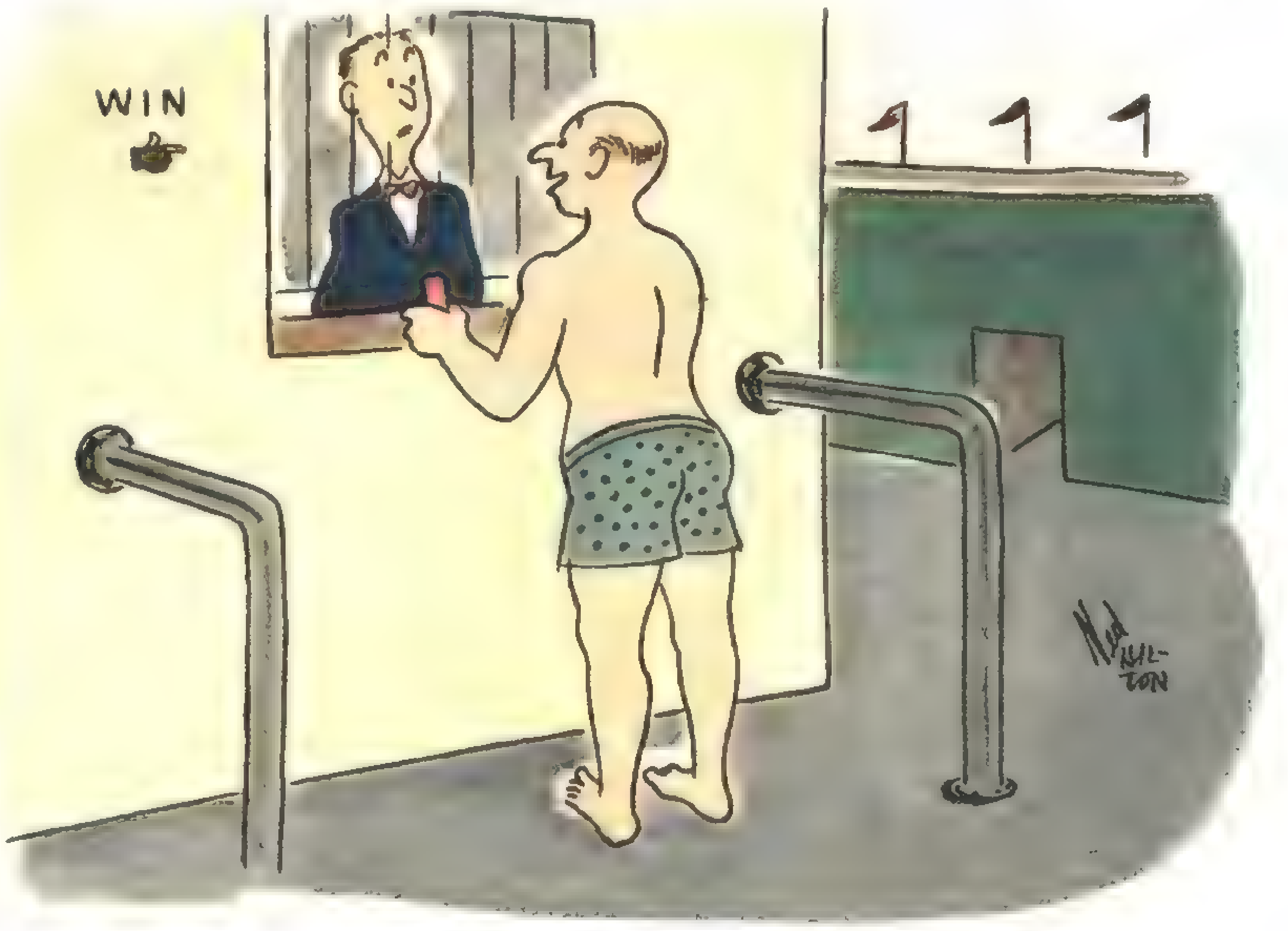
His drive carried 300 yards and landed on a patch of bare, muddy ground. It looked like a simple four, or even a birdie, with the green only 80 yards away. But there was one thing Hancock didn't know—that he could ground his club. Holding the iron about an inch above the ball he knocked it only a few feet. He fluffed the next two shots and, with a 40-foot putt, holed out for a six. Obviously, he was shaken, but he still had a chance: a five to tie and four to win.

On the last hole he hooked his drive behind some short, thin trees. The correct shot would have been to drive the ball through the scant foliage. Nine chances out of ten that would have brought him down on the fairway 100 or 150 yards nearer the hole. He could have possibly holed out to tie or even to win.

What he did then seems fantastic now. He played the ball backwards onto the fairway, instead of ahead through the trees, making it impossible to reach the green in less than three. He wound up with a six.

I've seen many emotional scenes in locker rooms, but none more moving than Grantland Rice, with tears in his eyes, trying to comfort the disconsolate Hancock. Roland never quite got over the tragedy and practically disappeared from tournament golf.

Two holes to go! And instead of becoming the champion of America, Hancock became the greatest of all the guys named Joe. ⯑



"He just had to win!"

If the director would listen, Moses could tell him plenty about "the great outlaw"

The Truth Shall Prevail

by HEATH THOMAS

DOMINIC

In the days of its youth there was no lustier cow town in all the West than Peaceless, but now it was a smudge on a bright plain by a half dried up river. It slept by day and by night, like an old man who dozes in the sun to dream of a glorious past.

At the post office and general store Moses Jones would tell any who would lend an ear: "When I come to Peaceless there weren't nothing here but two saloons and a honky-tonk."

There were other tales that Moses spun of a long time ago when the gun was king. There was Comanche Bill and Cleve Birdsong and Black John, the outlaw, whom Moses killed. There were cattle herds that moved up the Chisholm trail and cowboys and gamblers and John Barleycorn.

If the graves on Boot Hill had opened and the sun given back life to their dead, none who slept there would have been more surprised than was Moses Jones the day that a silver monoplane flew out of the northern sky, circled the town twice and landed behind the buildings that faced Main Street.

It was at once apparent that the men of the plane were on a mission of business. Before the last loafer had vacated his cracker box by the door of the general store, the visitors had alighted and were making their way along the rotting boardwalk.

The smallest of the trio appeared to be its leader. His every word and movement were charged with excitement and his sartorial splendor was an unalloyed delight to the men of Peaceless.

His voice was plain for any to hear: "I said to the fools in the front office, 'Peter Van der Voort will take *The Great Outlaw* and make of it a great picture if you give him one million dollars with which to do it. But I'll not make it in your damned Hollywood studios. Why was *Dark Africa* the talk of three continents? Because we made it in Africa. The actors had Africa in their souls. Africa was in my soul. The audience saw Africa.' So, I said, 'If I make *The Great Outlaw* I must make it in the country of the great outlaw.'"

To the townspeople the director addressed himself in calmer vein. "We represent Super-Productions," he said. "We are going to film the life of Colson, the great outlaw. We think your village is the ideal locale. My assistants, Mr. Bennett and Mr. Mitchell, will work out satisfactory financial arrangements. I wish to see more of the town."

Moses Jones caught one of the loafers by an arm. "What," he asked, "does he mean by 'film the life of Colson?'"

The loafer was reluctant to be distracted from the mighty events unfolding before his eyes. "He means," he said impatiently, "that they will make a moving picture about Jack Colson."

The dim blue eyes of Moses Jones said he didn't understand.

Then the loafer explained as best he knew that actors would re-enact the life of the outlaw and that Colson would live again, not upon the earth, but on silver screens throughout the world.

"Now that I think of it," said Moses Jones, "I heard once they have a picture house over in Fort Henry. But I never seen one."

Then Moses turned away and followed the director down the street to where it ended in the plain. "Mister," he said, "I heard what you said about that picture thing of Jack Colson's and I shore must tell you that you got your brands mixed bad. Colson ranged wide, but not this wide. He grazed further west, near Fort Henry, in the Salvation Hills."

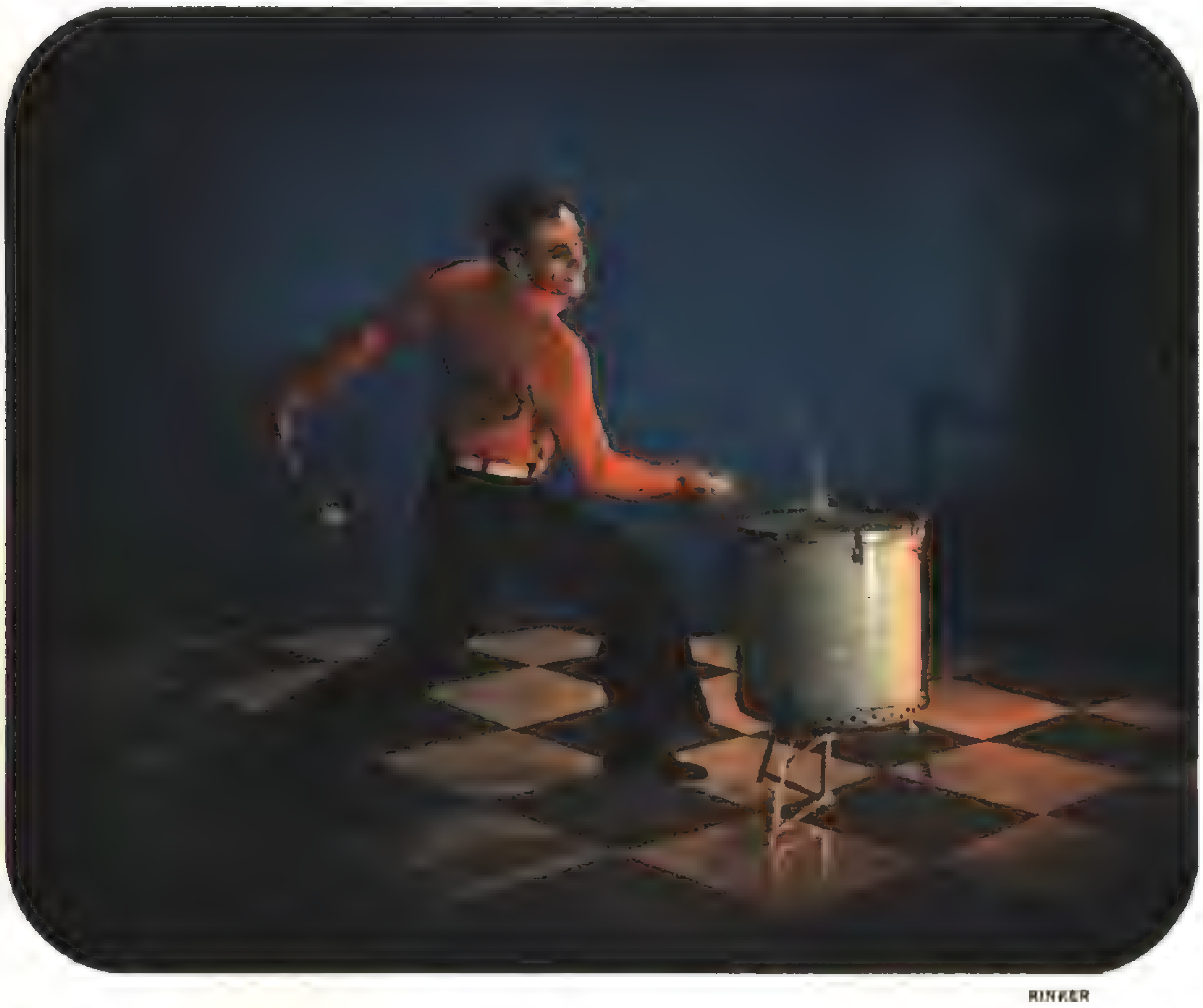
The director, appalled at such honesty, grasped his hand and introduced himself. "I appreciate your interest, Mr. Jones," he said heartily. "Fact is we know that Colson made Fort Henry his headquarters during his heyday. But Fort Henry has grown. Peaceless has not, and that is why we prefer to film our picture here."

Moses Jones motioned with his hand and led the director a little way to where the plain sloped gently to the river. Here there were many old graves, their headstones covered by the hoarfrost of the decades. "I knowed these men," he said, "and three of them I killed, but not nary one of them that weren't a whiter man than Jack Colson was. He was bad all through. Colson hired his killing done; these men done their own. He dry-gulched my side-kick over in the Thunder Range. I swore I'd get him if he ever come to Peaceless, but he never did come."

The director frowned. "But Colson is an American legend. Several books have been written about him."

"I was the law here then," said Moses. "He didn't set foot in Peaceless when he was a living man and he shouldn't come here in make-believe."

"Perhaps you don't understand," said the director. "Colson will not be the outlaw you knew, but the combination of many characters. He will represent the men who sleep here, both the good and the evil. He will be a sort of American Robin


RINKER

Danny Daniels—Drummer Boy

As the marathon dancer named Champ from Staten Island (who wears turtle-neck sweaters and has a tendency toward adenoids), Danny Daniels performs a novelty dance with a drum in the musical comedy Billion Dollar Baby *that's exciting entertainment. As he taps his way around the drum, he adds a syncopation with the drumsticks to the rhythm of his feet. Instead of being a mildly interesting feat of a man-doing-two-things-at-once, this turns out to be an integrated flow of designs in sound and space that is tops in dance art. Danny was born in Albany, New York, and got his professional start on the so-called "borscht circuit" of Catskill mountain resorts. He played in a few movies, the show* Best Foot Forward *and some night club revues, until the President booked him for two years in the Army.*

Hood. And," he added, "essentially, the truth shall prevail."

This strange talk troubled Moses Jones. "What about mountains?" he asked. "He stayed in the mountains. Where you going to get your hills?"

"We'll make our own mountains," said Van der Voort.

Throughout the long afternoon Moses Jones thought of the man who promised to make mountains. That night when he had finished his evening meal and the sheep were bedded down, he lay on his back and looked into the opal star-splashed sky.

"Pedro," he spoke to the Mexican who helped with the sheep, "did you ever hear of a man who could make mountains?" He then recounted his meeting with Van der Voort.

It was Pedro's opinion that only the great, good God could make mountains. He said, however, there was a priest of his acquaintance who was possessed of mighty wisdom. Tomorrow he would seek the counsel of this holy man.

The next day Pedro came back with a wondrous story. Far to the west, he had learned, was a magic city where lived a people who pictured the folk long dead, brought back kingdoms that were gone and made mountains and phantom seas.

Moses Jones considered this tale and made a decision. "I'm going back to Peaceless," he said. "Maybe if I can talk to this feller again I can get him to make a sidewinder out of Jack Colson."

But the men of the plane were gone and they left no sign as to when they might return.

The days that shone like brass went by, followed by quick twilights and velvet western nights. And in the darkness the wind would get out of its bed and cry across the plains. Coyotes talked to one another over the vast distances, and the promise of autumn was in the chill of dawn.

The grass became parched and brown and the sheep were driven to the far pastures, a day's ride from Peaceless. Then one day Pedro made a trip for provisions and brought back word that the men of the magic city had returned, bringing many with them.

Moses told Pedro to start the sheep back toward the shelter of the ranch buildings. He said he would go to Peaceless and see the man who made the mountains.

Moses Jones could not believe his eyes. Peaceless was as he remembered it sixty years ago. The boardwalks had been repaired. The saloons were there, the Last Chance, the Ace High and the Golden Calf. Even the natives had entered into the spirit of carnival and wore the raiment of the past. Many wore guns and sprouting beards. Hurdy-gurdys blared from doorways, and at the edge of town were papier-mâché mountains, etched against the cobalt sky.

Moses Jones walked down Main Street and asked where he could find the Man. He was shown to Van der Voort's office.

The director frowned when he saw his visitor. He had made inquiry about this ancient man who lived in the past. The loafers had smiled and tapped their heads knowingly. Now Van der Voort spoke in lowered tones to his assistant.

That sleek-headed young man rushed forward to give Moses the brush off. "Mr. Van der Voort is very busy and can't see you."

Moses found himself ushered to the sunshine of the street. He made his way to the general store where he told the storekeeper he thought it was not fitting to bring Colson here in make-believe when he dared not set foot in Peaceless while he was a living man.

"They ain't doing no harm, Moses," said Jim Elzo, the storekeeper, "and they are paying good money for just a few hours' work. Stay around and I wouldn't doubt if you don't make more money here in a few weeks than in a month chasing them sheep."

Moses Jones left the store and mingled with the crowds. A voice yelled, "Camera," and there was a silence. All eyes turned toward that section of the street where the saloons stood.

A lean, handsome man walked from the Ace High and made his way toward the Golden Calf where two sinister looking figures crouched in the doorway.

"That's Wade Spencer playing the part of Colson," someone whispered. The actor walked leisurely to within twenty yards of the men in the doorway. Then he stopped.

"It's your play, gents," said Colson softly.

The tough-looking men grabbed for their guns. Then Colson went into action and his guns barked first.

"Damn fine acting," a voice whispered.

"That's the biggest lie ever been acted! That sidewinder never give nobody a chance!" Wrath lent volume to Moses' voice.

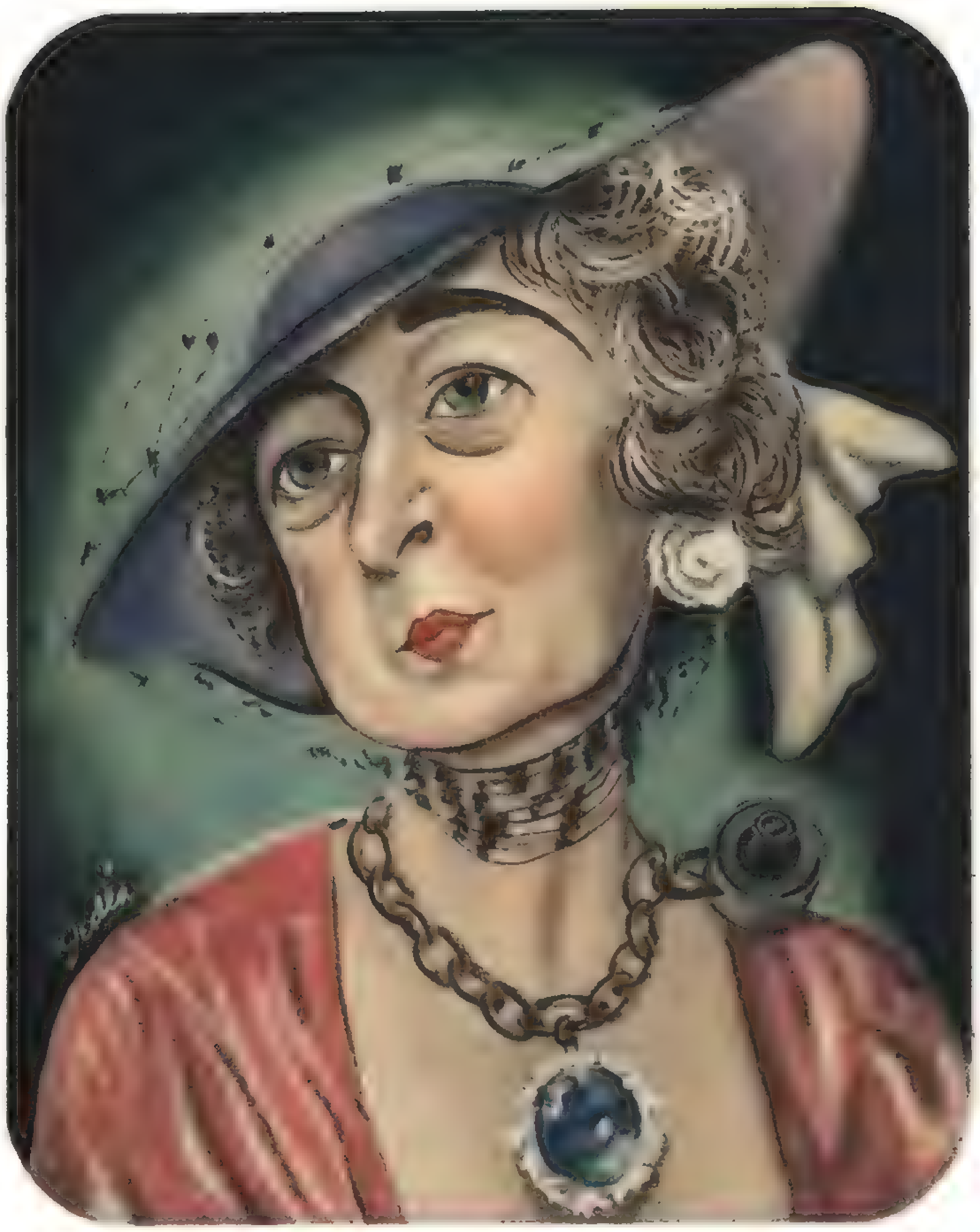
Van der Voort who sat behind the camera yelled, "Cut!" He then reached for his hat, threw it to the ground and danced on it. His little army of yes-men cringed.

There were laughter and catcalls from the crowd. Soon two citizens of Peaceless led Moses gently but firmly from the scene.

Moses Jones wandered back up the street and stopped again at Jim Elzo's store. Word of his recent disgrace had preceded him, and some of the loafers now tittered and winked.

"Have a drink, Mose," invited Jim Elzo. "Looks like we old-timers don't count any more."

"Thank you, Jim." Moses drank a full glass of the hard liquor and remembered that it was two decades after the last trail herd had vanished into the hazy distance before Jim came to Peaceless. He, Moses Jones, was the last man here who could remember that.



JEDLA

People we read too much about . . . No. 2

Evalyn Walsh McLean . . . Indubitably, as they say, her heart is in the right place for she's done much good in almost sixty years of flightiness, but her perennial talent for landing smack on the front page has reached a monotony. She's always been "good copy"—cavorting around Europe, Newport and Washington—getting engaged, disengaged and finally married to Ned McLean—smuggling the 120,000-dollar Star of the East into the States—buying the 154,000-dollar Hope diamond for which she claims she was sued by Cartier for payment—keeping a monkey in her bathroom and a llama on her lawn—tossing 50,000-dollar dinner parties for lassoed celebrities. She says in her autobiography: "The one continuing problem in my life . . . what amusing thing can I do next?" Whatever it is, we'd rather read less about it, thank you.

At nightfall he wandered again to the street and mingled with the crowd. Now the air was tense with excitement. Someone said there was to be a big night scene and that one of the saloons would be burned. Already the cameras were grinding and flames were breaking through the roof of the Golden Calf.

Then came the hoarse shouts from the mob, the rush of people from the burning building. Now a spotlight turned on an upstairs front window that faced the street. There against the background of smoke and flame stood a young and beautiful woman. The crowd went silent. The fire leaped higher. The cameras ground.

"Save the lady!" shouted Moses Jones. He leaped from the crowd and sprinted toward the door of the burning building.

In the excitement of the moment someone shouted, "Stop, you fool! It ain't a woman! It's a mannequin—not a woman!"

But already Moses Jones was swallowed by the doorway. Another moment and he stood by the upstairs window. He dragged the mannequin from its place and disappeared into the flames. As he reached the doorway one of the Hollywood Indians ran forward, wrapped a blanket around his blazing figure, and he was carried across the street and laid on the boardwalk. He tried to laugh through cracked lips. "I didn't know that female was a dummy."

Van der Voort, followed by his assistant, came forward. The crowd stood back. "If they try to sue us for this accident," murmured the assistant, "we can say he was crazy."

Then as death came near and the stars grew dim, Moses Jones heard the angry voice of Van der Voort. "You damned fool!" he shouted to the sleek-haired young man. "You whine about lawsuits with a million dollars' worth of publicity lying at your feet. Get the press agent and put it on the wire that super-realism of mighty epic causes old-timer who idolized Colson to lay down his life trying to save sweetheart of the Great Outlaw!" ###

Roam, Sweet Home

Tomorrow's trailer-traveler may well go highballing cross-country in land craft like the luxurious model forecast here

This mobile little mansion—now just a drawingboard prophecy—is Sakhnoffsky's answer to the dream-wishes of all who yearn to heed the call of the open road. Suave, compact, luxurious, it is designed for the adventurer who wants his pleasure earthy, but with a maximum of comfort. Convenient as any land-bound penthouse, it can follow your favorite seasons, or roll out a prairie or a mountain for your frontyard.

Trailer fans of the thirties would gasp at the urbane comforts of this four-room trailerhouse, no relation to the restless piano crates which highballed across the nation in their heydey. Yet this is no millionaire's plaything, in spite of its genteel lines and generally expensive air. In reality, it is a means to the moderate priced, effortless living that the space-devouring postwar generation seems to be seeking.

An effort has been made to give this trailer an air of sleek and inoffensive self-sufficiency which would blend proudly into any residential community, and to highlight features which would eliminate the "camping out" atmosphere of trailer life, old-style. Such a trailer would win friends and influence traffic cops.

Here's how this dream for free wheelers shapes up:

The overall length is a trifle more than twenty-one feet, and the overall height measures eight feet, three inches. Outside lines are simple. The shape follows the principles evolved by the wind-tunnel (that overworked word "streamlining" actually applies here) and has advantages in the matter of sidewinds that will be apparent to the driver of the car when he is at the wheel as well as when he is toting up his oil and gas bills.

At the upper right is a drawing of the interior of the lounge, which occupies the clear plastic nose of the trailer, reminiscent of a bomber. This sky-view covering carries out the "bringing the outdoors indoors" plan found in many modern homes and gives a feeling of spaciousness that is an antidote to claustrophobia. A semi-circular seat runs around the wall.

A panel of the real wall of the lounge swings down to form a hinged table, at the same time opening a serving space into the kitchen. No table legs cross with the human legs of those seated about the table for meals, card playing or reading. The lounge may also serve as a guest room, sleeping three—provided one of the guests doesn't mind being bedded on the floor, or can dream even as he curls pretzelwise around the end curve of the upholstered seat.

A hallway runs down the side of the trailer from the lounge to the master bedroom at the back. Opening off the hall is the kitchen—directly behind the lounge—equipped with stove, refrigerator, sink and storage space.

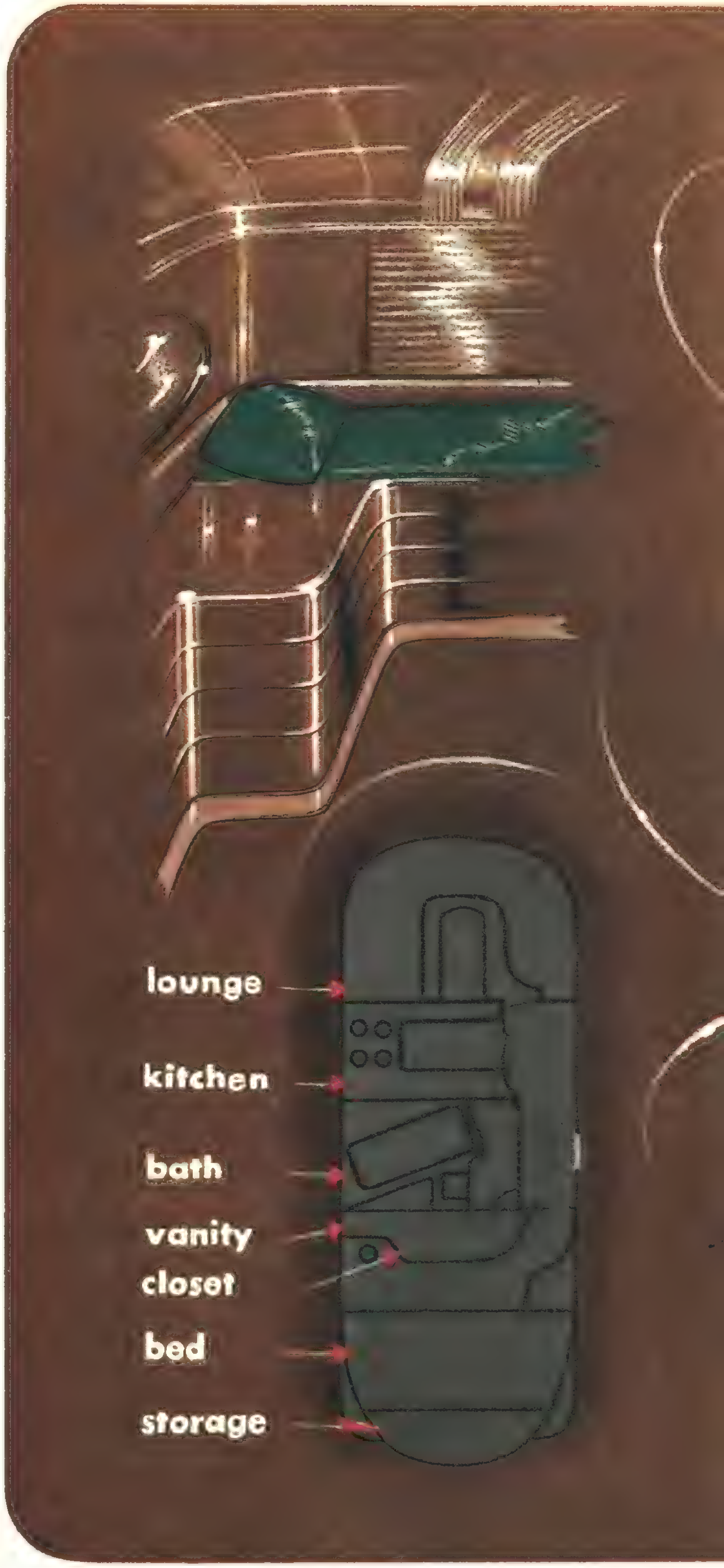
Just behind the kitchen is the bathroom, shown in the center drawing at the bottom of the page. An ingenious use of space is made here with the combination unit of bathtub and toilet. Here is a real tub—if somewhat on the miniature side—running diagonally. The lid of the toilet fits even with the top surface. Above it are shelves for towels. The washstand is opposite.

Last compartment of the trailer is the bedroom, seen in the drawing at the right. An extra-wide, extra-long bed runs across the back from side to side. There is storage space under the bed and in the built-in chest attached to it. On the opposite wall is a dressing table and a fair-sized clothes closet. Louvers on each side of the bed regulate intake of air.

Behind the bed is a large space for storage, your household attic and basement, as it were, where water, tires and luggage may nestle out of sight. The compartment is accessible from the outside, good housekeepers will rejoice to hear.

Those who may have caromed from place to place in the old days, completely at the mercy of centrifugal force on sharp turns and sudden stops, will heartily endorse the way all corners have been rounded throughout this trailer to lower the total of bruises per trip to an unnoticeable minimum. Lighting is indirect, through a half-round trough along the ceiling. For the windows—Venetian blinds.

Care has been taken in the design of this trailer to keep it sufficiently uncomplicated so that the making of dies would be simple. Manufacturing costs would not be in the upper brackets. Soon—it could be—prophecy may make the wheels go round. ###

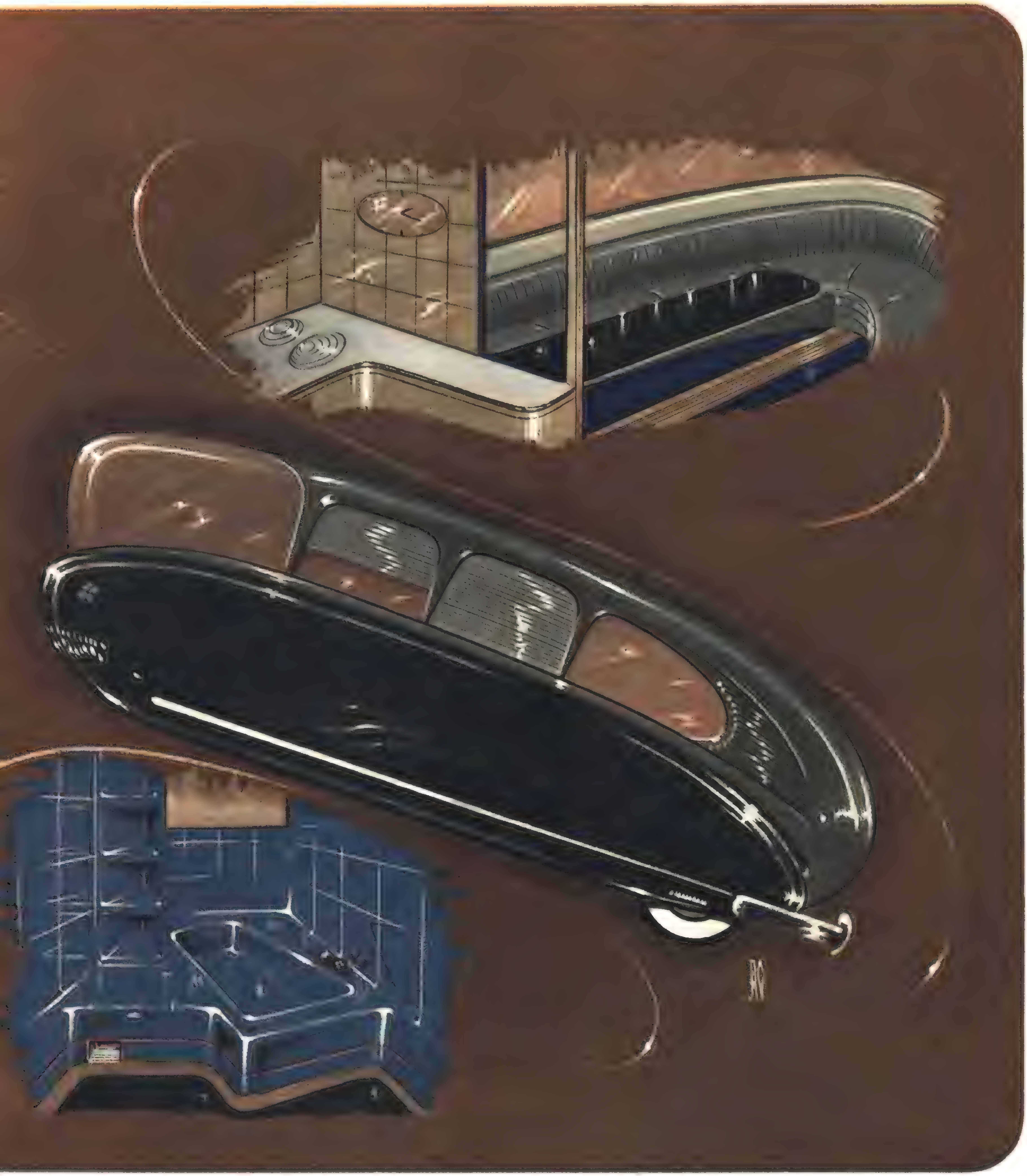


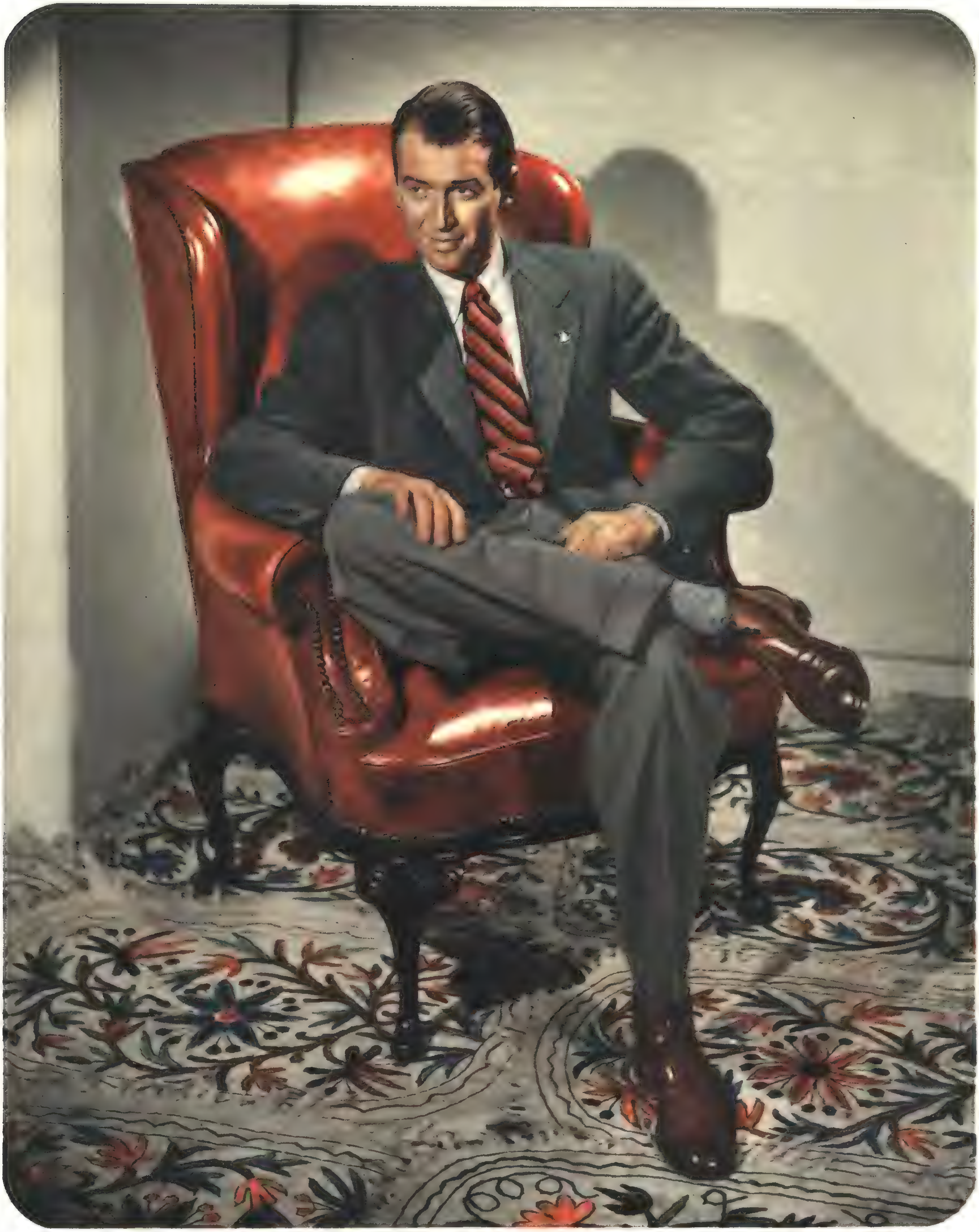
"MECHANICAL PROPHECIES"

No. 1 of a Series

Designs by Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky, back from the wars with the rank of Lt. Colonel, returns to Esquire with these gems of his imagination and drawing board, first in a new series entitled "Mechanical Prophecies." Witness to the refreshing and practical originality of Sakhnoffsky design are the products of many a U.S. firm, whisked straightaway to the assembly line from his creations in Esquire's pages over a period of years before the war. We called them "Mechanical Fashions" then, but now as we reflect on his contributions to modern living, we know that the Sakhnoffsky concept may be prophetic as well as colorful and brilliant. Look for his new prophecies each month. Watch as the future takes graphic shape in Esquire.





SETTING BY ANTIQUE MARKET, NEW YORK

HOLLYWOOD LUMINARY

James Stewart

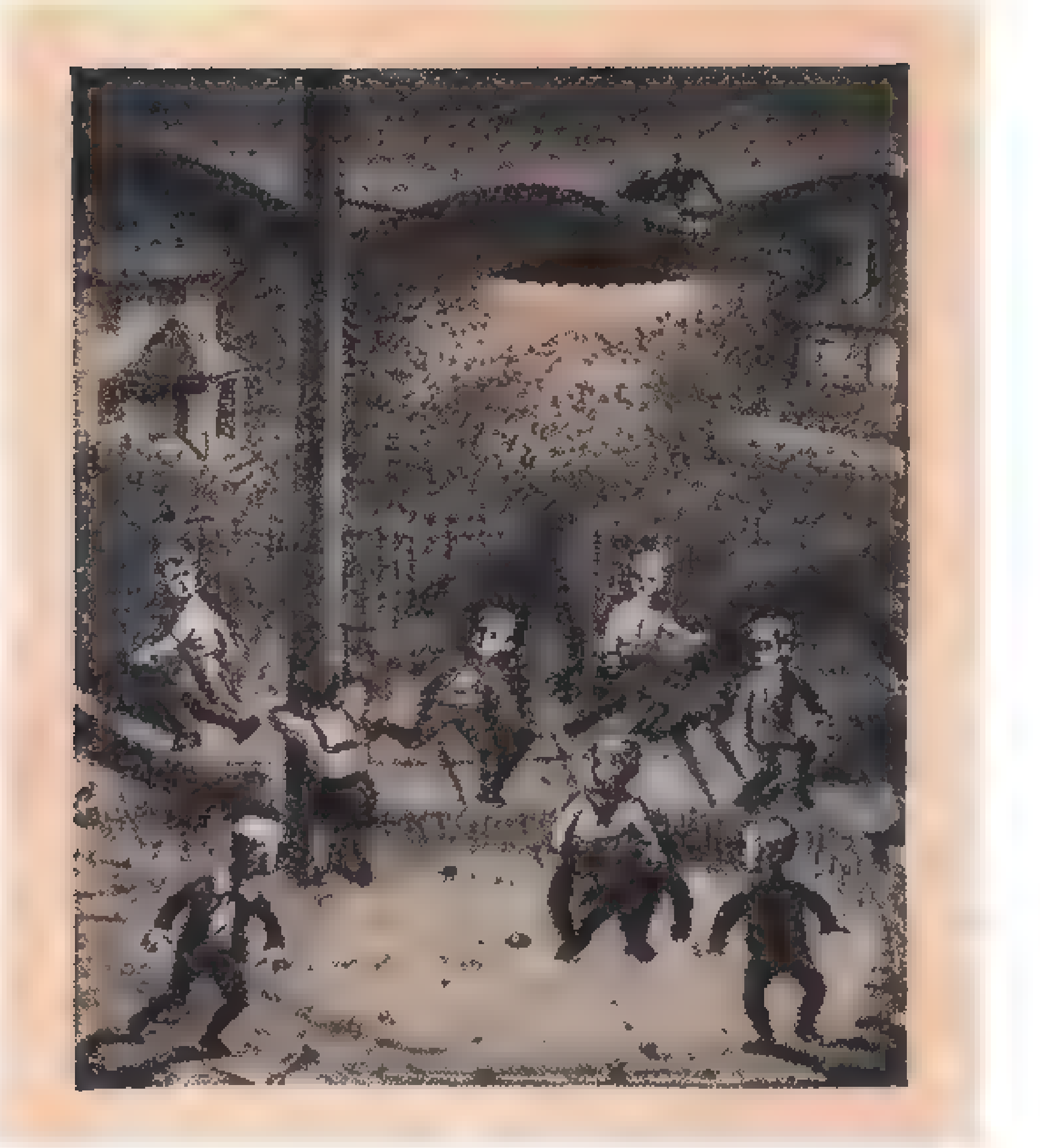
Photograph by Ravitz

After nearly four years of military service, about which he insisted on a minimum of publicity, Jimmy Stewart returns to the screen in *It's a Wonderful Life.* Trading his ribbons and silver leaves of a Lieutenant Colonel for the "ruptured duck," Stewart here wears the ankle-high chukka shoes he wore in the Air Corps. His jacket is a small-patterned tweed, three-button model, worn with grey flannel slacks, blue and white striped shirt, wool tie, ribbed grey wool socks. He's pleased to find that his prewar wardrobe still fits, including the polo coats and white shoes—ideas that he's refused to give up since his Princeton days. Off screen he likes easy lines and blue, grey or even brown (unlike most khaki-sated veterans).

Presenting a sheaf of new arguments to support the big town's position in its hoary debate with the hamlet and farm

I'll Take the City

by J. ANDREW WHITE



For too long now, friends have been bombarding me with ecstatic hymns sung to the country and the small town as the place to bring up kids. I suppose that's the respectable point of view and I know millions of people subscribe to it—but me, I'll take the city.

I've brought up my four children variously on a farm, in a small town, a big town, the canyon country even. My wife is a small-town girl and I grew up in New York. I think we've had more than the average opportunity to get the facts first-hand on this city-country argument. And frankly, I'm a little tired of watching the city take its lambasting without fighting back. My wife says, "You've done all right and so have the kids you grew up with. Tell people how well the city did for you and your friends. Speak your piece; throw the book at 'em!"

So here's my book, citing chapter and verse from my own childhood on the streets of New York. Out of memory, I've dug up the names of twenty of the kids who grew up with me across the turn of the century and I've asked myself, "How about these kids? What were they like, growing up and grown-up? How did they work out?"

Thinking back turned out to be a fascinating game, both because it was exciting to remember names, dates and events and because my catalog of twenty kids right off our block in New York produced several who could rate as smash successes and not a single one for whom I have to apologize.

Just for a starter, let's take my first case of hero worship. The boy next door was eighteen, I was six. His name was Harry Howells, and when he went down the street and was sufficiently far away we would call out in a high treble, "Harry howls like a dog!" To this witticism the big boy never once paid the slightest attention. He'd go on his way with an easy, ground-covering stride. The day came when I saw that stride in action on an occasion I must still rate as historical.

Life came really astir when another first-grader and I faced the great adventure of going to Travers Island, where the New York Athletic Club held its annual track and field athletic championships. The half-day trip to Travers Island was a nightmare for a pair of six-year-olds, but we got there. And the hours of anxiety were instantly forgotten in the blissful moment when we finally thumped across the bridge to the isle of glory. For flags waved and a band played. Sun-tanned men of towering stature in blazers and flannels and skimmer straw hats milled about us in droves. Talk was rapid, gay and excited. We caught a word, a phrase, a name—and suddenly we had it clearly. The magic name that sped from lip to lip was Arthur Duffey! Soon we knew more. The fastest runner in the world . . . 100 yards in 9 4/5ths seconds. *Whoo!*

A roar to tear the heavens apart greeted Duffey's appearance. An announcer bayed. Mr. Duffey would attempt to equal his record, against the stop watch. Squirming under a phalanx of thighs, we made the open. The great Duffey stood alone at the starting mark. We skittered across the cinders, started toward him—and, hey! From nowhere another figure had appeared on the track in running-shorts, and . . . it looked like . . . it couldn't be . . . it was! Harry Howells! The announcer raised his megaphone: Mr. Howells would pace Mr. Duffey . . .

Our friend—we *knew* him! Harry flashed us a glint of recognition. We watched fascinated as his spiked shoes scratched two footholds deep into the cinders. He was getting a head start, we could see that, for Duffey was getting set farther back.

Something about this was disappointing but we guessed it was all right. A man with a watch overheard us. No one, he said, could start even with *Duffey* and hope to hold him at the finish line.

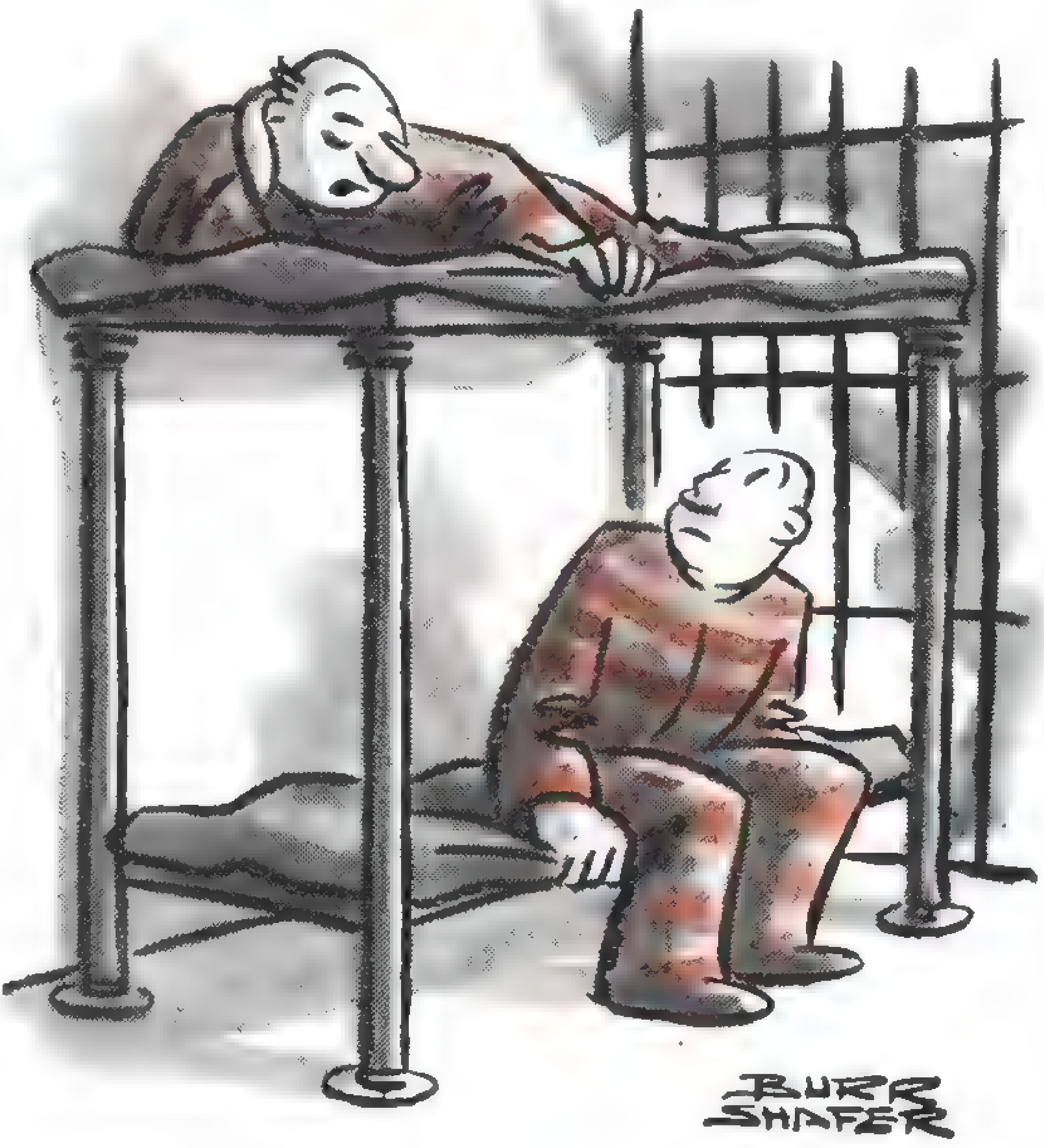
Harry Howells needed his handicap and more—for Duffey broke the tape two full strides ahead. And although Harry lost, the thrill of Travers Island held all through the return journey. We told each other about the brawny men who had cheered the record-holder, but most of them didn't really know him. It was a million times better to be a boy who, any day on his own street, could go right up and say hello to the *second fastest* human—the big boy next door.

And then there was another friend who like us was a little boy. We could almost keep up with him running, and we never once dreamed that one day we'd be awfully excited about him. As a small-fry runner, he was a skinny and anemic looking kid who practiced running on the hard cement sidewalks. He ran slowly on purpose, and for a long time without stopping. He got so he seemed never to be out of breath. Our humorous way of handling his name was, "Big A—little a-r-o-n," which translates Aaron. His name in full, Aaron Bailey, was destined to be engraved on a cabinetful of cups, plaques, and medals, trophies of the countless times he was first across the line in a championship field of distance runners.

One more athletic sampling turns up recollection of a best-loved New York playmate, Dan Horton. If you are a Princeton man or have competed in track, you know the name. But maybe you don't know that Dan learned to smash all college records for pole vaulting by practicing in a hard-surfaced lot on the Broadway corner where the Hotel Belleclaire now stands. In later life, Dan Horton took over a closed neighborhood brewery and became a beer baron.

Although these three boys certainly were athletically exceptional, I suspect that other sections of New York may well have produced their match. For the neighborhood I grew up in was average. Up to my seventeenth birthday, my area of circulation was from 73rd street to 78th, a central sector of what was known as the Upper West Side. These streets all looked pretty much alike. Unbroken rows of high-stooped brownstone houses ran the length of the block from Columbus Avenue to Amsterdam Avenue, with five-story walkup apartment houses closing ranks at the corners. Elevated trains racketed along one avenue; horse cars clip-clopped along the other. Our parents were middle class, of moderate prosperity.

Most of us went to Public School 87, and our home upbringing aimed to make genteel behavior habitual, but with a full aliveness to what nowadays is weightily called a developed social consciousness. In short, we did not throw ourselves around with the loutishness of the less-privileged boys who lived in the tenements of Amsterdam Avenue, and



"Ho hum--ain't this seemed like a long day to you?"

yet we did not look down our noses at these boys. We mingled, but not to the point of intimacy. In the hours after school they disappeared into narrow slot entrances of too-old flats whose stale hallways smelled of sour varnish. We played our games on the pavements of the side streets where we lived.

As a general thing the tenement boys of our immediate neighborhood were quite well behaved. But every now and then they would go hoodlum in a yen to change the odds. In feeble imitation of the kid gangs from the Gashouse District, a mob of twenty or so would set off to 'swipe' everything in sight, swarming over any resistance in approved gang-fighting onrushes.

To stand alone against one of these outbreaks was more foolhardy than bright. I tried it once. It was when I was eight years old and an aspiring sand lot ball player. Our endeavors were mainly in one o' cat played in a lot that was not over sixteen yards square. To this minuscule diamond we brought ball playing equipment that was compensatingly outsize. The two prized items were a catcher's mitt as big as a pillow and an amazing bat that was regulation big league. It certified in bold lettering that it was genuine wagon-tongue.

Although the owner of this magnificent bat was assured a place on the "team," he was a pain in the neck even when placed in the outfield. He couldn't handle a grounder or a pop fly, he was younger and smaller than the rest of us, and he had horrible blond curls. His mother had introduced him to us with the beaming explanation that her boy Webb was a child actor who would play such roles as Little Lord Fauntleroy, Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer. It was the worst possible introduction. We knew who played these parts on Broadway, a boy named Wallace Eddinger. This sissy kid wasn't even an actor; he just wanted to be one. We never did quite accept little Webb. We adopted him.

Yet when I stood out against the street gang it was not as a noble protector of a ward. It was when the bat was imperiled. I had been first to arrive at our baseball lot that day, and in a few minutes I saw Webb coming along, happily swinging the great swat stick. In the same instant, disaster swept around the corner. To a battle shout rising from under the 'L' structure twenty hoodlums made a pell-mell rush at the lone small boy, and down he went under a heap of squirming bodies. In a matter of seconds a snub-nosed urchin scrambled out of the scrimmage pile and began waving the wagon-tongue bat in shrill-voiced triumph.

What a gang stole it kept! I didn't think beyond that. With lowered head I charged. Recovery of the prized property was surprisingly easy—one snatch and I had it. But the junior mobsters dove at me from all directions. There was no getaway. Little Webb had somehow crawled through to the fence and was crouched at my feet. We both knew the end would come in a matter of minutes.

Then, out of the corner of an eye, I glimpsed a miracle. Coming at a dogtrot were the two boys of all the neighborhood who could pull me out of this fix. They were brothers, aged only a year or so apart, and could they *fight*! They were old, too, ten years old at least. A second quick look told me there could be no mistake. As always they were dressed alike: Eton jackets, wide white collars, striped pants, little pot hats, spotless suede gloves. They covered the ground fast, no yells, no warnings.

While the sub-junior gangsters were shrilling curses and threats at me, the brothers struck into the flank of the pack in a complete surprise attack. Suede-gloved fists cracked right and left in punches straight from the shoulder—driven socks, no Mary Ann's. The untrained hoodlums swung back wildly, tried to butt with their heads, but the trained punches came right through. It was carnage, and over in minutes. The street gang took off in full flight with never a backward look. Jerry and his brother Paul showed no sign of combat other than a heaving shortness of breath. Little Webb was a sight, and we started to clean him up. Then it dawned on us that he hadn't cried the least bit, nor whimpered. Jerry patted him on the back. Little Webb had made it. From that day on, he was "in."

Now, what in later life came out of such small-boy contacts with the less beautiful aspects of life in the city? Fighters? No. Jerry of the splendid fists is Jerome D. Travers, whose delicate touch on the shafts of golf clubs was to win him the U. S. Open Championship and a long-held rating as America's leading player. Little Webb is Clifton Webb, whose screen performance in *Laura* is of recent pleasant memory, topping many stage triumphs in such fast company as Fred Allen, Mary Boland and Humphrey Bogart.

And so on to other names on my playmate list.

There was Doug, who was sort of an outrigger scavenger for an early enterprise of mine in pop bottles. He rang doorbells on one side of the street and I took the other, and the bottles we collected were sorted out as his and mine. I had the responsibility of taking each day's haul in my wagon to Tscheppe's, the corner drugstore, and collecting the two-cent deposit. In the split, Doug got one cent on his bottles, and I kept the other cent as his partner. On the bottles I collected, I kept the full two cents. This lopsided arrangement was my reward for having discovered the possibilities in pop bottles. It had been simpler also not to mention to Doug that Mr. Tscheppe paid five cents for returned citrate of magnesia bottles. Whenever Doug turned up a citrate bottle, I obligingly simplified the calculation by trading him a two-center for it, even.

For all of two weeks the deal rolled along to mutual satisfaction and profit. Then came a day when Doug decided to forage on his own. The take was poor, and his total collection after an hour of doorbell ringing was an ignominious three bottles—two pops, one citrate. He decided to take them to the druggist himself and save face by never telling me about it. His eyes bugged when Mr. Tscheppe gave him nine cents with the assurance that there was no mistake: two cents each for the pops, five cents for the citrate.

In after years Doug always said that his partnership with me made him a businessman at nine. Doug did all right in business. On New York's swanky 57th street, he sold used automobiles in the super-upper price brackets, displayed in a salon that could have been mistaken for the anteroom to a rajah's palace but for the gold-leaf signature over the portal: Douglas C. Burrelle.

It strikes me as I check off the names of these boys of my neighborhood that few of them became purveyors of small potatoes. There was Phil Klein, for example. In teen-age years Phil moved out of the neighborhood. When next I heard from him we were in our early twenties, and I was a dramatic critic—not first string, a second-nighter—and the message was that Phil would like to have lunch with me the next day.

His office turned out to be a big barnlike room, the walls hung with theatrical posters. There were as yet no desks. Phil introduced Jesse Lasky and William Faversham. They pleasantly agreed with him that they needed a writer to round out their present staff of three, and that's why they had sent for me. I gave Phil my answer the next day. It was no; I couldn't see a change; I was doing all right. And that's where I walked out on one of the first meetings which culminated in the organization of a great motion picture company, Famous Players, later Paramount.

Earl, the son of a dentist, comes next. Dr. Gulick had a sideline in tooth powder, and his advertising featured the angelic upturned face of Earl Gulick, boy soprano. After his voice changed, Earl developed a fine baritone and steered toward opera. In time he went to Europe. When he came back he had acquired a fur-lined coat and unique power; he was the sole representative of Jean and Edouard de Reszke. This made him sort of a one-man jury over the songster trials of those Americans who aspired to grand opera.

Two names on my list are reminders of how in early youth names were things to distort. Or, as it was with one of these names, Milton, the boy himself detested it. Why, was never clear. His best pal had a surname we never mentioned; he was called "Toothwash" Milton and Toothwash eventually went

(*Continued on page 207*)

You might think six years would change a man like Job, but later in the diner you could see he was no better than before

Onions Bring Tears

by PHILIP REYNOLDS

The upper-berth passenger gave me a faint, preoccupied nod as I sat down, and continued reading a letter of many pages. The train shuddered, as though a rabbit had crossed its path, picked up speed, and soon was slicing through the countryside. The afternoon sun flashed lights and shadows on the rocks and harvests. Hours came and rolled away like the glistening streams and the hollow song of the hurdled bridges. The passenger sat quietly engrossed, now with more letters and snapshots that flowed with monotonous regularity out of his bulging brief case.

A family man, I mused, an executive, who loves his home and spends lonely hours dreaming of his wife and children. Commendable, but not exceedingly neat. The upholstery was littered with envelopes.

I glanced nervously out at the trees skimming by. A vague, subconscious feeling enveloped me like a baby struggling for breath, for I was certain that I had seen this man before. Call it a newsman's hunch, yet somewhere in the inky market place of copy his face was set with type. Then the initials J.O.B. on his briefcase added substance to the impression. Who is J.O.B.? The thought persisted. Still I could be wrong. Only last week a recent friend had looked like an old acquaintance.

I had just finished this mute soliloquy, when a gust of wind through an open Pullman door scattered his memories on the floor. As I helped retrieve them, he came out of his meditation and for the first time became aware of my existence. We shook hands. We smiled. "My name is Brent, Joseph O. Brent," he said. "Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Ryder." We chatted a while and then he excused himself for a smoke.

I had not been good company; I had been cotton picking, for I knew who he was. My memory had flashed back six years as though it were a day. A rich, retired pineapple importer had died, leaving his fortune to his son and two older daughters. The sisters received their shares outright, but "Job," as the boy was called, found his share held in trust. He did get the income from the legacy, a pittance, annually, of about 17,000 dollars, but he had to show two consecutive years of good behavior and sobriety before the trust principal would be turned over to him.

Brent's father had good cause to suspect his son of weakness in worldly matters. Job had received money at his mother's death and had quickly set out to prove himself a top-ranking playboy. He out-drank, and out-gambled the best or the worst, whichever way you look at it. He broke a dozen hearts, and ended up broke himself. It had taken many pineapples to settle the lawsuits.

Two years after his father's demise, Job breezed into the executor's office by appointment, prepared to walk off with his inheritance. His two sisters were waiting, also by appointment. The desire to carry out their father's wishes were self-justifying reasons why they had kept a paid investigator on his trail for two wavering years. "Job Well Done" was one headline that I remembered, because I had written it myself.

Two years later I was in Normandy, when a month-old newspaper fell into my hands. I was devouring every line, when the item, "Heir Apparent A Parent," caught my eye. Job was married, and had a child, but he had lost the case again. The sisters had been able to prove again, with the aid of the investigator, that Job was an expert at finding the shortest path to a pretty face. With him there were no gradual allurements. Pleasure was his business in life. He never found gaiety insipid or wearisome. He was like a ship that sails on every wind, but the only port he sailed into was in a glass. The detective had jabbed the bayonet in deep, and had pulled the trigger with this final statement: "In all the time I have spent on his trail, he has never found a friend or seemed to care to make one."

* * *

I looked up as the Pullman door opened. It was a smiling Job who greeted me. The faint odor of alcohol did not come from his hair, but he was not drunk, just friendly.

"I'm glad to know you." He spoke as though he had met me that minute. "I had to take this upper berth when my plane reservation was canceled. Must get to New York tomorrow morning. Important business with a lawyer. Oh, it's friendly," he continued, as I raised my eyes, "executor to my father's estate. He's meeting me at eight for breakfast on the train. Gets on at Albany early. He lives there. I phoned him from Chicago, gave him my car number just in case I should be sleeping. He's a friend of my wife's family."

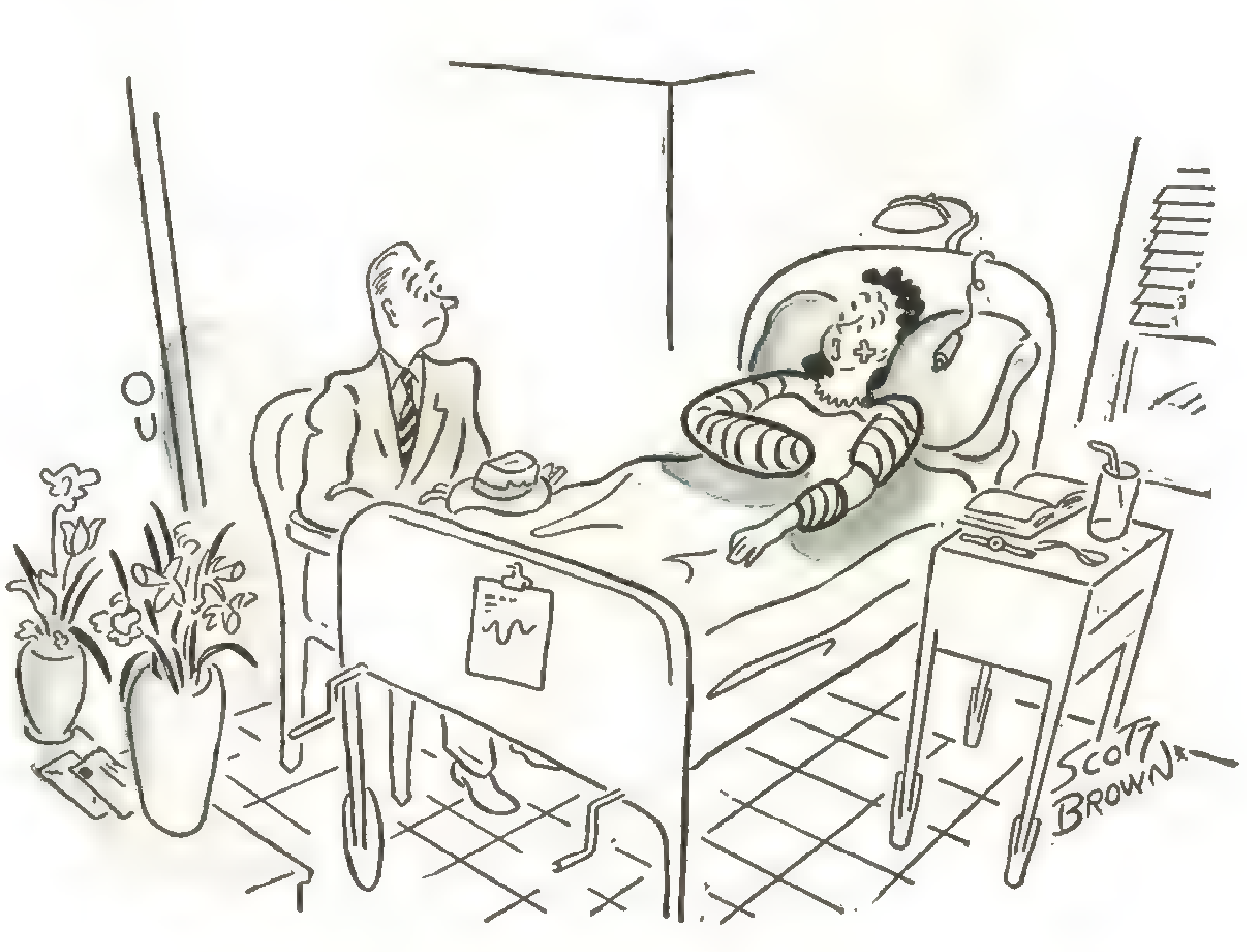
I asked Job if he lived in Chicago. He laughed. "New York is my home, but I was overworked. I took a two years' holiday. I've been everywhere, hop, skip, and jump. Oh, I've been back home a few times. I have a wife and two kids. I'm lonesome for them right now. Can hardly wait until I see them." A generous thought wormed its way into my suspicious mind. Suppose he has changed? He isn't a boy any more. Job is ready to settle down.

By this time I was exhausted, and the call, "Dinner being served five cars back," offered a welcome escape.

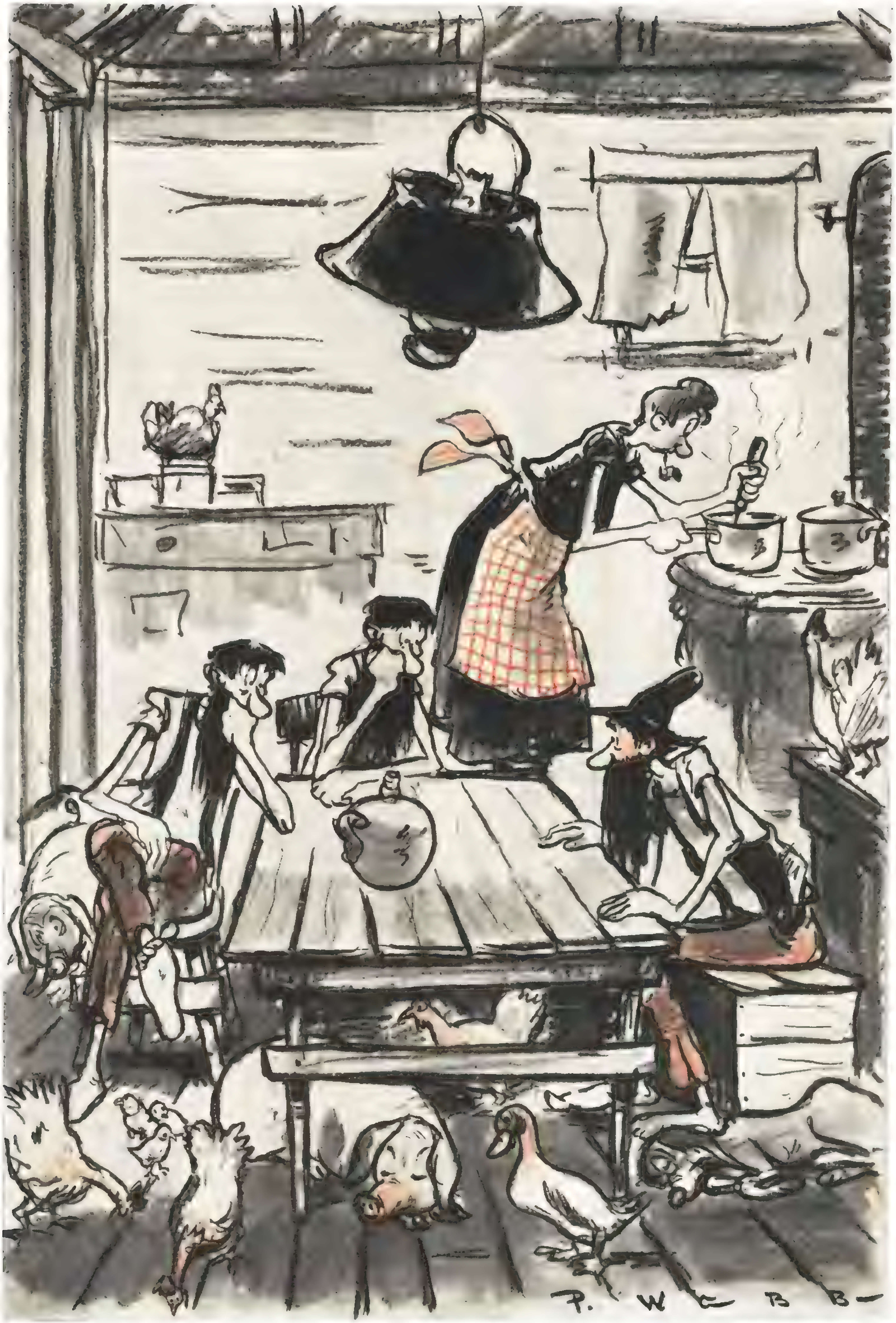
The diner was crowded, and we had to wait. As we edged forward, he nudged me. "Look at that pretty dish ahead of you." I stretched my neck and peered searchingly at the food. "The dame, I mean, the dame. Let me in front," he continued, squeezing his pudgy body ahead as he spoke.

It wasn't long before the "pretty dish" was set before the king, although for a while I put up a good fight for her. Sally was in her twenties. Her dark eyes flashed in mock disfavor at a sly pun, and her face lit up with an enchanting smile of triumph as she told us of her successful battle with a ticket agent for her roomette. Yes, she had one, in the car behind ours. She

(Continued on page 169)


SCOTT BROWN JR.

"Have you found a contractor yet, George, to re-attach the garage to the house?"



"Gawdamighty! Maw shore kin stink up a room when she gits cookin' them onions, can't she?"

WEBER

A bloodhound for scoops, he handled Chicago hoodlums and Nazi sentries with equal aplomb

The Luck of Robert Casey

by ALAN HYND

During that phase of the recent war which the late Senator William E. Borah described as phony, Robert Joseph Casey, flamboyant, fifty-six-year-old war correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News*, decided that he wanted to have a firsthand look behind the German lines. So, with no military permission whatsoever, Casey hired a taxi in Luxembourg and drove right through the bristling Siegfried Line, casually waving to puzzled sentries as he passed, and, under his breath, muttering reflections on their natal legitimacy. When he had seen everything he wanted to see, Casey drove back to Luxembourg.

French and English military authorities were shocked when they learned what Casey had done, but friends of the Chicago ace reporter weren't. Casey had been doing things like that for a quarter of a century.

The war, to Casey, was just another assignment to be handled with thoroughness and gusto. Always a believer in getting his facts firsthand, Casey, almost the last of Chicago's nothing-sacred school of reporters, once interviewed a lady while she was in the process of taking a bath. On another occasion, he chatted with a Chicago gangster who was lying in a street with a knife in his back, and later wrote the story with his typewriter on a bar. Once he heard about a remarkable dog, sought out the canine and asked the dog, in the presence of its startled owner, "Tell me, is it true that you repeat malicious gossip?"

All his life, Casey—a heavy, balding man with an Irish face—has had the proverbial luck of the Irish. Once he walked out of an office in Chicago's County Building in time to witness a spectacular gun battle that broke out in the corridor. Another time he missed the *S.S. Tahiti* by five minutes. Two days later the boat sank and all aboard were lost.

Although he has had countless scoops in the realm of fires, floods, gang killings, political scandals, wars, earthquakes and divorces, Casey has muffed a story here and there. While covering the 1919 World Series as a baseball reporter, Casey became so absorbed in the games that he completely overlooked the fact that several Chicago White Sox players were deliberately throwing the series to Cincinnati. He received a wire from his managing editor reading:

HAVE INCONTROVERTIBLE EVIDENCE THIS SERIES FIXED STOP WHAT ABOUT IT QUESTION

To which Casey, who still gets red when he thinks about it, sent the following reply:

SUCH THINGS ARE NOT DONE IN THE BIG LEAGUES

It was Bob Casey who called a halt to the Chicago newspapers' practice of glamorizing gangsters in the prohibition era. One day it was Casey's job to bang out a story on the life of a notorious hoodlum who had just been murdered. The other papers played up the story as if it were a civic calamity, but Casey, hating anything spurious, pointed out that the late gangster had been a no-good, none-too-bright bum and that his death was a matter of complete and utter inconsequence. He wound up his story with the sentence, "Next week—East Lynne." Gangdom, which took its death notices seriously, never completely recovered from that brush-off.

Casey, who is given to whimsicalities, put newspaper writing on an assembly-belt basis while serving as a rewrite man on the Chicago *Journal*. Almost every Saturday around noon, a few minutes before press time, there would be a big pay-roll holdup. Casey would then be faced with the problem of taking the facts over the phone and batting out a story half a column long in time to make the edition.

Pondering his predicament, Casey was struck by the similarity of all the holdups. He decided, therefore, to construct a stock holdup story, running half a column in length. When the actual crime occurred, all Casey did was fill in the time, the location, the number of bandits participating, the amount stolen, the names of the victims, and so on.

About the time the editors of the *Journal* discovered that practically the same story was running every Saturday afternoon, paymasters began to use checks instead of cash and the holdups ceased.

Although not addicted to faking, Casey has not been above nudging a story along once in a while. In 1933, he was in Havana when Cuban revolutionaries trained artillery fire at the National Hotel. Casey, an artilleryman in the first World War, was distressed at the inept marksmanship of the revolutionists. He took over and hit his mark on the first shot.

Upon his return, Casey asked the cashier of the *Daily News* how much money had been forwarded to him on the Cuban assignment. The figure, the books showed, was 3,286 dollars and twenty-two cents. Whereupon Casey, who has always had an aversion to financial details, accounted for his expenditures as follows: "I went to Cuba. I spent three months covering three revolutions. I spent $3,286.22. I wish to God I knew where."

The man who is widely regarded as one of the greatest living newspapermen came into this world as the indirect result of a horse race. In 1888, James Casey, an itinerant bachelor of Irish antecedents, in California at the moment, put 300 dollars on a horse named Marigold, and Marigold came in at 100 to one. With 30,000 dollars in his pocket, Casey visited a sister in South Dakota. There he met a pretty girl and quickly married her. The hero of our chronicle was born in March, 1890.

Young Bob studied musical composition as a child, and put his knowledge to use in later life when harmonizing with the boys in the back room. He studied chemistry at the Armour Institute of Technology in Chicago, and then sped through a four-year curriculum in three years at St. Mary's College in Kansas.

Casey was heavy set and husky, but threatened by tuberculosis. He was sent to the Black Hills of South

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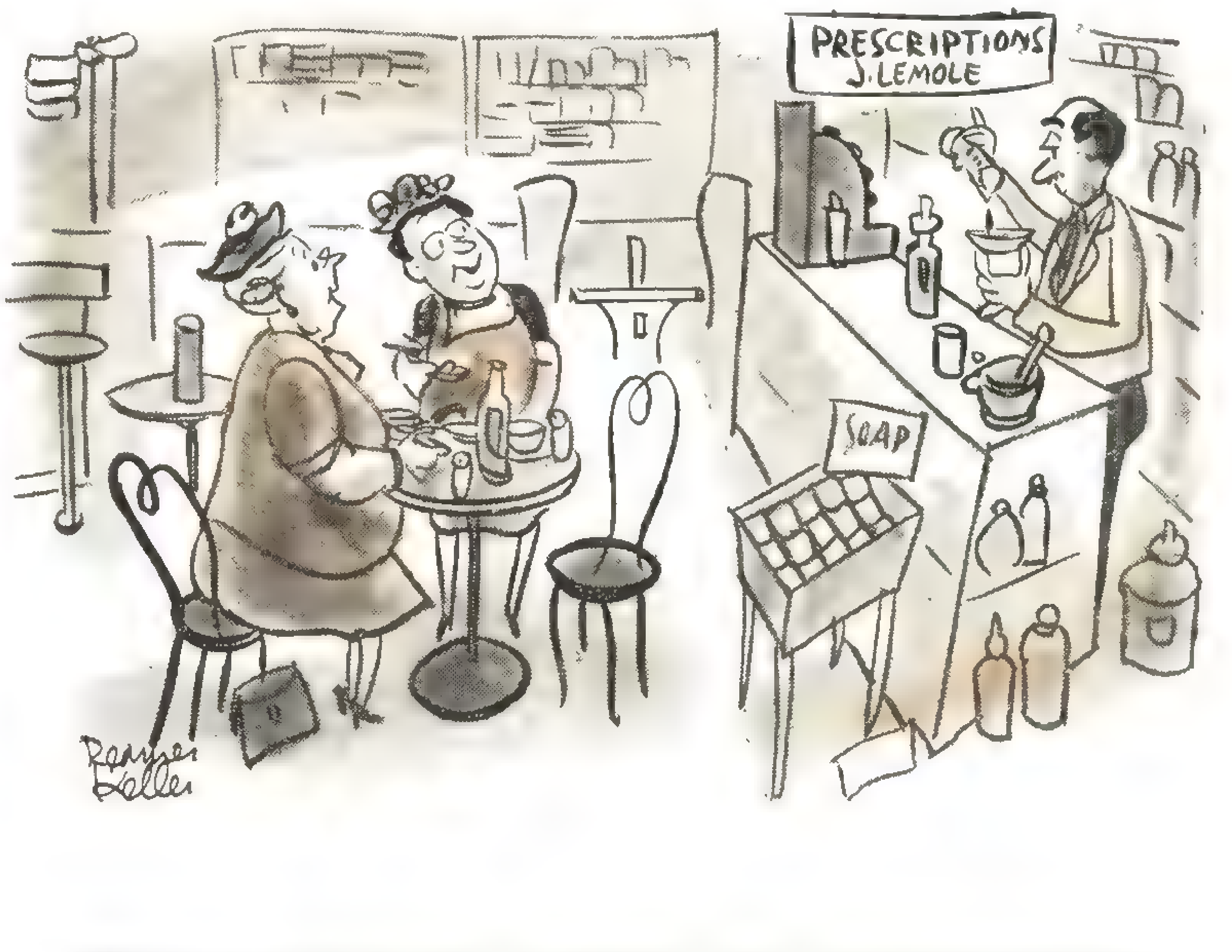
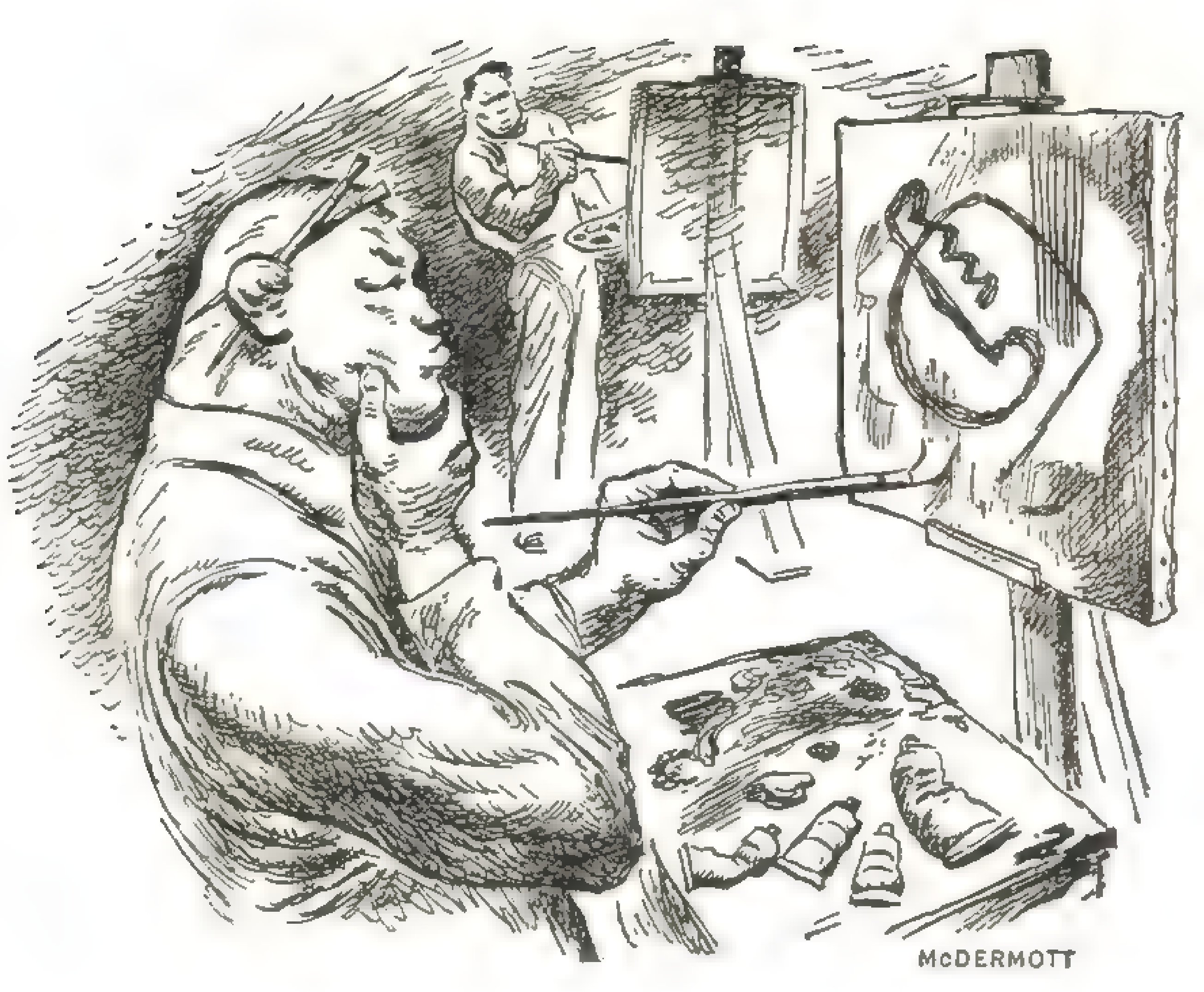


"He's a good druggist, but don't you think his chicken salad is a little salty?"

Bertha figures that life is too beautiful to waste on a sordid thing like wrestling

A Lesson in the Manly Art

by MEL MATISON



The day my battalion takes over a small town in Normandy, I am with my two buddies, Poochy Duff and Ali Snaffu. Poochy is an ex-wrestler from Tenth Avenue, New York, whose weakness to use a hidden knee trick in the ring gets him bounced by the commission. Being without a job, and also being patriotic as well as in 1A, he enlists. Ali is a hefty from Turkey who comes to the U. S. A. to seek his fortune, but finds himself in a uniform instead.

We are picking our way through what's left of the town this day when Poochy pulls up short and leans against the remains of a tank.

"Rest a minute, fellas," he pants. "I'm pooped."

Ali and I are very willing. The sun is hot.

"What I need," says Poochy, "is a coupla good wrestlin' matches to get my wind back."

"Go ahead, Ali," I say to the gasping Turk. "Wrestle him until he gets his wind back."

Ali is a simple guy. Army discipline has taught him to take orders. Also he is bigger than Poochy. He drops his gun, makes a grab for Poochy, and before I can take a second swig out of my canteen the boys are bashing each other around in the heat. Poochy tries holds but Ali is no dub. It's plain he knows nothing about wrestling but he doesn't let Poochy push him around. Finally they drop with no bones broken.

"Is good fun," grins Ali. "I like."

"Say, you ain't bad, kid," says Poochy.

I'm thinking Ali is not only not bad but absolutely good. I look at him like I have never seen him before. Then I turn to Poochy.

"Poochy," I say, "we have something. You're going to teach Ali to wrestle. You the trainer, me the manager. We'll call Ali the Bull of Istanbul. We're going into business, guys."

Ali says, "Is sounding good to me, Steve."

Poochy scratches his head. "Yeah, sure," he says, "let's go tell the general to leave us outa here, we got other plans."

"No, you don't get it, Pooch," I tell him. "You can teach him in our spare time. By the time the war is over he knows his stuff."

We try it. From that day on Ali is Bull. Between meals, after battles, before reveille and during furloughs they wrestle. Poochy teaches, and Bull learns so fast that in two months he is the master of eight holds.

So I write my girl: "Dearest Bertha, you can stop dreaming about that little white cottage on Sycamore Road. It's practically yours. I'm on the way up, now, honey. When I come back to Provincetown I'm giving the fish business the cold shoulder. I've got a wonderful career all set—an honest-to-goodness wrestling manager . . ."

Three weeks later I get her answer. It's like ice water in the face: "Dearest Steve, why do you sink to the level of your environment? First it was the fish business. Now it's wrestling. Why don't you strive for something finer and a little more uplifting? . . ."

That sounds to me as though Bertha is off on a new adventure. Two years ago she goes all out for yoga. Last year she tries to sell me spiritualism by V-mail. Whatever she's specializing in this year, I want no part of it.

So I write her back a strong note asking what's behind this uplifting idea and please drop it and start reading books on wrestling as my wrestling career is here to stay.

She is not dropping the uplifting, she answers, and she is not interested in wrestling. "Life has much beauty, why mix with the sordid and the commonplace?" For three pages she deals with beauty, and then it comes out. "I have always felt this way," she writes, "but it took art to give me expression. Mother has rented rooms to several people from the summer art colony and I have had many interesting discussions with them. In fact I am learning to paint . . ."

I start a chain of educational letters which have as their theme, "Painting—What Does It Get You?" But the months go by and she doesn't weaken. She keeps uplifting. All through Normandy and up to the Rhine I am fighting two wars, the other one by mail with Bertha.

The first war to stop is the one in Europe. And here I get a break. Poochy, Bill and I get shipped on one of the first boats back to the U. S. A. It's a year since Bertha and I started our poison pen letters and I want to get back to Provincetown to put an end to my private war.

At Fort Devens we are handed mustering-out pay and we trade in our points for honorable discharges. Suddenly we are civilians again.

I set up the program. The boys will go to New York. I will go to Provincetown for a couple of weeks and then pick them up in New York where I will start hounding the wrestling promoters.

I get on the train and Bull, the big lug, has tears in his eyes.

"Poochy and I not see you for two weeks, Steve," he says.

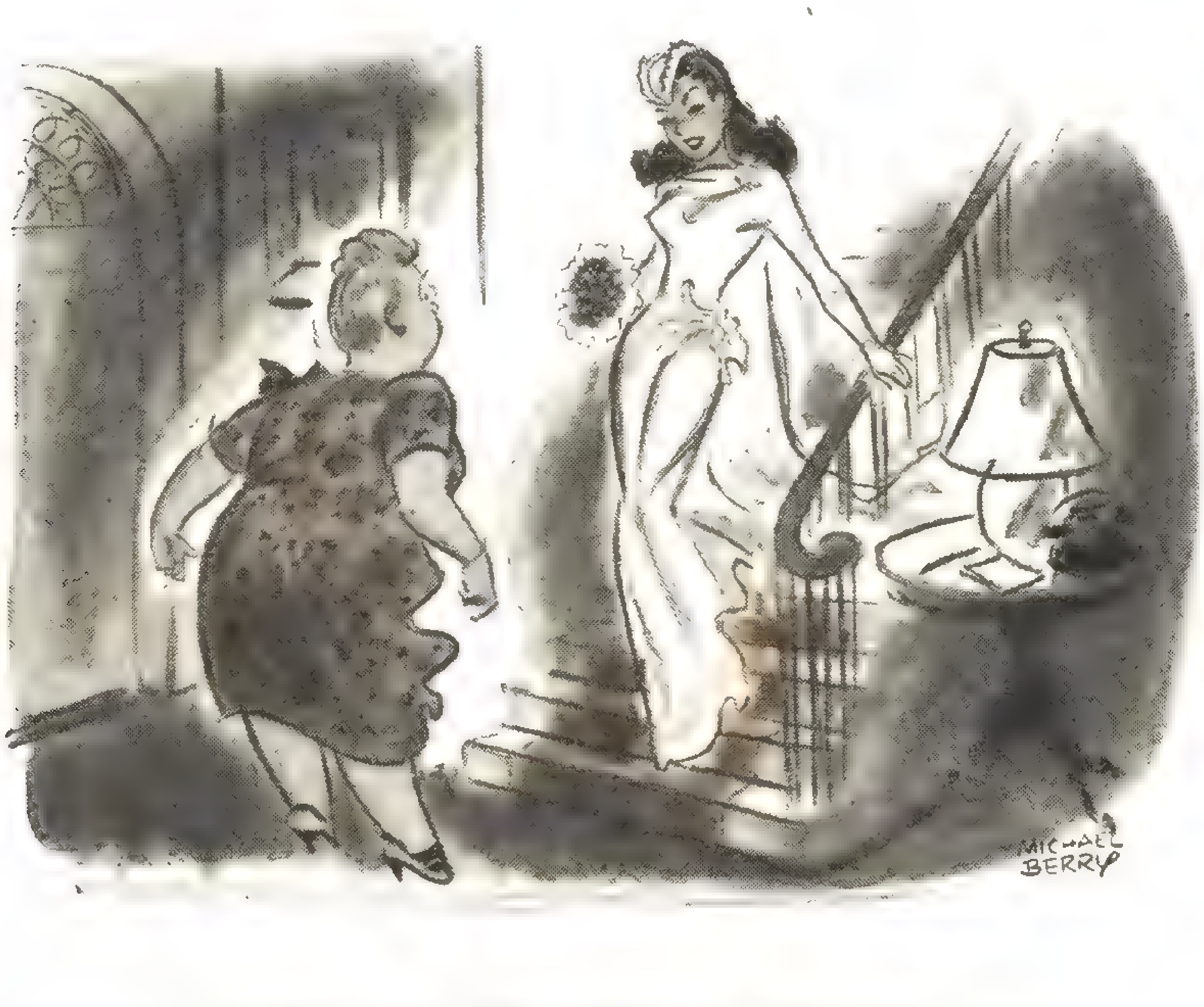
"Yeah," says Poochy, "it'll seem funny the three of us bein' split up."

I don't say anything, just wave so long. You don't share foxholes, K Rations and gripes with guys without getting a droopy feeling when you bust up with them for the first time in four years.

The train pulls out and I give a dirty look at my duffel bag which holds a candy box full of Bertha's letters. The Battle of Provincetown, I know, is about to begin.

The town looks good to me, the cobblestones, the tourists, even the artists who clutter up the streets, and the distant odor of low tide. I walk up Commercial Street, over to Bradford, and home.

Mom and Pop give out with a few tears, my kid sister Janie, wearing lipstick, is on hand with a flock of high school girl friends to show off her



"There's no telling how my blind date will turn out tonight, mother"

brother. Mom's peach-plum turnovers taste better than the memory.

I look at my watch every ten minutes until Mom says, "All right, hurry over to Bertha Dean before you jump out of your skin."

Bertha lives right off the bay, a five-minute walk. I make it in two.

Her mother is sitting on the front porch and tells me: "Bertha is in the back yard with her art class."

I hop the porch rail and am in the back yard like I am shot from a cannon. About twenty people are standing around, all facing the ocean, armed with easels, paint and brushes and making swipes at the canvas. A wild-eyed, long-haired galoot who wears a beret and ice cream pants seems to be the group leader. He has no easel and brush but is overseeing the mob.

Bertha don't see me for a minute. She's too busy making with the paint, and what's on the canvas is very peculiar. In one corner is a bunch of circles in green, black and a sort of lavender. The circles overlap to the right and there are dotted red lines running up and down and across. Right in the middle is a blotch of paint every color of the rainbow as well as seventy or eighty colors she's invented.

Then she spots me. "Steve Simmons, where did you come from?" She drops her brush and rushes at me. The clinch and the follow-up right there in the middle of the yard with twenty pairs of eyes on us—it's delicious. I forget our feud and the strangers around. I even forget where I am.

By this time we are surrounded, and I get introduced. First comes the guy with the hair. "This," Bertha says, "is Dudley Desmond Barr who is conducting our class in abstractionism."

His hand is a damp fish. "How do you do," he moos, and I know I don't like the guy.

"Hiyuh, Dud," I say, suspecting that's what he is.

Then the line-up. All from the summer art colony, with a few more females than males, and not one of them strikes me as being All There. Bertha no more belongs with this crowd than a rose to a cactus plant.

She breaks up the convention around me. "Dud," she says, "you'll have to excuse me from the class this afternoon. Steve and I have lots to talk about."

"No," I cut in. "Let's stay, honey. I'd like to see more."

"Fine," she says. She puts her arm through mine and leads me under the apple tree. I see the glint in her eyes. It's the Uplifting Look and doesn't fit. "Dudley is just about to lecture us on spacial tensions," she tells me.

The class sits in a semicircle on the grass. Right away a red ant unartistically lands on my leg as Dud begins. Now, I have spoken English for twenty-five years, but this Barr bird has me dizzy. He speaks of surrealistic literacy, cellular cosmogony, interstellar abstractionism and psycho-something-or-other intonations.

All the while he is explaining with pictures which only make it worse. The first picture shows a ladder with the rungs falling apart. On each rung is a pair of eyes out of which tears are falling. The ladder reaches up to the clouds which are of a blood-red and grass-green shade. Fingers with black-colored fingernails hang down from the clouds. Four little kewpie dolls are above the clouds, walking on two heads apiece—mostly, I guess, because they have no feet.

And the class loves it. "This," Barr says, "is called 'Symbole.' I expect to have it exhibited at the Modern Art Gallery this fall. Picadali says it has great warmth."

"Who," I whisper to Bertha, "is Picadali?"

"One of the world's greatest exponents of abstractionism," she whispers back. "Dudley has studied with him."

"Oh," I say and don't ask what's abstractionism as one lecture at a time is plenty.

Next, Dudley skips to a nifty little item he says is a landscape with inner tensions. It is like the stuff Bertha has been smearing around but worse—circles, squares, discs, dots, dashes, in fact the whole Morse code plus hen scratches and fingerprints.

Suddenly the long-hair's double-talk sounds far away. The sun is warm. The grass is comfortable. I stretch into a better position . . .

Frank BEAVEN

"Suppose you get out there and take those punches and I'll take fifty per cent of your salary!"

The next thing I know Bertha is shaking me. I open my eyes and look around. The class is gone. I yawn.

"You boor," says Bertha, "falling asleep like that—and the snores—you disgraced me. You insulted Dud. He called off the class." She's on the verge of tears. "You—you're nothing but a—a wrestler."

"And that's good enough for me, baby. You can put that painting out in a corn field. It'll keep away the crows."

Tears come to her eyes while I fight off an urge to tell her I am sorry. It's got to be me or Art, so before I am really sorry I walk away.

On the way home I decide the only solution is Isolationism. I will stay away and wait for her to call me.

I get home and remember what Isolationism did to this country so I phone her.

I say "Hello" and she says "I'm not home." I ask her when she'll be back and she says, "Never—to you." And hangs up.

I walk away from the phone and feel like kicking Mamie, the cat who is rubbing up against my ankle. Then the doorbell rings.

It's Poochy and Bull, and right away I feel better. These guys can time their shots.

I open the door and as our house is a Cape Cod cottage with small doors, the boys have to come in sideways.

Bull says, "We decide not to go in New York but to come here. All right?"

"Sure, swell, kid." I give him a stiff poke in the ribs and he chuckles. The Pooch is already unpacking his bags.

"Come on upstairs. I'll show you your room," I tell them.

Mom comes out of the kitchen just then and Bull waits for no introduction. He plants a kiss on her cheek.

"An old Turkish custom, Mom," I tell her. "That's Bull and this is Poochy. They're staying."

She looks them over, smiles and heads for the telephone. "I'd better order an extra ten pounds of meat," she says.

After the boys get unpacked Poochy makes a delicate decision.

"Hey, Steve, I wanta meet Bertha after hearin' of nothin' else but for four years."

"Later, Poochy," I say. "She's busy this afternoon. She's got an art class."

"Is fine," says the Bull. "We go, too." He doesn't know an art class from a zebra.

"Well, to tell you the truth, boys," I stall, "we had a sort of a falling out and—"

"And we're gonna fix everything," says Poochy.

I know that sooner or later the boys will have to meet her. So I might as well get it over with now.

We find Bertha sitting on her porch, reading. She doesn't even look up so the book must be on art.

"Hi," I say weakly.

"I don't want any," she says and goes back to the book.

"My buddies wanted to meet you," I say, suddenly remembering I am just as burned up as she is.

She looks up and looks good. Her eyes can dazzle you more than her wild-looking picture.

"Most of all in America I like the pretty girls," says Bull.

"How do you do," says Poochy not out of the corner of his mouth.

"So these are your wrestlers," says Bertha, not mad, not glad.

"Where is art class?" asks the Bull.

"Are you interested in art?" she asks, perking up.

"But sure," he says with a grin showing all thirty-two teeth.

From that minute on Bertha and I stop having arguments. In fact she doesn't know I exist. She shows the book to the boys and says, "You'll enjoy this book. It's Picadali's latest, *Philosophy of Modern Art*. Let me read it to you."

I sit on the top step with my chin in my hands as the boys get comfortable on the porch rail which trembles but does not give way. She starts on page one and the boys look puzzled. On page two they are hypnotized. On page three she reads off, "The ultimate in objectification of the soul is expressed by geometric delineation in plastic lyricism."

The boys nod their heads in agreement, *(Continued on page 177)*

Ever hear about the time Paul got so mad at Babe he threw that bull across the States of Idaho and Washington?

Paul Bunyan on Saipan

by JULIAN LEE RAYFORD

In the Summer of 1945 I visited the hospitals of Saipan and Iwo Jima. My job was telling tales to the wounded men. The USO thought they might like them. But, you know, it was no time at all until the men started telling me stories—stories I'd never heard before.

A Marine lieutenant, James S. High, asked me if I'd like to listen to some yarns about Paul Bunyan, that legendary colossus of the lumber camps. Everybody knows Paul already for, as Sandburg says, he's as old as the hills and as young as the alphabet. Here are High's stories about the mighty Northwoodsman.

Paul went to step out over Cape Flattery one day and he set his foot right down where Port Townsend is now. The depression of his foot made it possible for Port Townsend to be founded there. Paul looked out across Puget Sound and he saw two Spanish ships, two caravels. One ship had been wrecked and the other was aground. Paul gathered up all the little Spanish explorers into one hand and put them into the ship that was aground, and had Babe, his blue bull, tow the caravel out into deep water. Then he asked the Spaniards what they wanted and they told him they were trying to discover Puget Sound. Where was Puget Sound?

Well, Paul did not want Puget Sound discovered by the Spaniards. So he told 'em it was out in the Pacific, and he sent 'em straight out into the Western Pacific. Later the Strait of Juan de Fuca was so named out of deference to the Spaniards. So the Spaniards got the deference and the United States and England got the land.

That story is remarkable because it shows Paul Bunyan telling a lie and Paul had a mortal hatred of lying. Call it diplomacy or call it politics, it was still a lie.

The next story is equally strange in that it is the first known instance of Paul ever becoming angry at Babe, his blue bull. Babe was solid blue in color. He was ultramarine, cobalt and cerulean. He was Memphis blue and Beale Street blue, St. Louis and Alcoholic blue—the bluest blue ever seen.

Babe was also the biggest bull ever known to mankind, or to bullkind either, for that matter. Between the horn tips he measured 147 ax handles, 17 ten-cent cans of tomatoes and one tobacco box. When they lost the tobacco box they never could measure his official growth any more, because every time you looked at Babe he growed another two, three feet. Some folks call Babe an ox, but James High told me that where he came from ox and bull have the same meaning.

Paul was standing over in Idaho one day, at the forks of the Salmon River. Deer used to feed there until they saw Babe. Babe being so gigantic and so blue, the deer thought that he was a new kind of moose, so they took to staying away from that spot.

Paul was logging off black pine. His men could not log it off fast enough because the wind blew down so many trees in so many directions all at once that they lost their way trying to get back to camp. Then Paul had to go out and find them. Often it took him as long as fifteen minutes to round up nine or ten thousand men, and it made him a little angry. Paul had never been angry before in his life, but this contrary wind always upsetting his work-day schedule made him a little touchy. His men came to notice it and so did Babe.

At last Paul grew tired of the wind playing tricks on his men. He went out and stomped down every one of the trees with his feet. Now it so happened that the sourdough, which Paul had used to fill up the prairie dog holes when he was inventing the Rocky Mountains, was still erupting down in the earth. Rocks and boulders were being tossed up. One of these rocks was thrown up just as Paul stomped down a tree and he stubbed his toe against it.

Well, ol' Paul blew up then. He got so mad he couldn't realize that it was the rock which had bruised his toe. Babe was standing right beside him and Paul thought Babe had kicked him. Paul went berserk. He grabbed Babe in his two hands and he hurled the great bull clean over the State of Idaho and the State of Washington. That's the maddest anybody has been in America since 1492.

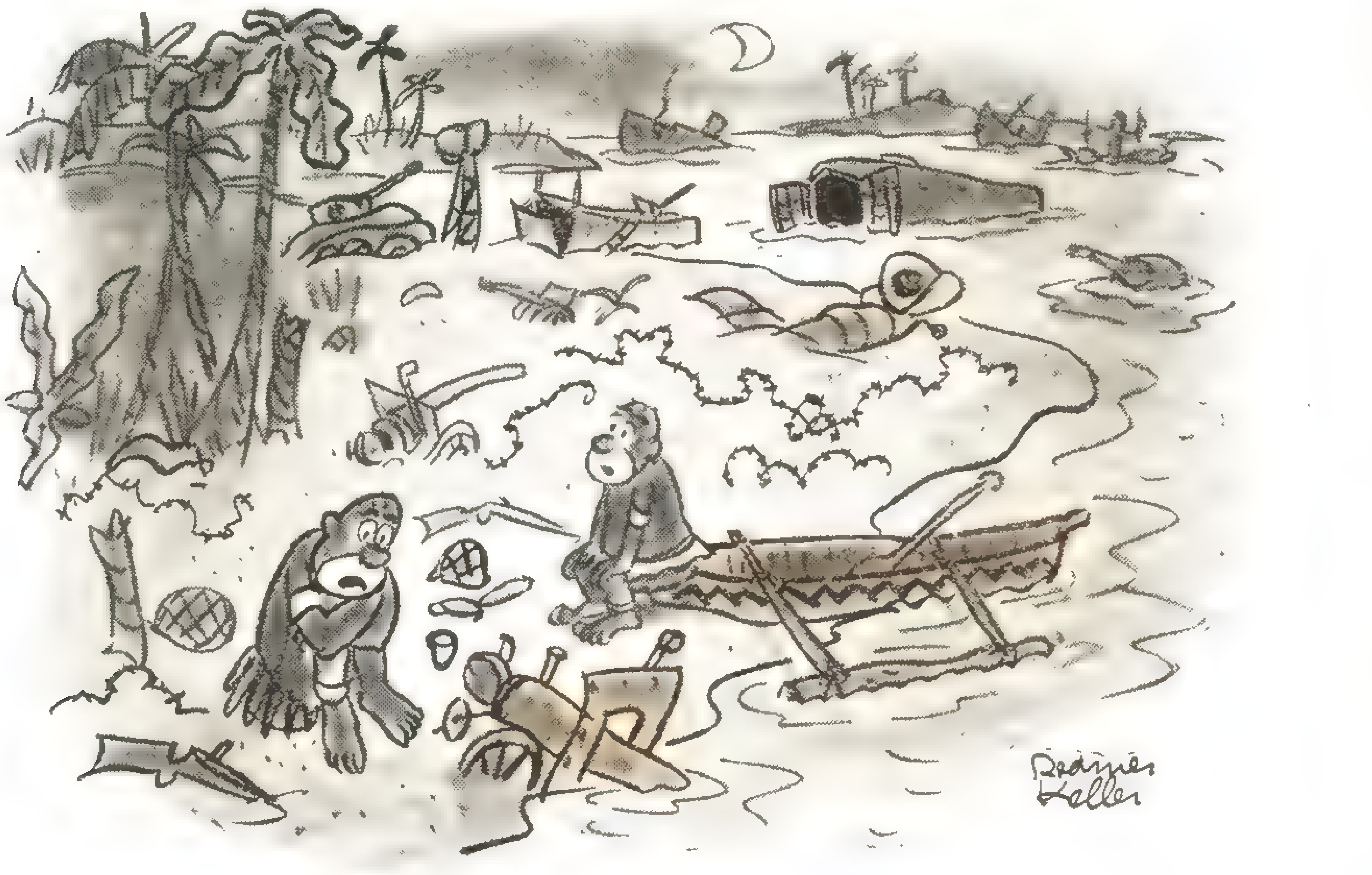
Babe hit the ground with a cataclysmic crash that caused the earth to jump so hard that the equator slipped down to where it is now and it never has been able to get back where it was. Both of Babe's forefeet lay across the Canadian border, right at the eastern shore of the Pacific. His left hind leg was broken, having struck the shore so hard that it made Hood Canal. The hook of Babe's tail made the spot where Olympia, the State's capital, stands now. His right forefoot made the Juan de Fuca.

Even though one of his legs was broken, Babe scrambled up and tore about so furiously that he kicked up Mount Olympus. The ground there is so rough that no white man has been through it. At the same time Babe kicked up the thousand and nine San Juan Islands. Then he collapsed

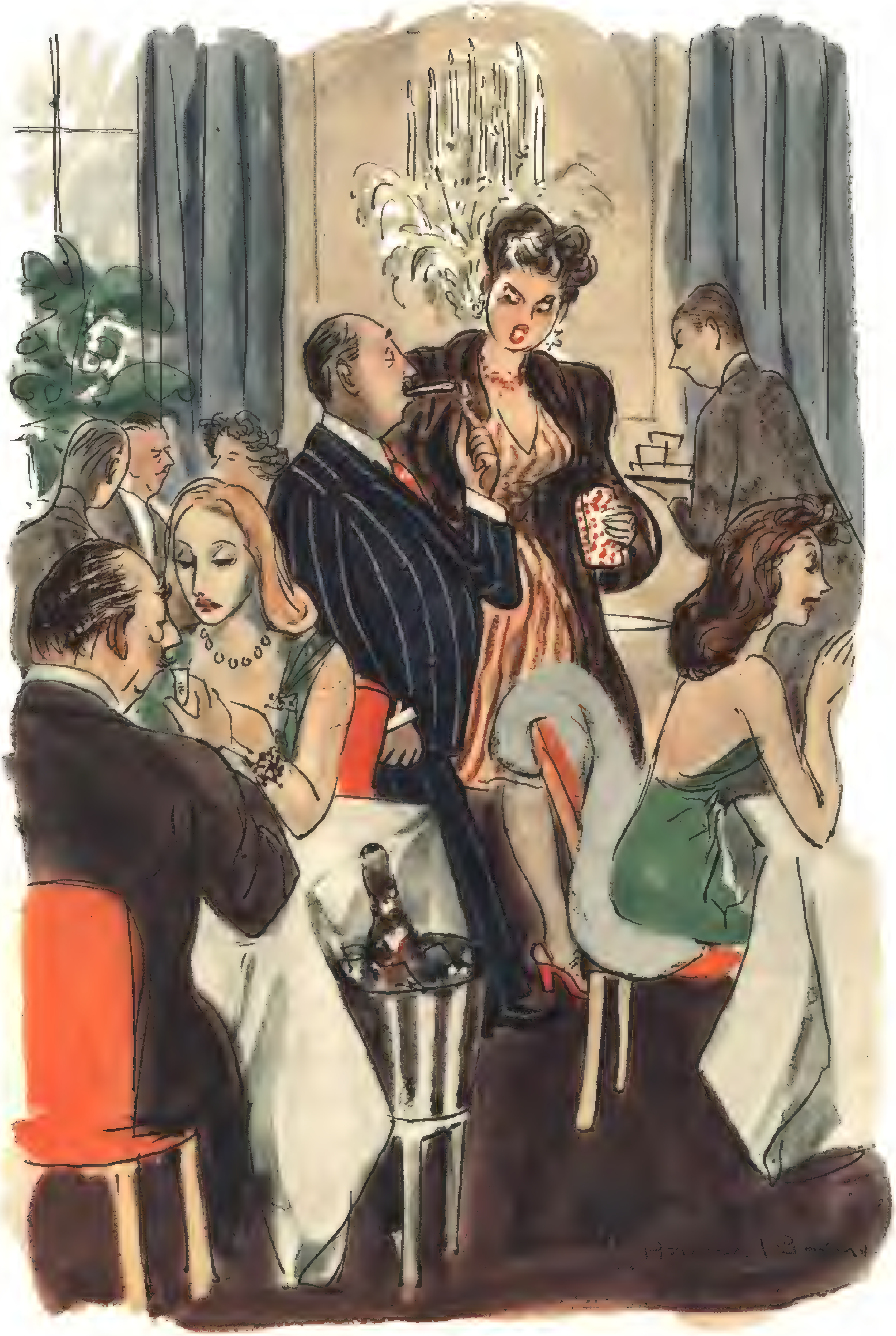
That was the only time Paul ever lost his temper. As soon as he realized what he'd done, he was terribly sorry. He was consumed with remorse. And it took a whole lot of remorse to consume Paul Bunyan, because he was even bigger than Babe. But he was too proud to admit that he'd done any wrong. He didn't feel that he was capable of doing any wrong.

Ole Olsen, Paul's blacksmith, came to Paul and told him to his face that he'd mistreated Babe. Paul got sort of mad again and said, "You get t'hell out of here and don't come back!" That cut Ole pretty badly because he loved Paul and he loved Babe too. He was determined that if Babe was still alive he'd find him and nurse him back to health. So Ole walked through Idaho and he walked through Washington until at last he came to where Babe lay, panting and moaning.

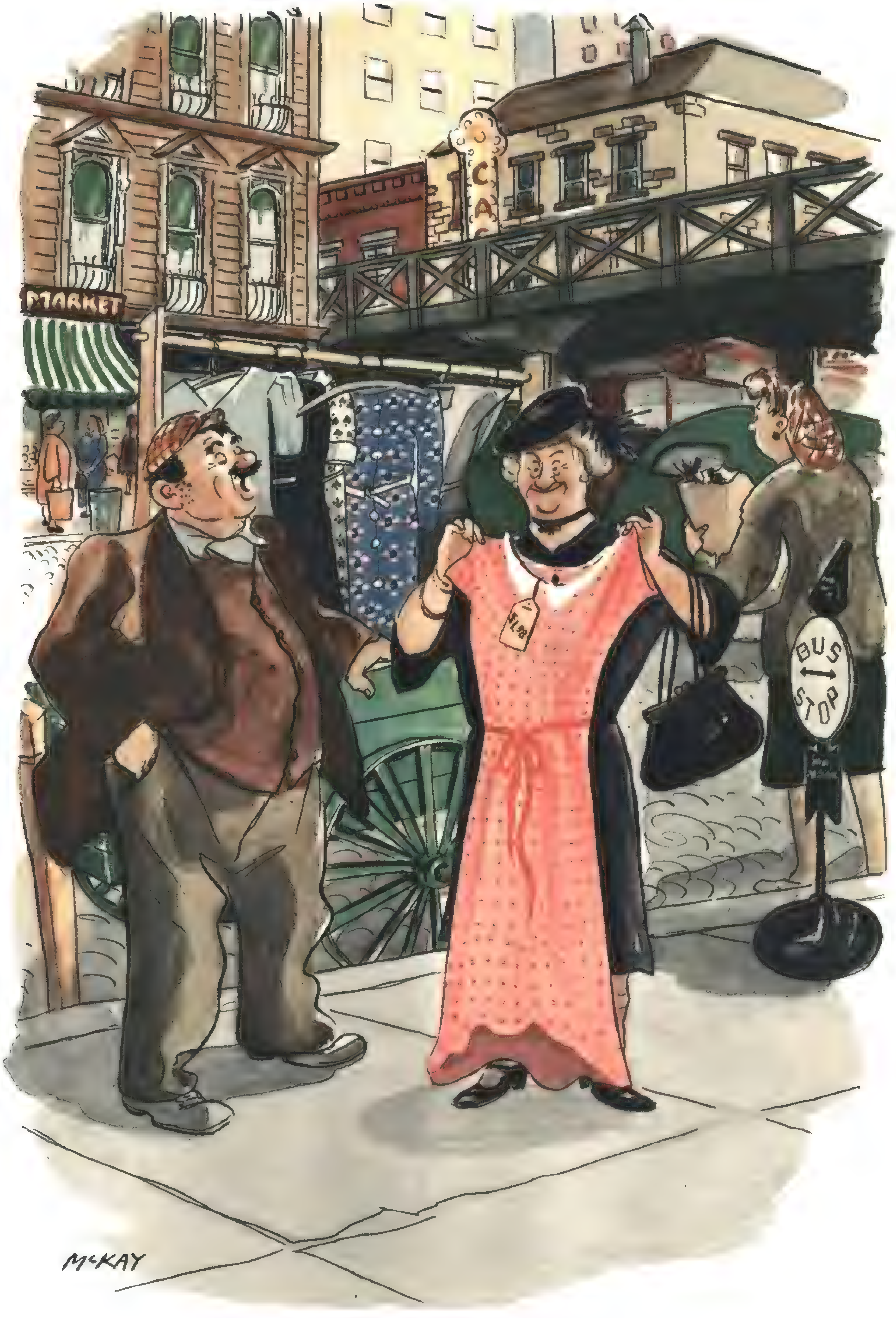
Ole Olsen took two Douglas firs and cut each one down to 493 feet and thus made a splint for Babe's broken leg. Then he set the leg and nursed Babe until he got well. After a long, long time Babe was able to walk again. Babe (*Continued on page 175*)



"Sometimes I think I'll go mad with all this quiet!"



"They used to give an extra cup of coffee with their $17.95 dinner"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McKAY

"Do you entertain a lot?"

PALAZZO

An exotic touch was added to the thrill of the chase on this Indo-China safari

Monkey Hunt in Cochinchina

by TAO KIM HAI

It was boredom that caused me to lie to my friend Minh . . . to tell him I liked hunting, when in truth I have always felt that tracking down animals and killing them for the so-called sport of the thing is beneath the dignity of a rational man.

I had reached a point where anything was better than the deadly monotony of just sitting around, while my ambition oozed out and evaporated in the hot, sticky climate of southern Indo-China. And so, against all my inner convictions, I accepted Minh's invitation to go out on a monkey hunt.

We started at dawn, accompanied by two young servants who were beside themselves with joy at having been chosen to take part in the slaughter. I remember one spoke up gaily. "We took out the largest boat, Master, so that we can get them all this time!"

His enthusiasm made me shudder!

As we proceeded slowly up the river, we got several shots at pigeons that swirled out of the trees. From a fisherman, we purchased fish and shrimps. A peddler boat, making its way slowly downstream to some village market, supplied us with our dessert: bananas, pineapples and oranges. Toward noon, we found ourselves surrounded by a jungle-like forest.

"From now on," my guide warned, "don't shoot any more or you may frighten them all away!"

Under the branches of a "cay ban" tree whose fruit is held in high esteem by a species of Indo-Chinese quadrumane, the servants aligned the boat parallel to the shore, drove two poles in the river bottom, one at each end of the boat, and made it fast. Then they put a long gangplank over the side to the bank for us to go ashore. That done, the boys fell to performing a queer kind of heathen rite.

I was surprised that Minh, Doctor of Laws from the University, would tolerate such superstitious antics! One of the servants prepared a copious offering of rice rolled into small balls that he piled on a great copper tray placed in the center of the boat. At the same time, the other servant climbed the tree under which the boat was moored and fastened to a branch a pole whose lower end swung free about two yards from the tray.

Doubtlessly it was an offering to reconcile the gods to the slaughter of the innocents which we were going to perpetrate.

As soon as the gangplank was removed from the side of the boat, we made off in the direction of the clearing, about a quarter of a mile away. With gun slung over shoulder, my friend and I took the lead. The servants brought up the rear, their arms loaded with food.

Only a few yards from the riverbank, a strident call brought us all up short; a monkey had sounded the cry of alarm. There was noise of tumbling and clattering in the leafy branches overhead and three heads appeared among the leaves. Three pairs of astonished eyes stared at us, traveled from our eyes to our guns; three rounded mouths uttered screeching sounds as if threatening and questioning. Minh, the cynic, waved his hand to them in friendly fashion.

"Hello, there!" he called, "we'll be seeing you soon!"

At the clearing, the two boys spread a large mat on the ground. Minh and I stretched out. The boys quickly prepared the meal.

We ate in the Cambodian manner, with our fingers and from banana leaves which served as plates. While rolling his rice into balls, my friend launched into a dissertation on monkeys.

"The monkey is the animal which most closely resembles man. Primo: monkeys can't get along without the company of their own kind. Secundo: monkeys like sympathy. Tertio: they are charitable. And you'll agree that all three characteristics lie within the scale of human stupidity."

"I'll have to admit that I don't quite see what you mean," I said.

"Well," explained Minh, "here is an example. If a monkey suffers the slightest wound, will he withdraw from his fellows until the wound is healed? He won't. He's not that intelligent! On the contrary, when such a thing happens, he feels a strong need to be surrounded by members of his band. He groans and moans so that the she-monkeys will pity him. What happens next? He continues his laments, and his wound becomes literally larger all the time! Each she-monkey, curious as any woman, explores the hurt with her dirty fingers and finally infects it. And invariably the wounded monkey dies . . ."

I didn't know my friend was such a sadist. Was it such pitiful creatures that we were going to shoot?

By now the monkeys were all around us, in the branches of the trees, even on the ground surrounding the clearing. Watching us eat, they had lost their fear. And Minh, generous after the fashion of an executioner, from time to time threw them a rice ball. Far from being frightened, our future victims fought among themselves for our crumbs and stuffed them in their cheeks—a measure of thrift from which they would never benefit.

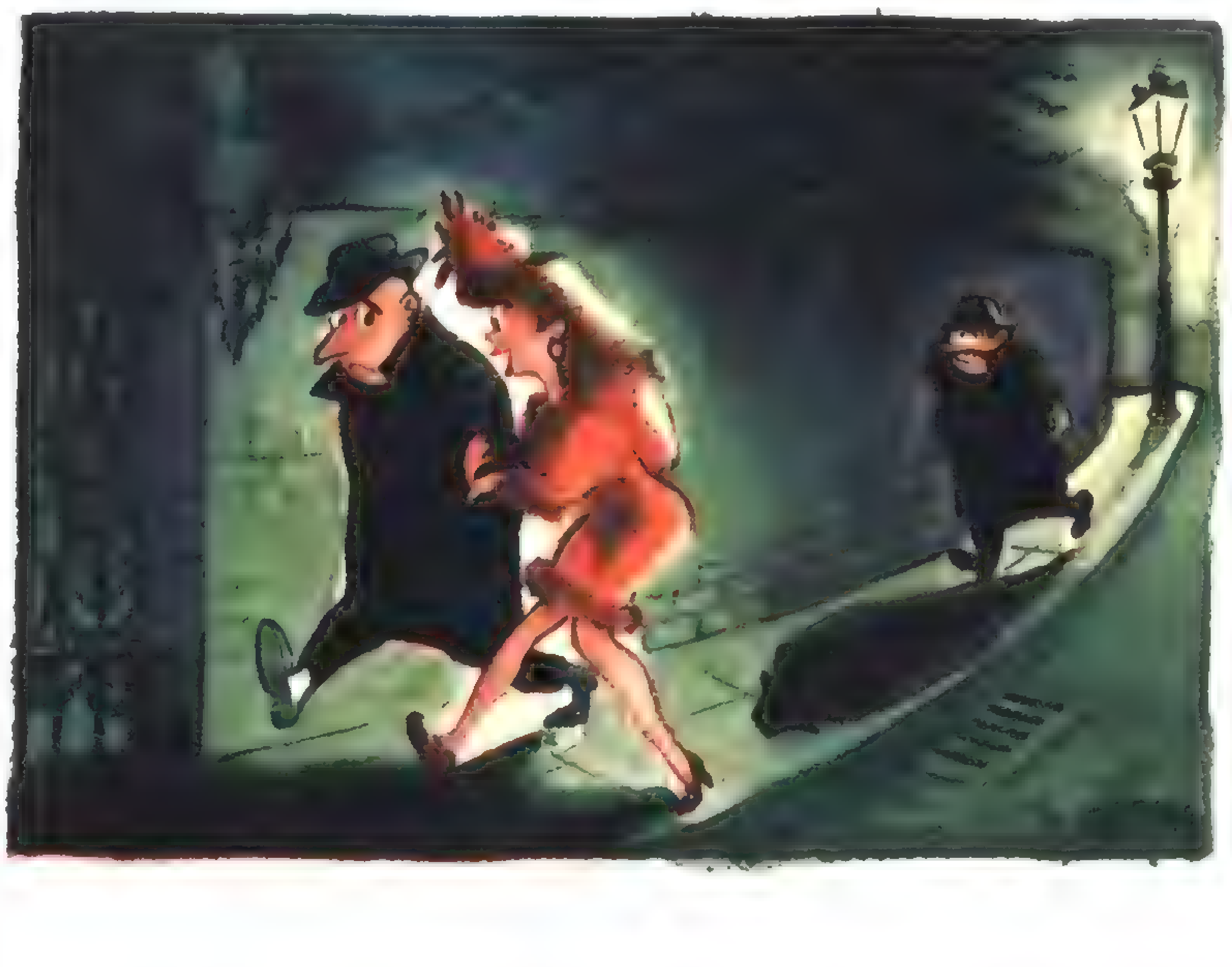
Our meal finished, Minh surprisingly suggested a short siesta. When I awakened, the trees were casting long shadows across the clearing. There wasn't a single monkey to be seen. Minh slept soundly—as though his conscience were clear. Evidently impatient to get on with the hunt, one of the boys was about to awaken him when I stopped him, knowing that soon it would be too late to hunt.

A quarter of an hour later, when Minh awakened, smiling, one of the boys called: "Hunt over, Master?"

To my amazement, the impenitent Nimrod studied his watch, then declared, "Yes, the hunt is over."

Promptly the boys gathered up our gear. And odd as it seemed, the two servants, who had taken out the very largest boat with the purpose "to get them all," didn't appear to be the disappointed!

At a turn in the path, the boat came into view. Before my eyes



"Don't be nervous, dear, he's just one of the most jealous of my former suitors"

was a spectacle which filled me with indignation! On the floor of the boat, grouped about the great copper tray, seated on their haunches, balancing unsteadily on three paws or stretched out at full length, was a host of monkeys of all sizes, ages and colors. But they were all alike in one particular. The face of each was smeared with rice. The pole, suspended by the boys as a part of some superstitious rite, still remained hanging over their heads. Obviously, they had used it as a sort of aerial gangplank. Such sacrilegious pillage committed by animals I had wished to save filled me with anger. I threw my gun to my shoulder, but Minh stopped me.

"What's the matter with you? You aren't going to shoot our catch, are you?" he exclaimed.

At my stupefaction, Minh laughed loudly and pushed me aboard when the plank had been put into position. Those of our guests that were asleep slept on. Those seated on their haunches continued to sway unsteadily and finger what was left of the rice on the tray. I put out my hand to pat the biggest fellow, who graciously offered me a ball of rice. And it was then I noticed that the rice smelled strongly of molasses and alcohol. Looking closely, I saw that all the monkeys present were drunk, drunk as lords. #

Adventure on a grand scale awaits the sportsman who plies his avocation in the lush waters and forests of Alaska

Vacation North

by EDWIN J. BECKER

SHERMAN

Just a few hours north of Seattle, across the line into the sprawling virgin wilderness of America's last frontier, lies the most fabulous sporting Eldorado in the Western Hemisphere—Alaska. There the glacial waters of Trail, Kenai, Skilak and Tustumena lakes are alive with game fish which dwarf anything found Stateside. And there, too, is the home of the king of big-game trophies—the brown bear, largest carnivore on earth!

In the past, many sportsmen have looked longingly at the Alaskan land of plenty, but have not had the time to make the trip. Now air travel has eliminated this obstacle and the skyroad is wide open.

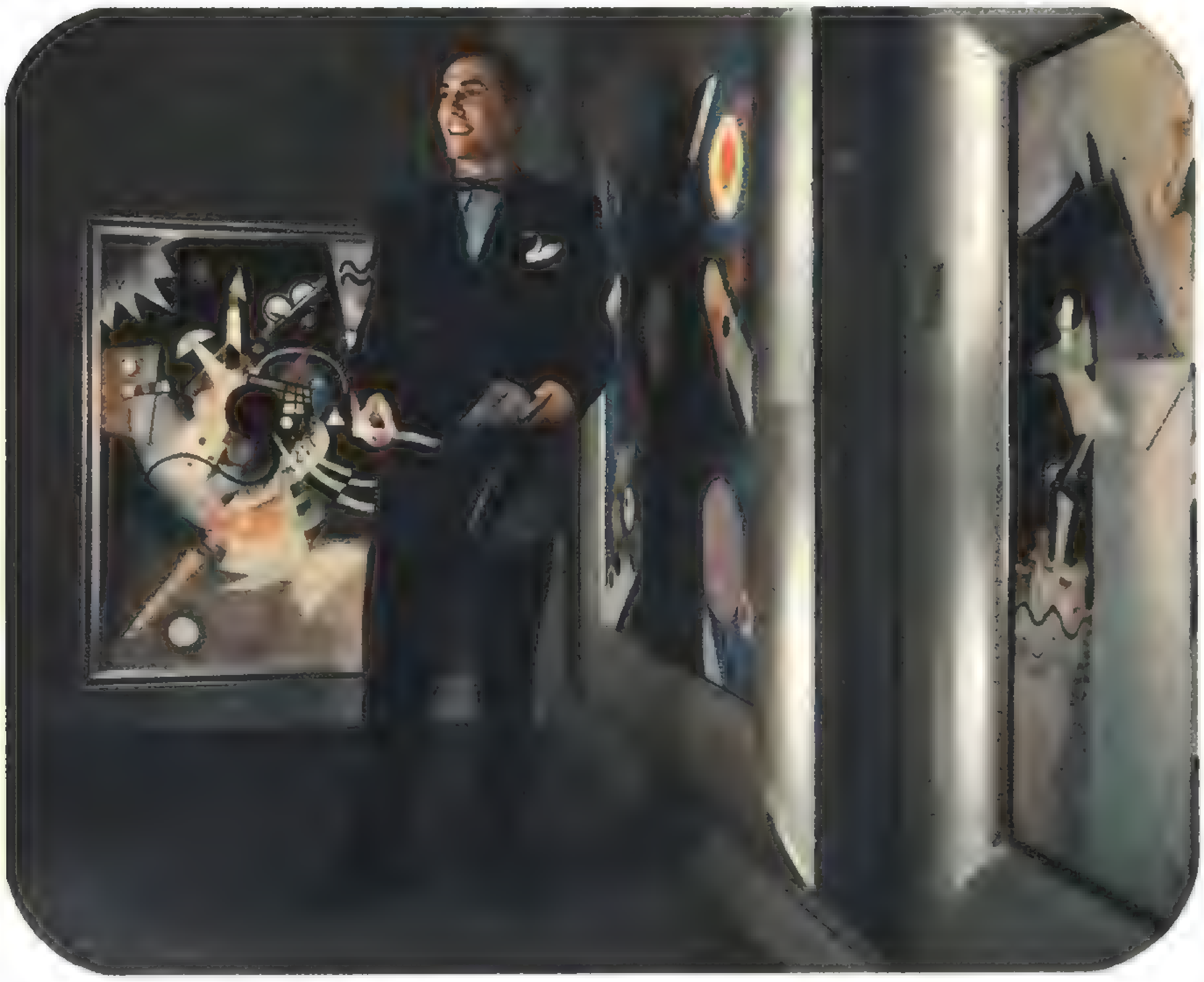
The army of adventurers dreaming the Alaskan dream has grown steadily in recent years. Thousands of servicemen who were stationed in the Territory have had a taste of the unexcelled trout fishing. Some of them have been lucky enough to hunt bear, mountain sheep, mountain goat, moose, caribou or deer. They have seen the elk, musk ox and reindeer moving across the tundra in droves. The Dolly Varden trout was a common supplement to their daily meals.

Home from Alaska, they have vowed to go back. And they have a good chance of making it. Where once the steamship lines plying the coastal route between Seattle, Ketchikan and Juneau were the main method of contact with Alaska, the commercial airlines have flung wide the gates to the northland. Every day, flights leave Seattle for Juneau, Whitehorse and Fairbanks, and several times a week you can take off for Ketchikan, Nome and Bethel. From these main points, it is a short trip to sporting grounds. For those who have ample leisure, there are still the ships.

Sportsmen who have been banking on the Alcan Highway to get them there and back are a bit premature. In all probability, that particular road will not be open to civilians for some time to come. However, the spur road from Haines in southeastern Alaska, connecting with the Alcan Highway near the Alaska-Yukon Territory boundary, will quite possibly be available for tourist travel in the near future. When the spur is thrown open, sportsmen will be able to ship an automobile from Seattle to Haines aboard a steamer and then drive over the 2,000 miles of connected highway in central Alaska. The highway is in good shape from June to September.

There has been some apprehension that the Alaska Game Commission would clamp down on its glad-hand policy to hunters from the States. However, indications are that hunters will continue to be more than welcome in the Territory, although bag limits may be tightened somewhat. Even with smaller limits, Alaska will still outstrip its competition as a mecca for those in search of big game.

Bear are by far the most popular of Alaskan big game. There are browns in the coastal regions, grizzlies in the mountains of the interior. All over the territory, you can find black bear. And giant polars roam far to the north of the central plateau. The grizzly and brown bear are the rulers of the northern wilderness kingdom. The brown bears are


RAVITZ

Hurd Hatfield in a non-objective moment

On a brief holiday from Hollywood after finishing the film Diary of a Chambermaid, *Hurd Hatfield stops in at the Guggenheim Museum in his native New York City. He wears a dark blue unfinished worsted suit in a double-breasted style, cut to emphasize breadth through the chest, a blue and white striped broadcloth shirt, stripe ribbon-shape bow tie in dark and light blue, a narrow-brim grey felt hat and black shoes. An individual note appears in the stickpin in his lapel, one of a large collection he inherited. And he has a particular liking for long, narrow-shape bow ties. Hatfield quickly rose to prominence with his first screen roles—in* Dragon Seed *and* The Picture of Dorian Gray. *The large painting above is* Spiritual Pleasures, *by Rudolf Bauer. Smaller is* One Center *by Vasily Kandinsky.*

JOHNSON

Cruising at 185 m.p.h. in the Rocket 185

Sensational newcomer to zoom into the postwar light plane field is the Johnson Rocket 185 which gets an almost unbelievable cruising speed of 185 m.p.h. out of its six-cylindered 185 h.p. On a flight from Savannah, Georgia, to New York City last winter, a Rocket clipped off the cloud miles in 3 hours, 32 minutes—averaging 226 m.p.h. Yet this one-seater (for three if you're the cozy type) is no "hot ship" and is safeguarded by such features as a special wing tip design giving full aileron control at low speeds without slots, hydraulic retractable tricycle landing gear, automatic variable pitch propeller, two-way radio, blind flying instruments. Not a rivet projects to hinder the air flow over the molded plastic plywood turtleback fuselage. All this, and a low operating cost of eighteen miles per gallon.

huge animals, generally 1,200 to 1,500 pounds, sometimes larger. A composite of tremendous strength and cunning—they are fearless, terrible fighters, yielding only to gunpowder. The brown and grizzly seldom roar, but when they do it is with a mixture of wrath and triumph. Men who hear them never forget.

These giant bears roam coastal areas along the salmon streams and in the mountains. They are hunted in Alaska from September 1st to June 20th and the odds of bagging one are good. A bear is a challenge to a hunter because he must, by choice, be brought down at some distance. Specimens of terrifying size have been killed in Alaska. Two hunters once got a brown whose head alone filled a wheelbarrow. At the Marshall Field & Company store in Chicago stands a stuffed, snarling Alaska bruin measuring fully eleven feet, three inches in length!

Bears are the savage behemoths of the wilds but the bighorns are, to many sportsmen, the supreme trophy. Talk to any big-game hunter, and you will soon learn that he dreams of taking a bighorn sheep. In Alaska, bighorns are found in large herds along the Brooks range north of the Yukon. Northwest of Cordova they are plentiful in the Nutzotin and Wrangell Mountains. Hunting them calls for arduous climbing, long treks over rough terrain, days camped in the open, while the rugged beauty of the bare Alaskan mountains stretches out as far as you can see.

The mountain goat is another crag-dweller. Alaskan goats seem to prefer the storm-swept crests facing the salt water between Portland Canal and the head of Cook Inlet. Some years ago Baranof Island in southeastern Alaska was stocked with mountain goats and they have thrived there. They are the most agile of all big-game animals and only the most patient hunter can bring them to bag.

Giant moose roam over more than a quarter million square miles of brush and open forest lands in Alaska. They frequently attain a weight of more than 1,400 pounds and may have an antler spread in excess of six feet. Although native to nearly all of the Territory, they are most abundant on Kenair Peninsula and Rainy Pass. A moose is a gargantuan prize—something to add real distinction to the trophy room.

Caribou, which rove in great herds over the tundra section, are the easiest of all big-game animals in the Territory to hunt. Because they have a nice rack of antlers they make fine trophies to bring back home to the States. And the small Sitkan black-tailed deer, which can be hunted only from September to November, is still another prize available to the hunter.

The fishing in Alaska differs from that in any other place on earth. If you make the trip, you will revise your estimate of trout. The size of salmon is common knowledge: they are big fish. But if you look into clear water in Alaska and someone asks you how to tell the trout from the salmon, you will answer like the Eskimo: "Rainbow trout more bigger."

Alaskan trout are so big and voracious that for a time at Bristol Bay there was a bounty for the Dolly Varden variety which were making life too hazardous for the salmon. Many of the best trout and grayling fishing grounds can be reached from the highway, while other lakes and streams are accessible by small airplanes which fly from Fairbanks, Nome, Anchorage and small southeastern villages.

In the protected salt-water inlets between Ketchikan and Juneau, salmon fishing with sporting tackle yields fine catches. Two of the five Pacific varieties of salmon will strike at lures as well as herring-baited hooks. They are the King, with an average weight of twenty-two pounds and a top weight of more than a hundred, and the Silver, with an average of ten pounds and a top of thirty. Both put up furious battles when hooked.

Fish are so plentiful in Alaska that to date there has been no talk of limiting the take. Wherever there are rivers or creeks or lakes, there is good fishing. Rainbow, steelhead, cutthroat, eastern brook and Dolly Varden trout and grayling are found all over the Territory. The Buskin River and Lakes on Kodiak Island, the Russian River and Lakes, Cooper Creek and Summit Lakes on Kenai Peninsula, all abound in fish. No sportsman should visit Alaska without fishing tackle.

Almost 600,000 square miles in area, Alaska is one-fifth the size of the United States. And it is not all the frozen wasteland many Americans believe. In fact, it offers a diversity of climate and terrain.

The Pacific Mountain Region of Alaska is a mountainous continuation of western United States and British Columbia. Great snow-capped peaks tower to high altitudes; glaciers descend to the very coastline. In this region, summers are cool and damp and the winters comparatively mild. The lower mountain slopes are extensively covered with hemlock, spruce and giant cedar. This is the most heavily populated section of Alaska—and offers some of the finest fishing and scenery.

The Central Plateau Region comprises about two-fifths of the Territory and includes the basins of the Yukon and Kuskokwim Rivers. Here the summers are short and warm, with eighteen to twenty hours of sunshine daily. The winters are long and cold. Two-thirds of this area is dotted with small forest growths, and pasturage for moose and caribou is excellent.

The Yukon River pours its silt-laden, grey flood into Bering Sea, as does the Kuskokwim, and forms a vast delta more than 10,000 square miles in area. This delta is one of the ideal spots on the North American continent for nesting waterfowl. The great Pacific flightway of ducks and geese has its origin at the delta, and sporting opportunities are unsurpassed.

Finally, there is the Arctic Plains Region, the only section of Alaska where the sportsman will find actual "frozen North" conditions. It's a land of low, rolling hills and plateaus dissected by northward-flowing rivers and streams. The winters are long, dark and bitter cold, and the summers short and quite cool. While timber is sparse, there is a luxuriant growth of mosses, flowers, lichens and grasses.

Alaska is a great northland empire still to be exploited. For twenty-five years before the war there were few population changes. But it is expected that many ex-servicemen who saw service in the Territory will return to make their home, taking advantage of the tremendous area of public domain and forest-reserve land available for free use and homesteading. It is a safe bet that some who go to Alaska for sport and vacationing will also decide to remain.

The sportsman planning a big-game trek to Alaska would do well to query the Alaska Game Commission as to correct firearms, duffel, and so on. It would also be wise to write the Chamber of Commerce at Ketchikan, Alaska, for information about guides and equipment. Remember, if you have time you can go by steamer with your car and drive through much of the interior of Alaska. And if you're cramped for time, the airways will be in full and frequent operation to all points in Alaska.

Go prepared—but query first before buying equipment. Sporting outfits are costly in Alaska, and you'll save money if you arrive completely outfitted. To hunt without a guide is out of the question. You'll find plenty of good guides available to make your vacation worth something to remember for all times. ###

How's Your Fashion Quotient?

Esky springs a spot quiz covering some salient points on wedding clothes and mores for the benefit of that phobia-ridden, erstwhile-forgotten man, the bridegroom

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER

In these marrying times there's scarcely a man who isn't involved in some wedding . . . as the groom or best man or usher . . . or as a father helping his son over the hurdle . . . so this month we're going to score you on the rights and wrongs of attire for various kinds of weddings . . . and traditional procedure.

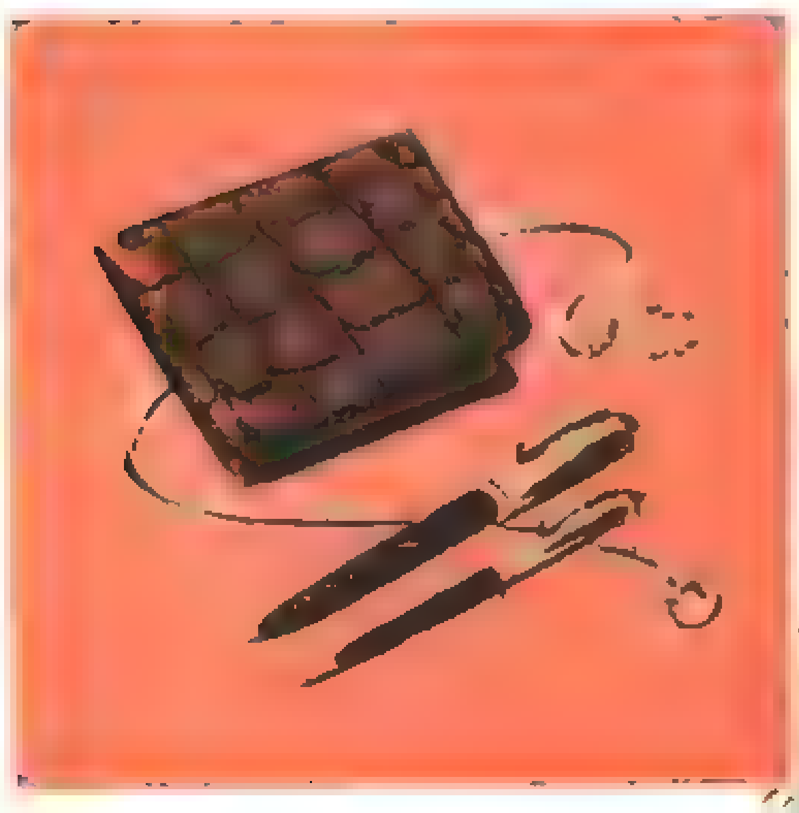
As they say, marriage is a serious business, but we've slipped a few jokers into this to keep you on your toes . . . Take 5 for each correct answer: 80 or more is good, 60-80 fair, 60 or less poor.

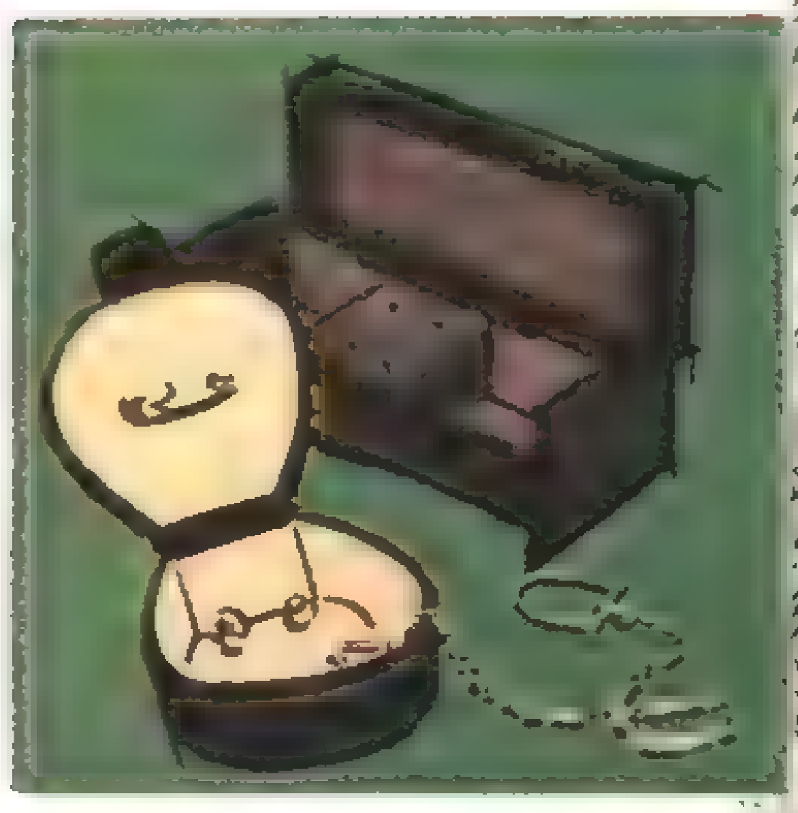
1. Cutaway coat and striped trousers are worn for formal weddings when they take place: a. Before high noon. b. Any time during the day before six p.m. c. Any time of the day or evening.

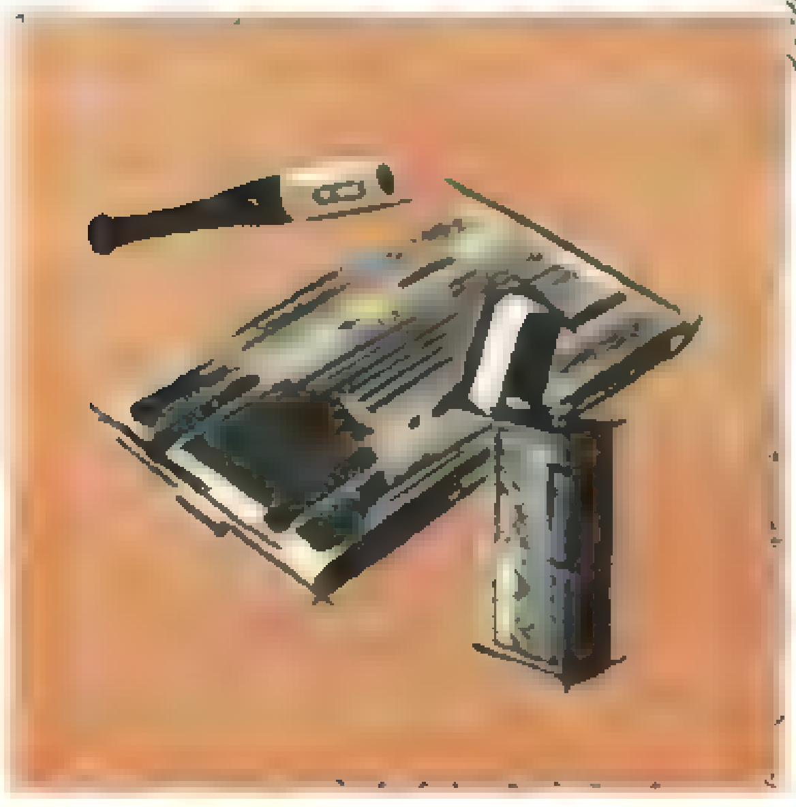
2. It is good taste to wear either a high silk hat or a derby with the cutaway coat. a. False. b. True.

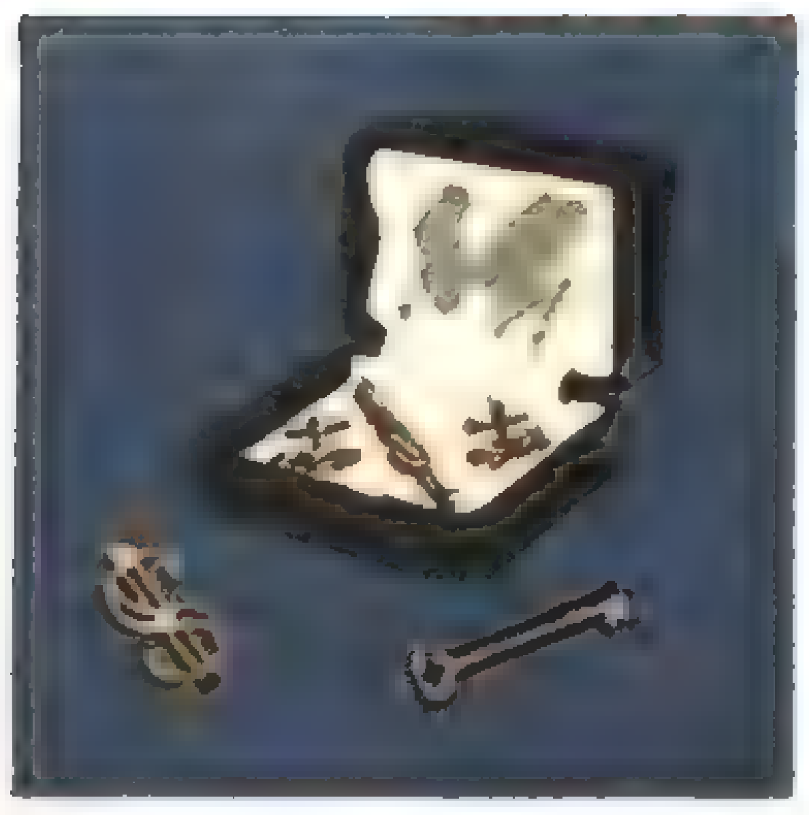
3. What is the difference between a cutaway and a tail coat? a. They are the same. b. Cutaway is a formal daytime coat which slants gradually down from the waist. The tail coat is a formal evening coat which is cut off sharply at the waist to the side seam. c. In a cutaway the tails have been cut off.

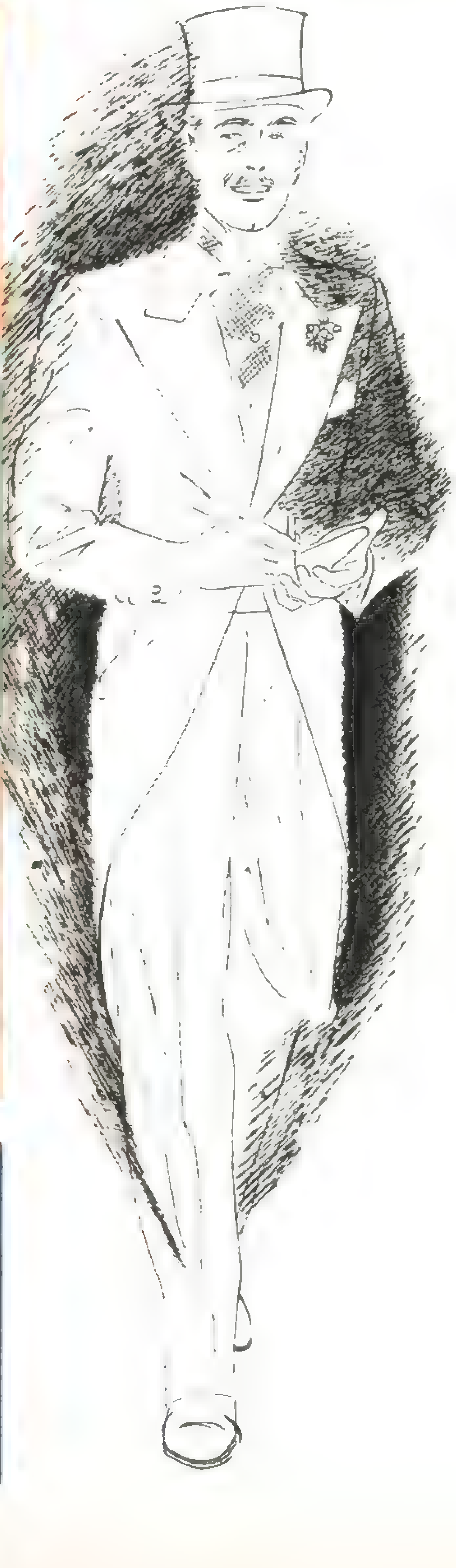
Gift suggestions for the groom to present to best man and ushers are illustrated at left of drawing of groom in formal day clothes.











4. The correct type tie for wear with cutaway coat is: a. Only the four-in-hand. b. Four-in-hand, Ascot or bow. c. Only Ascot.

5. For wear with a cutaway, the proper waistcoat is: a. Of the same cloth as the cutaway or pale grey. b. A conservative check. c. Black and white narrow stripe with pearl buttons.

6. Boutonniere for the groom should be: a. Lilies of the valley or white carnation. b. Red carnation. c. Two small pink or red rosebuds with fern, depending on the color of the bride's bouquet.

7. Besides wearing gloves outdoors, the formal bridegroom also wears them: a. During the ceremony and during the reception that follows. b. In the receiving line at the reception.

8. It is all right to wear a dark blue business suit at a church or home wedding: a. If the bride is wearing a short dress and it is all right with the mother. b. If the bride is wearing a long gown with a short veil. c. If there are less than six bridesmaids.

9. For an informal daytime wedding the accessories for a dark blue business suit should be: a. White shirt and collar, conservative pattern four-in-hand tie. b. Maroon bow tie, white shirt, grey waistcoat. c. Colored Ascot, matching handkerchief, white shirt.

10. If the bridegroom is in a military uniform at a formal daytime wedding, a civilian best man should wear: a. Cutaway coat and striped trousers. b. His uniform if he is a discharged veteran. c. A brown business suit if the groom is in the Army and a blue business suit if the groom is in the Navy or Marines.

11. For wear at an informal daytime garden wedding the groom should wear: a. A dark blue jacket and white slacks. b. A white jacket and grey slacks. c. A grey or tan lightweight suit.

12. At a summer evening wedding where the bride is wearing a long gown and a veil, the groom should wear: a. White dinner jacket, midnight blue dress trousers and appropriate accessories. b. White dinner suit or a dark blue jacket and white flannel trousers. c. Tail coat, even if you die of the heat.

13. It is customary for a groom to furnish flowers for: a. The bride only. b. The bride, bride's mother and father, his mother and father, groom's men and himself. c. Groom's men and himself only.

14. Until the groom hears "With this ring . . . ," the ring is kept by: a. The minister. b. The ring bearer or best man (preferably on his little finger). c. The maid-of-honor.

15. The customary gifts from the groom to the best man and ushers are presented: a. At the reception after the wedding cake is cut. b. By mail, while on wedding trip. c. At the bachelor's dinner or some time before the day of the wedding.

16. Invitations and announcements to the friends and relatives of the groom: a. Are sent by the bride's family from a list furnished them by the groom. b. Are sent by the groom after the bride's family gives him what's left from their list. c. Are made by telephone or in person by the groom.

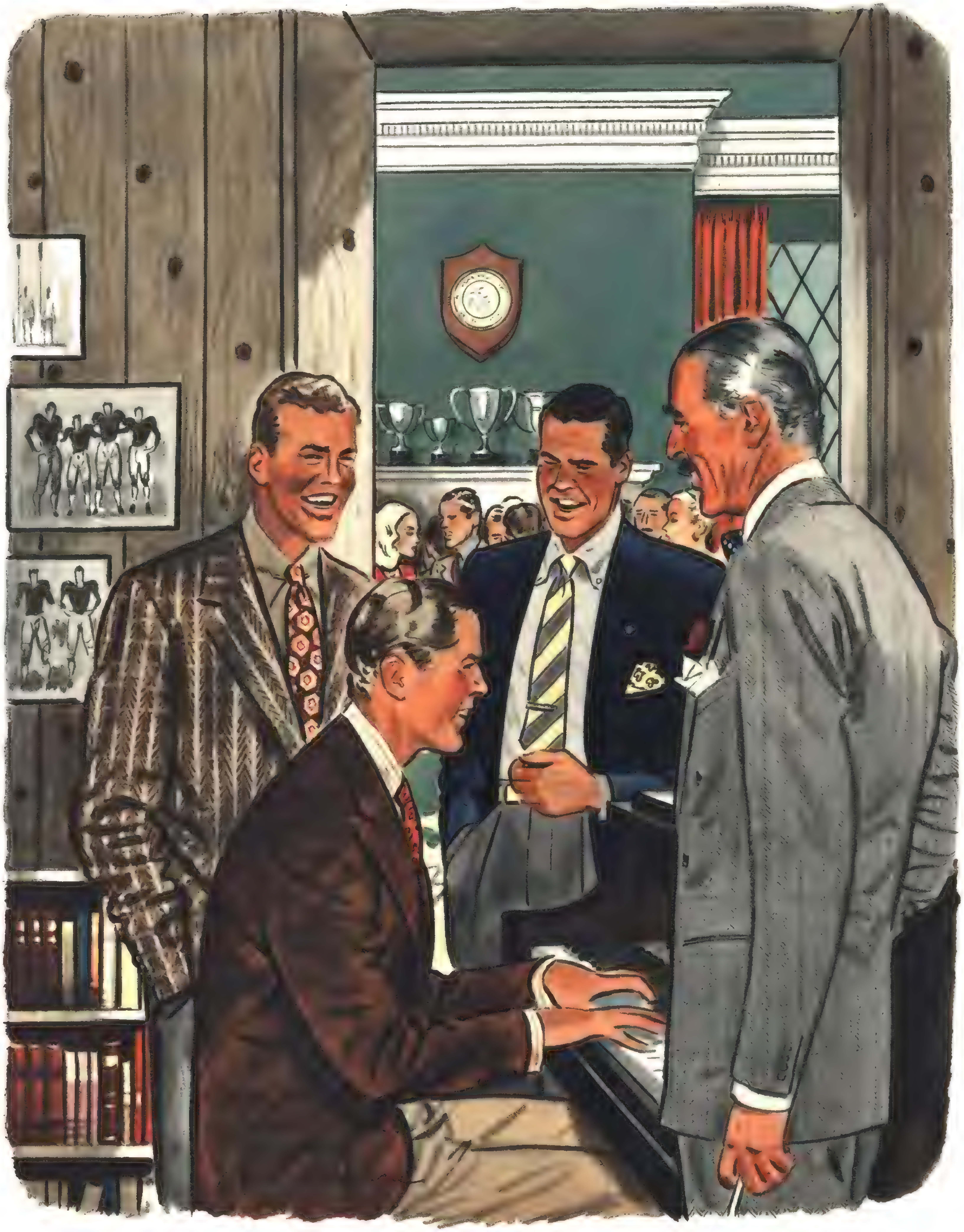
17. The double ring ceremony is used: a. At formal weddings only. b. At military weddings only. c. At any kind of wedding.

18. Wedding gifts sent by friends of the groom are: a. Acknowledged by a written note from the bride and mentioned by the groom later. b. Acknowledged by note from the groom. c. Need not be acknowledged; only presents from the bride's friends and relatives are acknowledged.

19. The envelope containing the check for the minister is: a. Sent by mail by the bride's father. b. Presented by the best man in behalf of the groom just before ceremony. c. After ceremony.

20. The customary gift presented by the groom to the bride is preferably: a. Something personal of a lasting nature such as jewelry. b. Something for the household. c. Expensive lingerie.

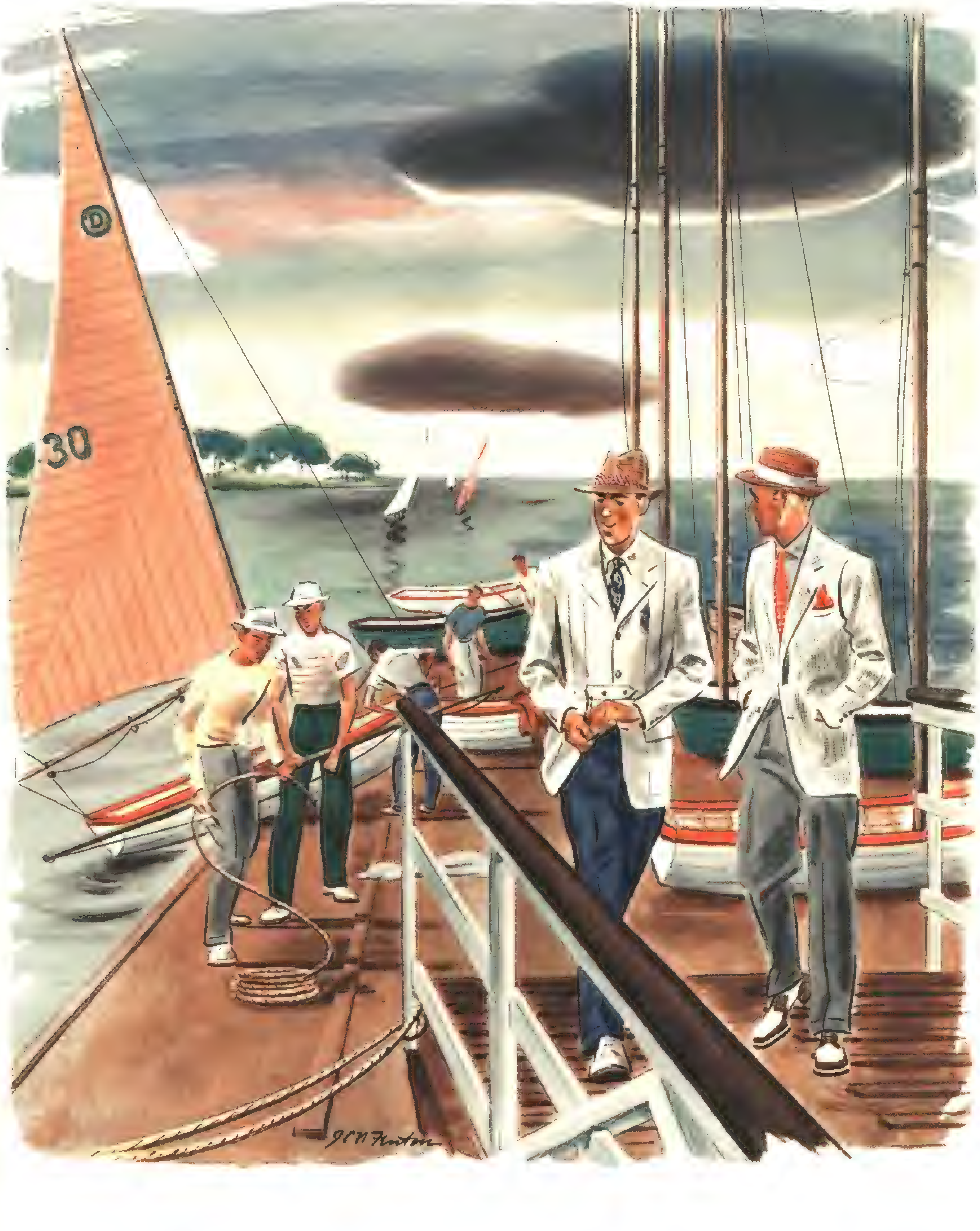
Answers:
1—b 5—a 9—a 13—b 17—c
2—a 6—a 10—a 14—b 18—a
3—b 7—b 11—a, b, c 15—c 19—c
4—b 8—a 12—a 16—a 20—a



GAUDEAMUS IGITUR

Drawing by Robert Goodman

A bunch of the boys are back for Reunion, whooping it up at the piano with the old songs and the stories that begin "Remember the time that . . . " Their outfits aren't much different from those of the current undergrads. The alumnus at left wears a tweed jacket with a small overplaid, with his plain Oxford shirt and grey flannels. The wizard of the keyboard thumps out a strong bass in a plain Moorit brown tweed jacket, tan gabardine slacks and striped Oxford shirt with figured wool tie. The hail-fellow baritone behind the piano, who is incidentally an alumnus of Uncle Sam, combines grey and yellow with his dark blue flannel blazer. And finally good old Jim at the right wears a slate grey tropical worsted suit with blue overplaid.



"BON VOYAGE, MATES"

Drawing by Fenton

If a boat devotee isn't actually on the water, he's next happiest watching other sailormen. This pair of spectator-mariners reluctantly turn away from the Yacht Club landing after kibitzing the preparations of a young-fry crew for a Saturday morning sail. The man at left wears a white linen Norfolk jacket, a revival fashion that has a pleasantly nostalgic 23-skidoo air about it, Marine blue gabardine slacks and white buckskin shoes. His Alpine-shaped native straw hat has a feather lei band. The other man wears a lightweight tweed jacket in a grey and yellow pattern and grey flannel slacks. His red polka dot foulard tie, two-tone moccasin shoes and white puggree on his coconut palm hat are excellent summer notes.

After playing fall guy on Jack Benny's show, this somewhat chastened critic offers an inside view of radio comedy

Actor for a Night

by GILBERT SELDES

Yesterday at this writing—a few months ago as you read this—the Jack Benny program was largely concerned with a paragraph originally published in Esquire and written by myself. I'm quite sure most readers of Esquire listen to Benny, so I won't have to repeat the lines of the show. But watching Benny work, in a concentrated and intimate way, was extraordinarily interesting, a sort of object lesson in the way radio comedy is made. I think you might be amused by a report.

The basic idea was this: I had complained that too much radio comedy rose out of the real or pretended human frailties of the comedians and their troupes—jokes about fat men and bald men, mean men and nagging women, stupid people, ignorant people, and so on. I thought that there could be some other sources of humor. I said this mild sadism was becoming a bore. Benny accepted the challenge—and quite rightly, as he is by all odds the top practitioner of this type of comedy. He turns most of it against himself, being the poor clown that always falls, he who gets slapped—and thrives on it. The question was, how could he turn criticism of his fundamental style and material into a good radio program. The solution was masterly.

You may remember that the first half of the program was all in the usual vein: Benny was jealous of Mary Livingstone because she got all the requests for autographs; she accused him of falling asleep while dancing with her; the announcer was called "obese;" the orchestra looked like dogs, and so on. Then Benny put me on the witness stand, announced my ideas, and offered to play a sweet show, "sort of a Ma Perkins with a band." This part of the program, therefore, consisted of honeyed compliments, excessive gushing, and attempted interruptions on my part, put down severely by Benny, who treated me as an enemy of radio and a threat to his bread and butter and swimming pool. At the end, Rochester phoned to complain that something had gone wrong with his radio—"Don Wilson's got thin, you got hair . . . etc." And Benny asked me which way I thought the program was best, allowing me to reply, "I think it's better when they insult you."

What Benny had done was, of course, the opposite of what he said he was going to do. He had really played his comedy of insult right through, using a different technique and making me the fall guy instead of himself. There was no situation developed in the second half; there was no need for one. It was only necessary to slather compliments around so extravagantly as to appear ridiculous and pretend that this was equivalent to a program idea. But the program was built up skillfully, reaching its climax when the commercial was sung to the melody of the *Spring Song*, in operatic style. All through the burlesque, the harp strings were plucked, the quartet sang *Mary's a Grand Old Name*, the orchestra was saccharine. Into this gooey mess, only one acid note was flung—and it was from me. After all the insults to the orchestra in the first half, including references to St. Bernards, the second half developed a series of compliments to the symphonic training of all the men, to their skill as musicians and quality as gentlemen, after which I was made to say, "Then how come they look like dogs?" Then Benny shouted, "Mr. Seldes, apparently you haven't read your article in Esquire." Breaking me down had finally accomplished the main purpose which wasn't to present my criticism, but to make a funny show which proved Benny right.

The process of building the show appalled me. On Saturday afternoon I walked into a first reading of the script. Not all the cast was present; no one had seen the script. We read, laughed, and Benny occasionally altered the reading of a line or indicated tempo. That was all for the day. The next call was for noon Sunday. At that time the script had been shortened to half an hour and some corrections made. We read it again, sitting in a dressing room at the theatre. And after a few further changes, we read at the mike, without the orchestra which had been rehearsed before. The entire show was never rehearsed as a unit! I have seen an orchestral program, with nothing but music and announcements, run through two or three times to get it right. Yet here was a program with five principals, two nonprofessional guests, orchestra and quartet, done with supreme casualness. And on the air, after a little song about hot dogs had convulsed the audience and—I thought—thrown us far off schedule, there were no signals from the control booth, no hurrying. Nevertheless, the thing held its pace and we came off on the dot.

After fourteen years on the air, Benny knows everything there is to know about the handling of a show. He is probably the most artful master of the technique of radio comedy. He knows why he does what he does, has a shrewd critical eye for his own virtues and deficiencies, and achieves his atmosphere of casual ease by instinct and habit as well as hard work. This business of making himself a victim has its technical difficulties. Listen carefully some evening and note how often Rochester or Mary or Phil Harris had the laugh line, and how Benny has to pick up the dialogue after the audience laughs. Here is a sample:

Jack: Come on, Mary. . . who were you dancing with?
Mary: You, you dope, and you fell asleep. (*The audience laughed*)
Jack: Huh? Oh yes, that's right. I had Ovaltine for dinner.

Benny's line is not meant as a topper. Lines like it occur a dozen times in the script. You hear Benny say, "Oh yes . . ." or "Well . . ." or "Where were we?" For a gag comedian this destruction of pace would be fatal. For Benny, with his situation-comedy, based on his getting razzed, it is easily acceptable. You add all the cracks together and, on paper, it seems that Benny isn't a funny man. You add the show together and you feel that it is insanely funny.

The best of Benny's situations was broadcast just a few months

"Why, Johnny, how nice of you to come"

ago. It involved going to dinner with the Ronald Colmans. He thought he was invited; he thought the other guest was an interloper and should have gone home. In his asides he was sorry for the poor fool who couldn't take a hint. And he was never shown up; he went home smugly satisfied with himself. The episode came close to pathos and was done with the greatest delicacy. It hardly mattered whether there were individual laughs or not. And the audience supplied its own pay-off, as if each one of us listening said, "Wait till he finds out." Artfully placed in the middle of the usual insults, the scene was perfect.

This was in effect a dramatic scene and no interruptions of laughter from an audience were needed. I was interested to hear Benny say, when we discussed radio comedy, that several years ago he was quite willing to forego the theatre audience, because he felt that his control of the pace of a show was firmer without spectators. But he made one condition: He would play without an audience if all the other comedians would do the same. The rapid-fire patter comedians, the comics of gags without situation, were not willing to go along. As an old enemy of the audience, I think Benny was right in theory, as I was when I broke into printed invective against the first radio-theatre combination. The audience at home still resents a laugh created by a comedian playing for his guests, and the good comics use such gags sparingly. In the first draft of the script, one of the compliments to Benny read, "You look so much better now you've stopped wearing glasses." Benny was to fiddle with his spectacles and say "Thank you." The lines were dropped.

Watching the production, from script to air, I was profoundly impressed by Benny's instinctive, or acquired, feeling for the medium in which he played. I missed the creative work that went on before. The script was written by John Tackaberry, Milton Josefberg, Sam Perrin and George Balzer (the last two being concerned with the New York production, *Are You with It?*). They wrote the first lines I had ever spoken in character on the air, and I found not a word I had to change. The work they've done for Benny has, of course, been brilliant right along. Benny's dependence on writers is not just an Allen joke. Benny himself said, "If you've got it in the script, you've got it. And if it isn't there, no amount of rehearsal will help." Writers create situations and write lines, but they do not do this in a vacuum. Ideas are worked out with Benny. He sets the tone of the production as it goes on the air.

Incidentally, I haven't changed my opinion. Too much radio comedy is based on slaps and sneers. But it's quite possible that Benny knows his business best and knows what material is best for him. He makes a damned funny show out of it. ⌗

A plea for rational censorship in the comparatively adult art of the theatre

First Nights & Passing Judgments

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

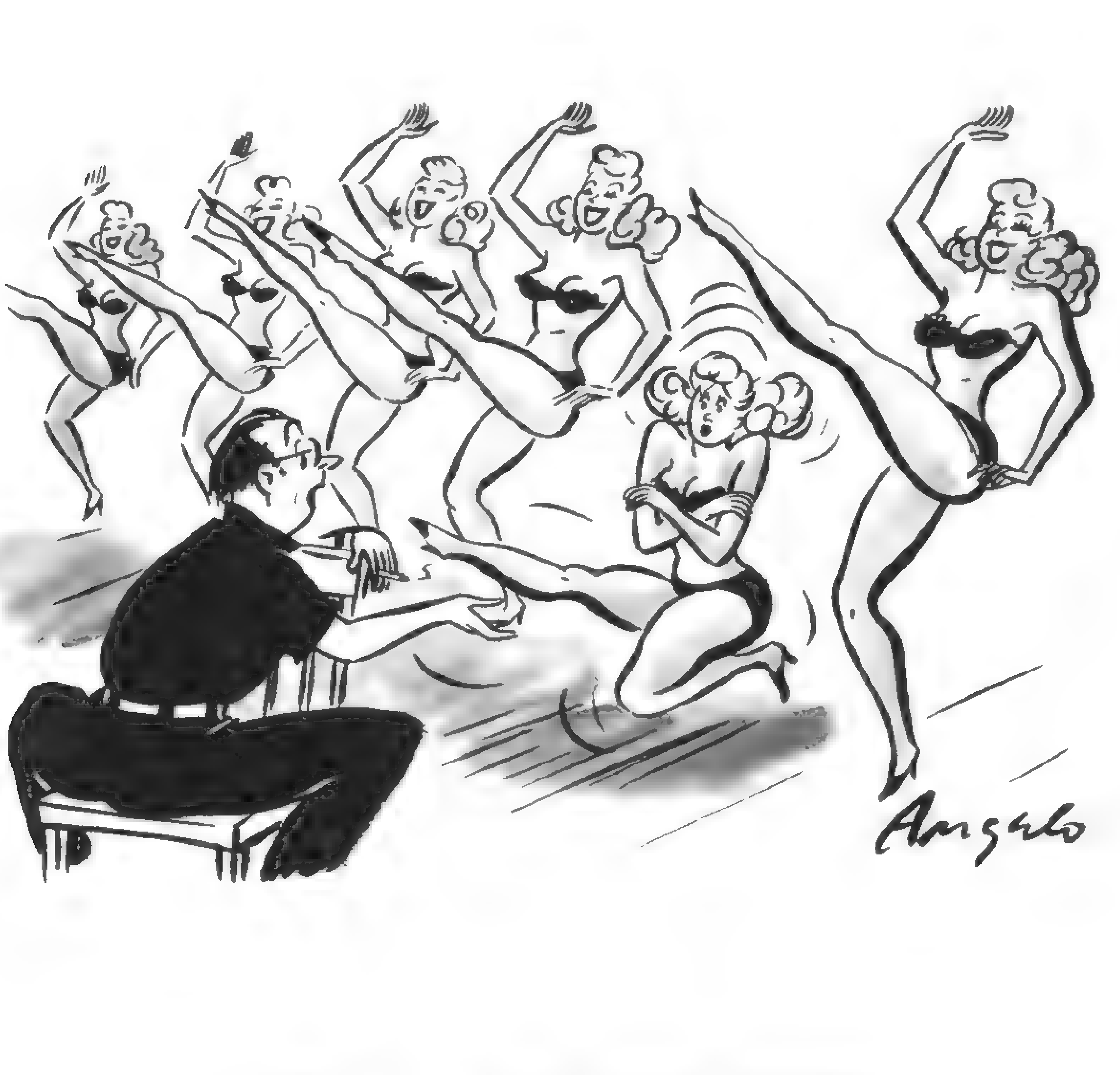
I AM afraid I am going to violate my old, firm principle that the dullest way to begin a magazine article is to lead off with a question. I can think of two or three other ways to start this one, but somehow the simple question, for all the danger, seems the best. Here, then, it is. Just what is it that constitutes an immoral play?

What prompts the question is the refusal, several months ago, of the Readers Theatre group to give a performance of John Ford's famous seventeenth century *'Tis Pity She's a Hoary Noun* in one of Lee Schubert's theatres for fear that its license might be revoked. There was and is no criticism of Mr. Shubert. Under the current puzzling censorship conception of immorality he was thoroughly justified in playing safe. Any good businessman would have done the same thing.

It has long since become plain that this confusion in censorship morals not only in New York but in many of the cities of the nation calls, if possible, for some standardization. The theatre has a right to know what is what. As things presently go, there is simply no means of its telling just what may be censorable and what may not. Take the Ford semi-classic, for example. As almost every student of the drama knows, it deals with incestuous love. But it deals with it unsensationally, honestly, and cleanly. Havelock Ellis wrote of it, as quoted by the Readers Theatre in defense of its projected presentation, "Ford has touched (in this play) the highest point that he ever reached. He never after succeeded in presenting an image so simple, passionate and complex, so free comparatively from mixture of weak and base elements, as that of the boy and girl lovers who were brother and sister.

"The tragic story is unrolled from first to last with fine truth and clear perceptions. The conflict between the world's opinion and the heart's desire he paints and repaints, not as a moralist browbeating the cynical or conventional world, but as an artist, presenting problems which he does not undertake to solve save by the rough methods of the tragic stage. It is the grief deeper than language that he strives to express."

Yet, since incest falls under the local censorship threat to plays dealing in any manner with "degeneracy," Mr. Shubert obviously could not know which way to turn. Both *Mourning Becomes Electra* and *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* treated of incest, but both were allowed to run unmolested. And there have been others which similarly were not interfered with. What, then, would it be that might possibly cause the Ford play to be singled out for suppression? Just when is incest censorable and just when is it not? The Readers Theatre's incestuous *Œdipus*



"Tanya, you must adapt yourself"

Rex, its initial offering, had no voice lifted against it. But who could be certain on this occasion? The mere presence of a frank word in the play's title (a word, as hereinbefore intimated, that even a popular magazine may not always print with entire impunity) might conceivably have prejudiced the moralists against the play itself. It was a gambler's chance all around, and Mr. Schubert was sensible enough not to take the risk.

There exists, clearly, a freak state of affairs not only in a case like this, but in many others. In some cities *Tobacco Road* has been banned largely on the score of a scene in which a Georgia cracker girl indulges in amatory antics in order to inflame a man's libido. In one or two of the very same cities Mae West's similar antics in *Catherine Was Great*, which led up to one of the dirtiest bedroom scenes ever seen on the American stage, has not aroused a single moralist peep. In New York, both *The Lure* and *Maya* were frowned upon by the professors of virtue because houses of ill-fame figured in them. Yet houses of ill-fame figured also in half a dozen other plays, among them *Mahogany Hall* and *Behind Red Lights*, with no protest registered against them. Moreover, if any dirt was involved, there was considerably more of it in the latter than in the former.

The musical show, *Wine, Women and Song*, was raided, shut down and its theatre's license rescinded for a year on the ground that its comedians cracked a few sex jokes and that a semi-nude gymnastic dancer had a pair of phosphorescent hands painted on her aft embonpoint. A semi-nude gymnastic dancer with a pair of phosphorescent hands painted on the same section of the anatomy was a feature of Charles H. Yale's spectacular *Twelve Temptations* all of fifty years ago and played throughout the country without the slightest objection. And yet we hear talk that morals change and that what once was considered immoral is no longer, with the increased liberality, considered so. As for the jokes in *Wine, Women and Song*, they were pure Sunday school in comparison with those in the musical, *Hairpin Harmony*, among others, which the moralists did not deign to notice.

Censorship and the police brought about the closing in New York of both *The Captive* and *Trio* because they treated of woman's aberrant love of woman. Why, then, among others, were *Girls In Uniform*, *Love of Women* and *Wise Tomorrow*, which dealt with the same theme, not closed?

The whole thing amounts to confusion doubly confused. *Idiot's Delight* was banned in one Western city because of dialogue indicating that a man and woman, unmarried, had occupied the same room together. In that same city identical dialogue and intimation in at least a dozen plays attracted no moralist attention whatever. When immorality, so called, is not immoral is obviously impossible for the theatre to determine.

"A year ago this time I was dancing with Betty Grable at the Stage Door Canteen"

One of the biggest successes of the year in New York is the Lunts' vehicle, *O Mistress Mine*. It has been accepted as delightful, charming, and what not by almost everyone who has seen it, including the majority of reviewers and, apparently, the moralists themselves. It deals with a middle-aged mother of a boy of eighteen who enters into illicit relations with a man for the luxuries it will bring her. One of the big musical successes is *Billion Dollar Baby*. It deals with a young girl egged on by her grafting mother to get all she can from men by whatever means. *The Voice of the Turtle*, one of the most popular plays in many years, apotheosizes illicit love, as the also immensely popular *Harvey* endorses drunkenness. And so on. Yet there has been no slightest hint of moral censorship in their case.

One of these days, however, some play with a theme much like *O Mistress Mine* or *The Voice of the Turtle* is likely to be pounced upon by censorship and its theatre license suspended. It will not matter whether that censorship is municipal, police, or jury; the suppression will amount to the same thing. Is there no way for the theatre to foretell what is actionable and what is not?

The motion pictures know pretty well how far they may go. Aside from the Johnston office's regulations, which we pray may never have an equivalent in the theatre, the various state and city boards of censorship have made their prejudices clear. Now and then some idiotic board like that in Memphis may eccentrically rule that in a picture a white man cannot tip his hat to a Negro, even in comedy, and censor a film like *The Sailor Takes a Wife*. But in the main the cinema, even at the expense of intelligence and artistic ruin, at least appreciates where the moralists generally stand. We do not want any such nonsensical censorship in the theatre; we do not need it as the cinema with its juvenile audiences possibly needs it. But with the theatre's undisputed very much higher cultural status and with its adult audiences it deserves from censorship, whether actual or potential, some definite opinion on what exactly is and is not taboo.

For example, if a producer wished to put on Schnitzler's *Reigen* today, would he be safe from interference? The play got into trouble with the viceroys years ago, but would it get into trouble now? Is there no way for a producer to find out without risking 40,000 dollars or more on a production? It is possible in England, why not here? What, also, about such still locally unseen plays by equally reputable authors as Stephen Phillips' version of *The Cenci*, Maurice Donnay's version of *Lysistrata*, Wedekind's trilogy, *Fit for Anything*, *In Full Cry* and (too literally) *Washed in All Waters?*

Returning to the New York censorship threat against plays dealing with sexual degeneracy, it is difficult to deduce, if such threat is honest, why plays like *Oscar Wilde*, *Night Must Fall*, *Hand in Glove*, *Murder without Crime* and the sort have been permitted to run without interference. They are of sexual degeneracy all compact. What is the censorship means of differentiation between the degeneracy of *Trio* and *Oscar Wilde*, for example? Does it smile upon the sexual aberrations of men while it condemns those of women?

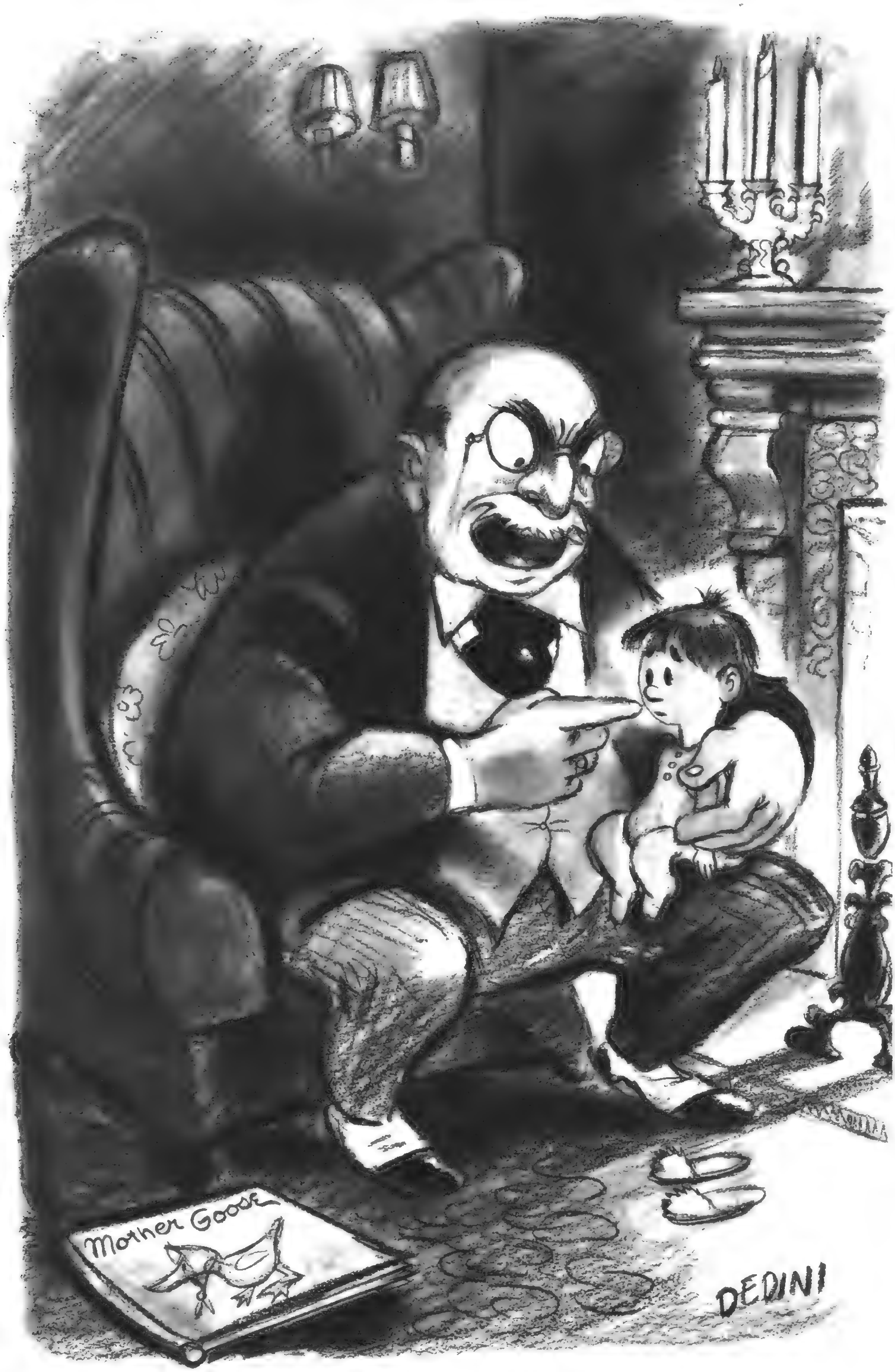
We certainly, to repeat, do not want censorship of any kind. We also certainly do not want flu or pneumonia. But we get it nonetheless. Cures have been perfected in the case of the latter, though they do not guarantee a repetition of the disease. Let us, helpless as we seem to be, try to do something to assist the theatre at least equally in the instance of censorship.

Let the censors in all parts of the country tell us concretely what they object to. In other words, let them stipulate exactly what they consider to be lascivious and indecent in the way of themes, dialogue, stage business, etc. The vaudeville theatres in their heyday defined such things for themselves and the producers of acts and performers knew just what they could and could not do. There is always final recourse to the courts if the censors go too far. In the meantime, theatre producers would be spared, through antecedent knowledge, the present unnecessary loss of money.

Let the censors be further persuaded to consistency. If they condemn one play for one thing, why do they not condemn another for exactly the same thing? Let's clear the air.

In short, if we must have interference, as evidently we periodically must, let the theatre be informed specifically and not in general, meaningless, and often contradictory terms.

Finally, do not for a moment imagine that I am supporting censorship of any kind. What I am doing is reluctantly acknowledging that, like the poor and colds in the nose, it is always with us, however much we may protest, and that the best thing we can do under the circumstances, while girding for the eventual showdown fight, is to horn some mild rationality into it. When censorship in New York and various other cities freely allows some such filthy dose of garbage as *School for Brides* a free rein and yet clamps the lid on or forbids presentation of such honest plays as *The Captive*, even monkeys at the zoo are to be forgiven for hitting themselves on the head. It doesn't make sense. ##


Mother Goose
DEDINI

"Well, sir, there was A. T. & T. at 264, Steel dropping by the minute and Wall Street going mad!—You're sure I'm not boring you?"

Even a host can enjoy the festivities when he provides both wisely and well

Blueprint for a Cocktail Party

by LAWTON MACKALL

So you're socially obligated to a slew of people or are aiming to obligate them to you, either case spelling a hospitable affair with refreshments à la tail-of-the-rooster. It takes sound planning if it is to be run off smoothly and do you credit. So let's furrow the brow and start plotting.

The Summonses:—Printed or penned. (Engraving is impressive but takes weeks.) Can be sizable card or folder, plain or decorated, bearing genial salutations. Or a practical but presentable "informal" (small and folded, titled with your name). States day, time (usually 4-6 or 5-7), and place, with mention of cocktails. And don't forget R.S.V.P. Invitations should be mailed one to two weeks in advance.

Population Estimate.—To be on the safe side, add ten or twenty per cent to the number of acceptances.

Glassware.—Not your crystal treasures sported at dinner parties, nor crude thickies either; in-between graders are the thing. You need at least two to a customer of shapes and sizes required by the pouring program: 3 oz. cocktail stemmers (busiest), 10 oz. highball glasses (close competitors), 2 oz. V-glasses for sherry, Old Fashioned glasses (if you're serving that drink, made with whiskey, brandy, rum, sherry, or your pet whiskey liqueur of below-the-Mason-&-Dixon-line mood), champagne glasses if festivity is ultra.

Beverage Supplies.—Three drinks per person is a fair allowance. Their kinds depend on what's obtainable, and I don't mean self-robbery. You compute the bottles without calculus if you know your clue numbers. Basic 17 is the number of jiggers (1½ oz. each) that a "fifth" bottle (25.6 oz.) will pour. Translated, it means 17 Martinis per bottle of gin, 17 Daiquiris per bottle of rum, 17 Manhattans or Old Fashioneds per bottle of whiskey. If brandy or Scotch highballs are of 1-jigger strength, 17 washes up the bottle.

But let's be larger-minded, tripling our jiggers to 51 and throwing away the spare, which would probably be accounted for by spillage anyhow. Now our yardstick is 50 drinks, 3 bottles—offering an easy jump to 200 drinks, 1 case. But the vermouths, dry for the Martinis and sweet for the Manhattans, are still to be reckoned. They operate at half-jigger speed: 34 cocktails (clue 17 doubled) to the "fifth," or 40 to the taller traditional "vermouth bottle" which is 2 oz. short of a quart; 50 cocktails therefore mean 1½ "fifths" of vermouth, or 1¼ traditional size, along with the 3 bottles of liquor; and the case job of 200 would require 6 vermouth "fifths" or 5 traditionals.

Sherry deals are 2 oz., a dozen to the bottle, with a residue of 1.6 oz., which in old Spanish sherries may be dreggy. American sherries run younger and can usually be squeezed to the last drop, providing a starter on the next glass; so count 25 for 2 bottles. Similarly 2 "fifths" of liquor will yield 25 highballs of 2 oz. strength. (More appropriate for a stag affair than a mixed party.) Champagne, straight or cocktailed, is 6-9 to the bottle.

Beverage Trays.—It is a good idea to tag each tray with a scotch tape label naming the drinks thereon—"bourbon and water," "rye and soda," etc. The most eagle-eyed expert can not tell these apart by color and even the choice between sparkling water and the tap variety presents a problem to the eye when they are moving fast. This little advance thoughtfulness will save many of your lady guests, particularly, a jolt in the taste buds, and cut down the total of good liquor that goes down the drain instead of down the hatch.

Fruit and Fixings.—Maraschino cherries for Manhattans and Old Fashioneds; pitted olives for Martinis; 1 lime to 2 Daiquiris or 2 Cuba Libres; 2 sizable lemons to 3 Collinses; snips of lemon peel and half-slices of oranges for Old Fashioneds. Large bottle of bitters. Sugar. Bottles of sparkling water, pre-chilled.

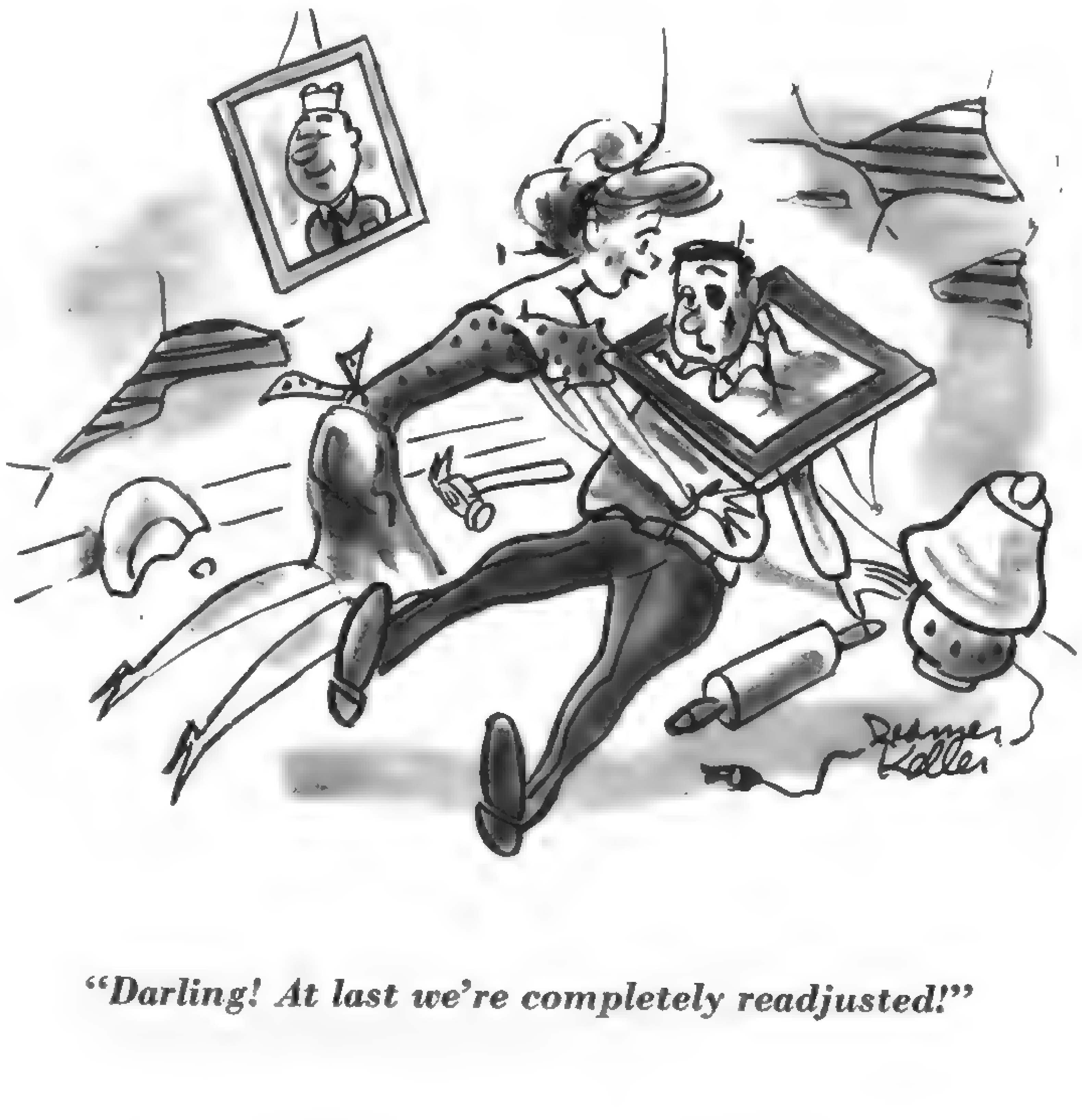
Ice.—More than you could expect of your refrigerator. If you live in a city, phone a cube service; in the country, your ice company will oblige. Shakers and mixing glasses require cracked ice.

Flowers.—By all means, but vased where they won't be knocked over.

Cigarettes.—Invitingly stood up in shot glasses in many strategic spots. Ash trays everywhere. Matches, table lighters.

Canapés.—Single-mouthful propositions, avoiding the necessity of individual plates which men hate to be encumbered with. Hot and cold possibilities include plain or melted cheese, bacon and cheese, salami, sliced ham, ham spreads, smoked turkey paste, shrimp, sardines, tuna, smoked salmon with radish-of-the-horse, miniature croquettes of codfish (hot), deviled eggs and chopped egg spreads, olives of all types, pâté de foie gras, and caviar. Salted nuts are standard attractions. Cocktail sausages, both plain and cased in pastry, always click. Platters aren't so huge as to require ten tours of the room to dispose of contents. Late arriving guests draw fresh editions, not sad, soggy remainders.

Confusion Control.—All persons assisting in the operation of this party have definite assignments. Somebody is stationed near the door to greet incomers and start the introductions. Somebody has the job of scouting for empty glasses and whisking them out to the kitchen, where they are promptly washed and put back into service; otherwise the party might get stalled by glass shortage, a calamity exceeded only by that of running out of liquor. Those in charge of pouring have their work simplified for them by fruit juices already squeezed, slices and peels neatly dished, and Martini and Manhattan mixtures prepared in advance or, for convenience, bought bottled. The cracked ice isn't soupy; and cubes aren't left melting in glasses destined for highballs. Shaker productions are presented while still cloudy and foam-edged. To ease congestion at the bar, trays of assorted drinks are passed around. Somebody musical is coaxed to the piano. Songs are joined in. Everybody is of the opinion that it's a swell party. Even its planner contrives to smile through his cares. ⵌ



"Darling! At last we're completely readjusted!"

Playing it close to the vest, we invented the answers to this month's sports survey

The Esquire Sports Poll on Fishing

by HERB GRAFFIS

BROWNE

In a fishing poll there are perils. The initial possibility is that of having the job regarded as a pun. The ultimate risk is that of having the results considered merely additional exhibits of the fisherman's reputed mendacity.

Consequently, in making the subject of fishing an Esquire sports poll we are minimizing our chances of further embarrassment by inventing the answers for the customers. So now, if any fisherman is lying, it's us.

Esquire sports polls involve considerable expense and work when conducted in our customary manner. That isn't bad enough. Often voters by the thousands send in answers that are exactly contrary to our personal convictions and expressions. That puts us in a bad light around the office. So we won't subject ourselves to the superior intelligence of Esquire's sports poll voters this time. This present poll is one in which only the fish are sure to have the right answers.

Now to toss the bait in for the answer to . . .

Question I

"Would a fish devote as much energy, money, time, thirst and sunburn to fishing for men as men devote to fishing for fish?"

Yes	22%
No	118%

The apparent duplication of answers would come from newspapermen who have been writing management-labor editorials. They are in the habit of giving their stuff the Yes-and-No slant to play safe with both the advertising and circulation.

A representative of the "but on the other hand" boys is Mortimer L. McUlcer, editor-in-chief of the Snake Creek Times-Star-News-Journal, who would say:

"Fact-finding commissions have proved beyond reasonable doubt that many a sportsman has fished in lakes where he has the same chance of catching fish he'd have by casting into the Mojave desert. Under constitutional guarantees of free enterprise the sportsman cannot be denied the right to fish where there are no fish. The marvels of the atomic era may hold forth promise of fish by fission. A few snorts of old uranium under a hot sun beating down on a boat, and the hopeful Walton may have to battle his path through a picket line of finny monsters to get back to shore.

"However, fish must also be granted the privilege of freedom from regimentation. Breeding fish simply for the purpose of being hooked is a Fascist practice. Forcing fish to locate where fishermen are present in large and threatening numbers brings the abhorrent concentration camp principle into these fair United States.

"We must, in preserving the liberties so dearly won for us by our founding fishermen fathers and protected by their valiant sons, assure to fish their inalienable rights without distinction of creed, color, breed or bait."

On the positive side is Horatio Hormone who would observe: "Certainly, a fish will do any damn fool thing a man will do. Look at a salmon going to all the work of grunting and panting upstream to meet his inamorata. He is a chump, of course. If he'd wait, the lady fish would swim down to meet him. But it is just the same with guys. A fellow who thinks he is smart will spend himself into hock and work himself into a breakdown going after some pulse-pounding redheaded number. If he'd hang around where he is for a while, she'd come to him."

Definitely of the majority opinion that fish wouldn't go to the trouble for men that men go to for fish would be Boobleigh Notink. Mr. Notink frequently "goes away for a rest after all the strain of war." During the war Mr. Notink often went away for a rest because the English were having horse races, the Russians were playing soccer, and all war and no play makes Jack a very dull boy indeed.

Boobleigh will work at anything not specifically designated as work, hence he would testify authoritatively:

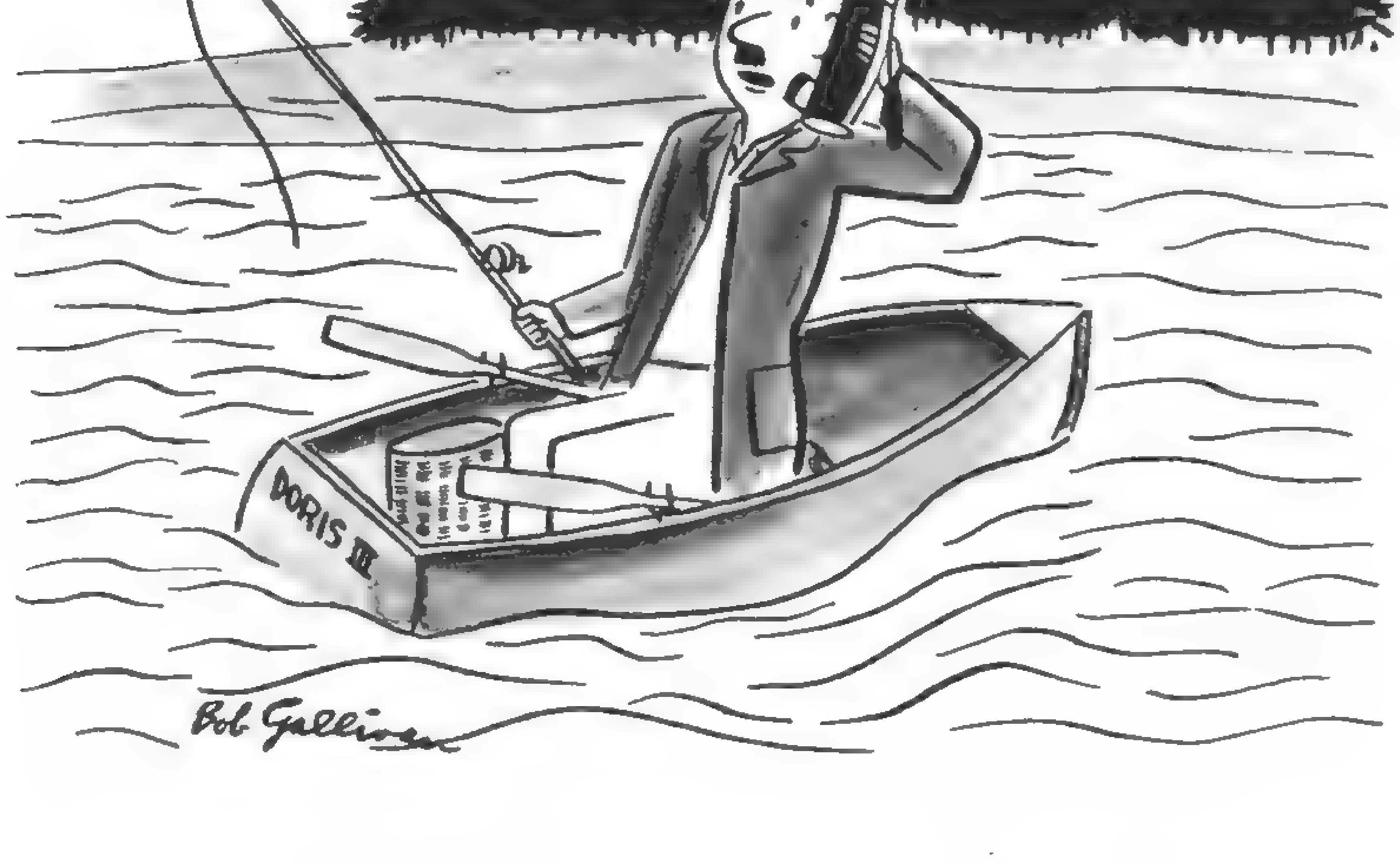
"A fish is superior to a man in the conservation of energy. Have you watched a man untangle a flyline from overhanging branches while seventy-five zillion mosquitoes and deer flies chaw on his exposed skin and unbutton his clothes to get at his naked hide? Or have you seen a man trying to yank his line from a snarl with waterweeds, at the bottom of which fish lie watching the proceedings in indolent disdain?

"Sure you have. You have been the frustrated fisherman yourself.

"Money and time are nothing to a fish, except in those rare cases where some big-bellied fin-bearer, who wants to get his name in the papers, finally is caught and yields, in the post mortem, some small silver change or a watch that went overboard. But the reason fishing is important to many men is that it costs more time and money than they can afford. It is an extravagance unless a guy thinks it is worth more than it costs to get away from the jawing of his spouse and having to shave every day.

"Personally I have nothing against thirst and sunburn except that the earlier stages of sunburn are uncomfortable and the later stages make a gentleman look like a barbershop sunlamp Arab. A fish is not going to ruin his beautiful flesh tint and give himself a premature fried look by staying in the sun as the fisherman does. Nature denies the fish the boon of the fisherman's thirst for refreshing grain beverages. This thirst comes in handy when the fisherman's palate is parched by sitting beneath the blistering sun or fishing through the ice. A fisherman who is endowed with a fine sporting palate will become parched under any condition.

"There are a few fish that do enjoy delicious grain beverages as they trickle from stills in the hills of Kentucky and Tennessee. However, these fish do not remain orthodox fish. After gulping the still slops, they climb out of the streams, make raids on



"Lower your voice, dear—you'll scare all the fish away"

the mountaineers' chicken roosts and engage in other disorderly practices. This, I submit, proves that a fish cannot drink as much as a fisherman, despite the old saying about gentlemen who drink like fish."

Having given both sides and the middle expressions of their judgments, we'll now seine for answers to . . .

Question II

"Is the percentage against the fisherman, better, worse, or the same as the percentage against horse players and golfers?"

Better	50%
Worse	50%
Same	50-50

For the first time in all history, accurate information on this oft-debated subject would be supplied, in Esquire's poll, by Prof. Lucius Goose, the eminent mathematician. Prof. Goose is famed for his remark that when he feels like fishing he lies down and waits until the fish make up their minds what they want to do.

His convincing data: "Fishing is accomplished by a person standing on some part of the 57,510,000 square miles of earth's dry land and tossing a hook into some section of the earth's 139,440,000 square miles of water surface. The area of the average fishhook is 1/32 sq. in. There are 4,014,489,600 sq. ins. in a mile. Therefore your chance of throwing a hook into water where a fish would be waiting for hors d'oeuvres is approximately one in 6,249,484,000,000,000,000. And even that's optimistic. The oceans of the earth have a mean depth of about 2½ miles and you can't expect a fish to stay on top of the water just to accommodate you. Your chances are better for holding thirteen spades as the odds against that are only about one in 635,013,559,599.

"Your mathematical chance of cashing a daily double ticket is far, far greater than your chances of catching a fish.

"Say you bought a ticket coupling each of the ten nags in the first race with each of the ten nags in the second race. One of your hundred tickets would have to hit the double regardless of the jockeys. Maybe you have been thinking that fishing is a better gamble than horse playing because fish do not have jockeys. That shows how fishermen delude themselves.

"What is difficult to figure out is why more men catch fish than catch the daily double, and why, since the odds against catching fish are so great, Friday ever got into the calendar.

"The golfer gets much better odds than the fisherman. The cup of a golf hole is 4¼ inches in diameter. The ball is not less than 1.68 inches in diameter. On a 400-yard hole of usual width of fairway and rough there are 55,840,000 square inches, or approximately 13,138,236 times the area of the hole. However you are allowed four strokes to make par on such a hole so your chances of getting a par are 3,284,558 to 1. It works out just about like that in actual play, unless you want to lie about how many strokes you took."

"Don't be so stubborn, dear, let go"

Obviously if fish ever saw how the actuarial data on fishing favors them they wouldn't have any respect whatsoever for fishermen.

Nevertheless, Prof. Goose's computations of the appalling odds against a fisherman could not dismay enthusiasts such as Belchmore Mildew who would echo the feeling of the vast majority of fishermen; "Let the fish worry whether the odds are for or against them. I go fishing to get away from worrying."

Now to the fish for the right answer to . . .

Question III

"Does skill count in fishing or is it mainly luck?"

Skill	68%
Luck	32%

A question like this, we have noted from previous Esquire sports polls, brings votes favoring "skill" from the ardent disciples of a sport, while those who can take any particular sport or leave it alone, hold that luck is the chief element.

Fishing fans, such as Pythagoras Quagmire, who spends winter evenings in his basement making flies and emptying bottles, would respond:

"The conflict of man vs. fish calls for man shedding the veneer of civilization and returning to his original status as a cold-blooded vertebrate that lives in water and breathes through gills. It requires skill for man to reason how he acted before he was caught short in the drying up of a pond and had to change his habits.

"Any man can figure out how to catch another man. Money or a moll are the only bait needed in most cases. But to catch a fish you have to consider the fish's appetite, temperament, home conditions and heaven knows what all else, and even then you may come back with no fish."

Of the contrary opinion would be Wilbur Firkin, genial genius of inertia, who could be quoted:

"Fishing is nothing but luck. The pictures prove it. Don't you always see pictures of some rich old guy with more equipment than the Ninth Air Force ever had, coming back empty handed from fishing, while some little kid with torn overalls and a bamboo pole is dragging enough fish to give him a hernia?

"You gotta believe the guys who draw those pictures. Otherwise you wouldn't believe in Dick Tracy or Superman, and where would the country be then?

"Fishing is like getting rich. Look at the dopes who can write a check a yard and a half long, while I am a very bright gee and only got lint in my pockets. Some guys could get mountain trout out of a drainage canal and other guys would draw a blank dipping a net into a fish hatchery."

So that settles that, and leaves us free to row to . . .

Question IV

"Wouldn't a fisherman be better off to fish in a preserve where they charge him for his catch at so much per pound?"

Yes	11%
No	89%

Among the 11% who would vote for fishing where they couldn't miss, probably all but one of them are characters who'd cheat playing solitaire.

With the exception of those ardent fishermen who are practicing casting with live targets, the well-stocked pay-as-you-weigh pools and streams are patronized by gentlemen who are pretending they are somewhere else. They are fellows of lively imaginations, but what good fishermen aren't?

A really sporting fisherman only feels proud of himself when he thinks he has given himself enough discomfort and caused himself enough expense to justify fate's verdict against the fish.

Fishing is among the most satisfying of mortal man's alibis, as admirable Izaak Walton points out, when he cites the statement of "that great undervaluer of money," Sir Henry Wotton, who said of angling "'Twas an employment for his idle time, which was then not idly spent."

A gentleman who goes to a convenient place where he is assured that he'll catch fish is like a fellow who is taking his meals in the form of vitamin pills instead of gnawing on good substantial chow that gives him reasons for burping and picking his teeth. But if fishing in a sure-catch place is the only game handy, what does the fishing addict care if it's fixed?

Perhaps a brilliant promoter someday will devise a fishing resort handy to a seething metropolis, at which the customer can get bitten by insects, slip on rocks into icy water, or get himself barbecued by powerful sunlamps—all with a fishpole in his hand and without catching one solitary fish, for the simple reason that none have been provided by the establishment.

Then the customer can emerge from the preserve which duplicates conditions that often prevail in nature, buy some lamb chops to take home to his wife, and catch hell from his spouse for being late. The impresario of this sort of an establishment would make a fortune by duplicating the situation that frequently tries, but never quells, the deep and abiding love of a fisherman for his sport. ##

Apartment House Ticktacktoe

This tricky variation of an old game requires two sharp-witted strategists

by JOHN LANGTON WELSH

Apartment House Ticktacktoe is a pastime for those parlor gamesters who no longer get a thrill out of that venerable time killer, *ticktacktoe*.

The *ticktacktoe* you played on grade-school blackboards was a nice enough game as far as it went, but you will recall that it ceased to be challenging after a while. Too many contests wound up in stalemates, because even a dullard could cinch a draw if he concentrated on defense alone.

Apartment House Ticktacktoe takes the intriguing idea behind *ticktacktoe* and gives it a three-dimensional twist. To explain how it works, it is necessary to digress briefly to the original t-t-t-. In the latter, it will be remembered, two sets of parallel lines, one vertical, one horizontal, are drawn to form a grid which has nine areas or positions. The two players alternately make their marks in these nine areas, and the first to place three marks in a straight line is the winner. (See Figure 1.)

But here is *ticktacktoe* jazzed up with variations. In the first place you visualize—that's right, *visualize*—three grids, each on a horizontal plane, but one above another like the floors of a three-story apartment house. To stimulate your imagination, we'll draw the three floors and divide the top one into nine apartments—just like a grid of the old-fashioned *ticktacktoe* except that it is bordered by walls. (Figure 2.)

Remember, though, you use no *ticktacktoe* drawing of any sort in the game itself.

Since the game is played without the grids being drawn, it is necessary for each player to be able to identify every position without misunderstanding. This is done by the familiar apartment house code system which assigns a number and a letter to every apartment in the building. The planes are identified as 1, 2 and 3 representing first, second and third floors of an imaginary structure. The letters are employed to establish the locations on a plane—the apartments being lettered arbitrarily from left to right, A through I. Only the number-letter combinations are used in the game. For instance, along one side of the top plane we might have: 3A (third floor, apartment A), 3D, 3G—and a winner. The apartment letters on the lower floors correspond to the top floor—2A is directly above 1A. Hence 2E is the very heart of the pile. (Figure 3.)

On the flat plane of old-style *ticktacktoe* there are eight ways to put three symbols in a straight line, so with three planes we have twenty-four (eight on each plane), while still thinking only in terms of horizontal lines. But a perfectly vertical line could start down from any of the positions on the top plane, and since there are nine such positions, we now bring the total of avenues of victory to thirty-three. And by descending in various diagonals instead of vertically, we discover sixteen more channels to make a total of forty-nine ways in which three-point straight lines can be plotted. From a defensive point of view, there are forty-nine lines along which symbols can be placed to thwart the other guy's strategy.

To play the game, both players alternately add location symbols to the same list, each entry representing the player's claim to the indicated position. All entries are prefixed with the player's symbol, and in nostalgic acknowledgment of the game's origin, we preserve the O and X of *ticktacktoe*.

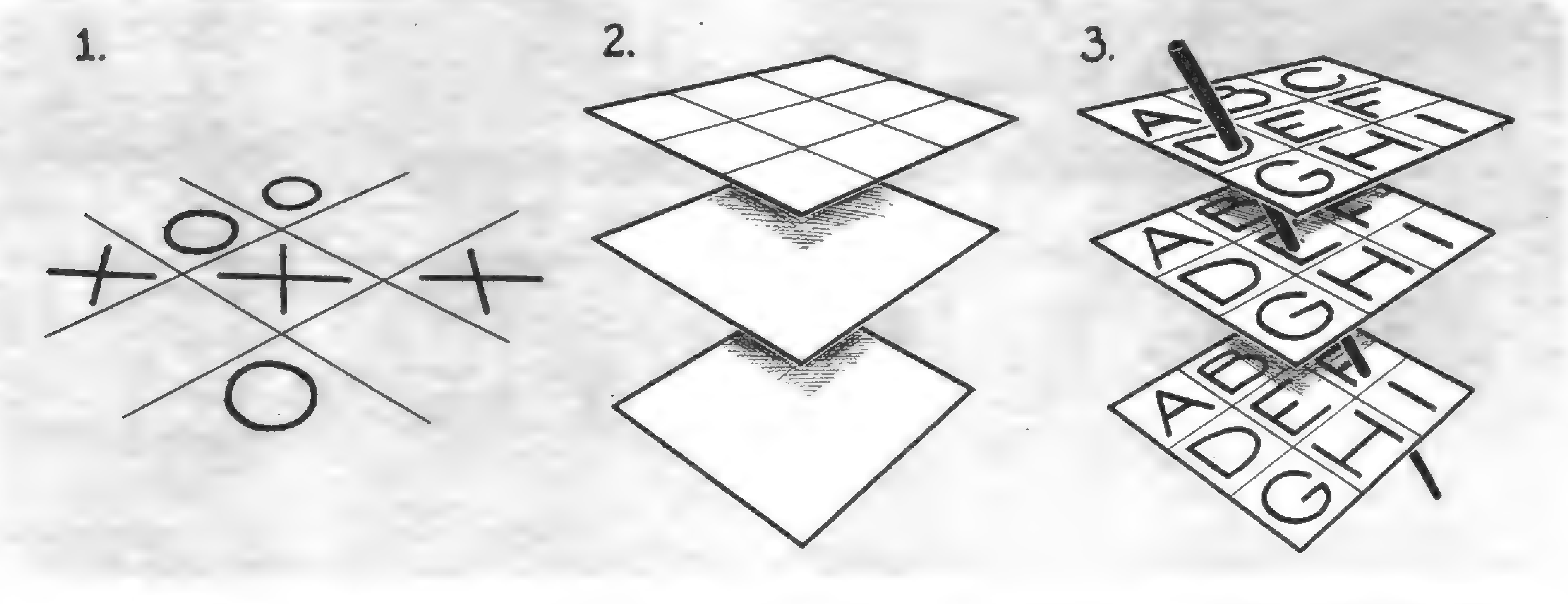
The list is kept before both players, and as soon as either places a location symbol on the paper which completes the extension of a three-point imaginary straight line in any approved direction, he wins. He can then settle back, light another cigarette and chortle while his opponent checks the accuracy of his claim. Then a clean page is produced, and they give it another fair go.

Here is a sample game:

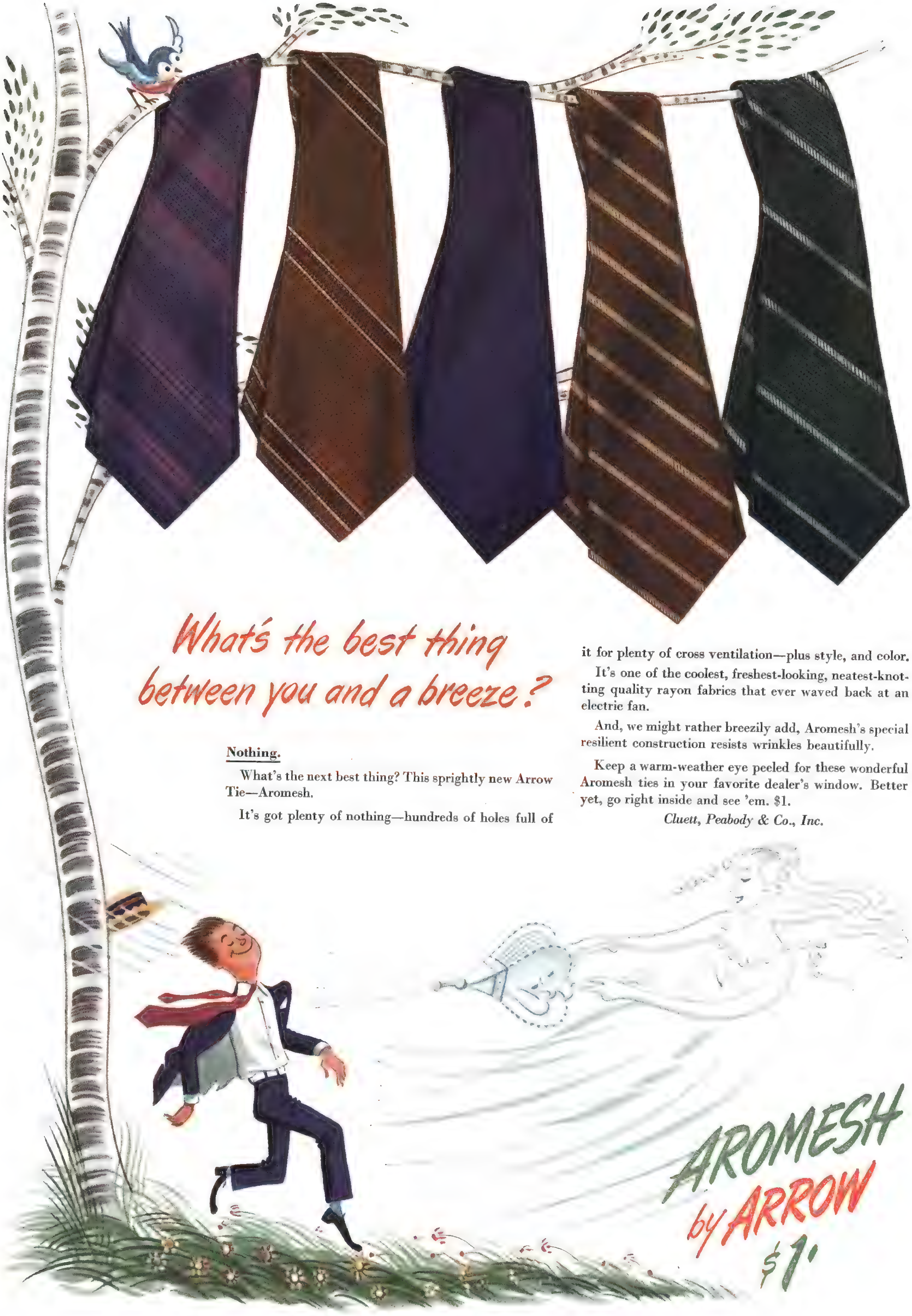
X—1A
O—2E
X—1B
O—1C
X—3G
O—2D
X—2F
O—3A
X—1G
O—1D
X—3D
O—3F

O wins with 1D, 2E, and 3F. Figure it out, if you don't believe it.

Because the present diversion involves the ability to think *visually*, some vocational scholars will tell you that it functions as a kind of junior-grade aptitude test. That's all over our head. We recommend Apartment House Ticktacktoe strictly on its merits as a game which can put life into an otherwise soggy evening. ⌗



Apartment House Ticktacktoe is the old familiar game with a new twist. Figure 1: As in the original game, two sets of crossed parallel lines form a grid with nine positions. Figure 2: Our game is given third dimension by visualizing three grids, each on a horizontal plane but one above the other. Figure 3: Mentally letter the blocks to give them location in your mind and try out the forty-nine ways to win.



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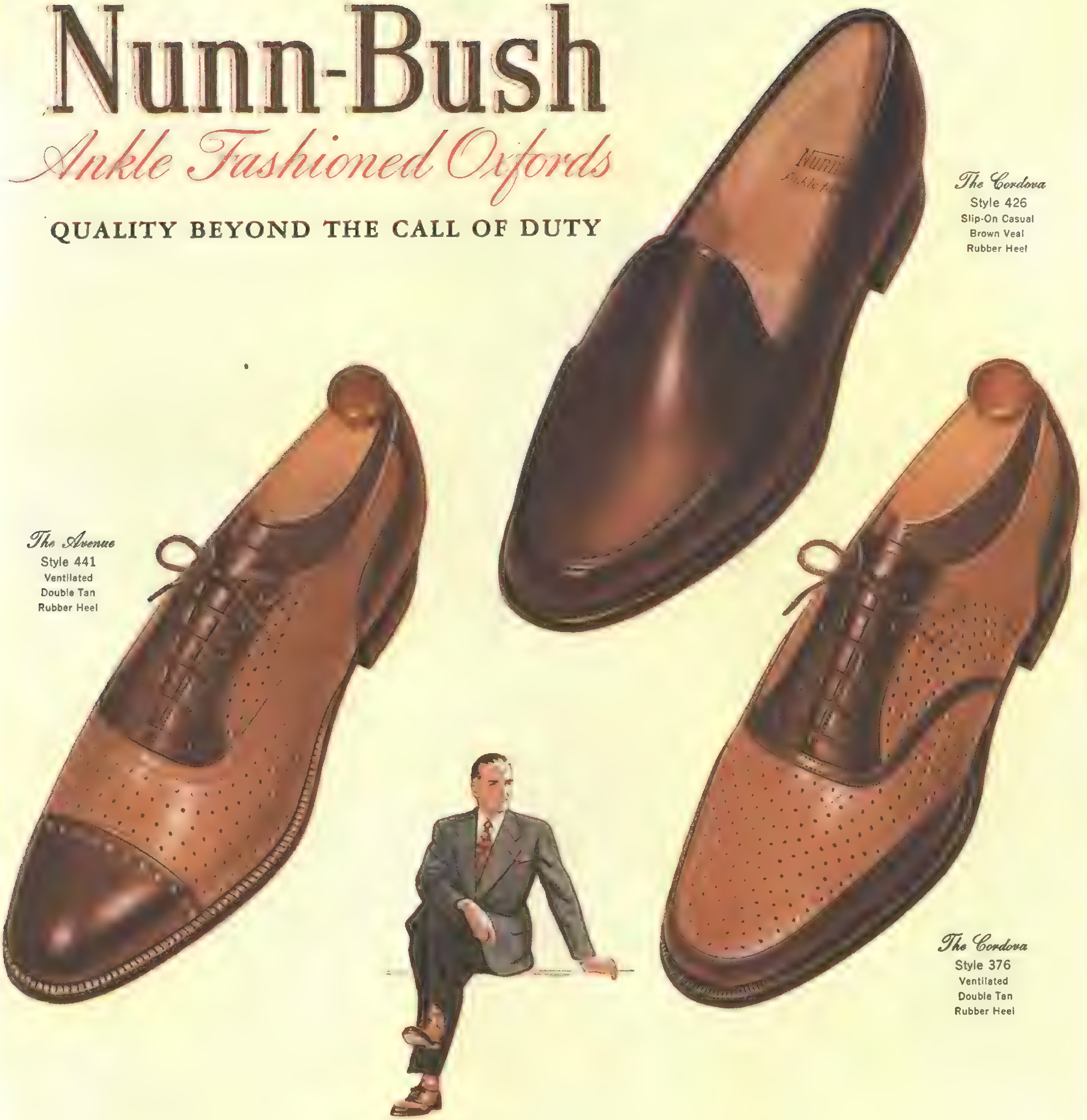

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On Caring for Records

Hints for collectors who want the best in listening pleasure

by **LESLIE SMITH**

The unthinkable lies in wait for the unwary record collector. Heifetz can go flat, a symphony falter under Toscanini's baton, Goodman squeal on a "G above C"—not in the studio, but in your home unless you can mousetrap in advance the dust and grease and accident that menace the tone of a record cut as true as a tuning fork.

The fact is that for all the engineering skill and artistry that went into your records, discordant scratches and raspings can literally nest in discs which have not been given proper care. Fragile, sensitive to dust and heat, records need pampering to continue at their best. They need good pickups, needles and amplifying systems to show them on their best behavior. There is no reason why the record collector can't achieve such optimum results with his discs. The open secret of full listening pleasure can be mastered through learning a few rules on care and playing of records.

It is important to remember, first of all, that records bend under their own weight when exposed to heat of any kind. To put them near radiators or sunlight is to invite warping. However, a warped record can be restored simply by applying heat. A good method is to place the record between two glass plates and put the whole works on a flat surface in a warm room for a couple of days. If necessary to restore warped records more quickly, place in the sun between the two glass plates—but for a few moments only. Longer exposure will ruin the record. As soon as the record is flat again, take it into a room of normal temperature.

There are a few tricks to learn about storing the discs. Since the important thing is to keep them from chafing against each other, the best storage method is to leave them upright in albums. If you don't have albums, use those heavy manila envelopes the record stores sell. And if you can't get envelopes, store them flat, with each disc in its own cover. Be especially careful in handling records. Dust and grease from your fingers can eat the life out of them.

No matter how careful you are to keep your records dust- and grease-free, you'll have occasion to clean them too. For ordinary cleaning, rubbing with a dry, soft cloth will do the trick, though you may want to try some of the commercial cleaners for the tougher jobs. I know a collector who laboriously goes over the prizes he finds at junk shops with fine oil and wax. And a bartender acquaintance of mine swears by a certain kind of bar polish. The commercial cleaners claim to make old records sound like new, but that promise is highly exaggerated. Before you use these cleaners on your best records, sample them on some that aren't so good.

Although flat and clean records are essential to good reproduction, they don't guarantee it. Various mechanical matters can still stymie your aspirations. You may have noticed in the past how the music can suddenly go flat for an instant about halfway through a soft, sustained note. It "wows." Your wife may have plugged in the electric iron. Your son may have turned on his electric train. Or maybe the refrigerator motor started up. Any of these could have caused a voltage fluctuation and slowed your turntable motor. The antidote for this kind of

Continued on page 120

"I wish to report an attempted robbery"

ALLIGATOR Galecloth Coats

Conquer the WIND and WET weather

Here's your all-purpose, all-weather, all-year coat... Galecloth, by Alligator! If the wind blows a cold gale, the tightly woven Galecloth resists it! If it rains, sleets or snows—the exclusive water repellent process keeps you dry! If it turns suddenly warm, the extreme light weight is a welcome feature.

Whatever your choice... there's an Alligator for you!

Alligator's famous rainwear includes both waterproof and water repellent coats in a variety of styles and a wide range of popular prices. See your dealer today. The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

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Rainwear
because... IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

4 Reasons Why

Fleischmann's makes America's Most Delicious Martini!

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Established 1870
DISTILLED DRY GIN
90 PROOF
Distilled from American Grain
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1 **Fleischmann's "Dry" Dryness!** Not just dry—FLEISCHMANN'S GIN is "dry" dry . . . without the slightest trace of "sweetness." In fact, tests show it's 100% dry—a connoisseur's choice, yet *priced for you to enjoy!*

2 **Fleischmann's Taste!** It's light! It's delicate! A taste found only in FLEISCHMANN'S. It comes from a mash *specially prepared* from finest American grains . . . plus *continuous* distillation.

3 **Fleischmann's Smoothness!** It's so soft! So velvety! So *very, very* smooth! The reason? It's 76 years of "know how"—for *no other* gin was made in America before FLEISCHMANN'S!

4 **Fleischmann's Mixability!** It's priceless—for making perfect drinks! The secret is simply that FLEISCHMANN'S provides the ideal "base" for Martinis, Tom Collins, *for all gin drinks!* It's "balanced" at 90 proof—just right!

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN. 90 PROOF.

You find all 4 only in

FLEISCHMANN'S...

America's First Gin

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK

On Caring for Records

Continued from page 119

record trouble is a turntable with a *synchronous* motor, whose speed is governed by the frequency of your lighting circuit and not by the voltage. Such a motor keeps the frequency at a set number of cycles and prevents "wowing." Fortunately, even the cheaper turntables usually have synchronous motors.

The very heart of a record is in its grooves. These wavy indentations are .0069 inches wide and .0025 inches deep, so tiny that it takes about a hundred of them to make an inch. Music is "held" in the grooves, the length of the waves being relatively long on low notes and short and abruptly curved on high notes.

For maximum fidelity, the point of your needle must follow the grooves religiously. In selecting needles, make sure that the points fit snugly in the grooves. Remember, too, that the point of a needle should be the same size at the end of a record as at the beginning. Shadowgraphed needles are the best of the interchangeable kind. These needles are tested after manufacture by having their points projected on a screen and double-checked by skilled workers, who reject any not flawlessly smooth. However, even shadowgraphed needles should not be used more than *once*. And it's a good rule never to turn them in the pickup, because when needles are changed from their original position, their worn edges gouge the grooves. If your pickup was designed for a permanent needle, use a diamond or sapphire model.

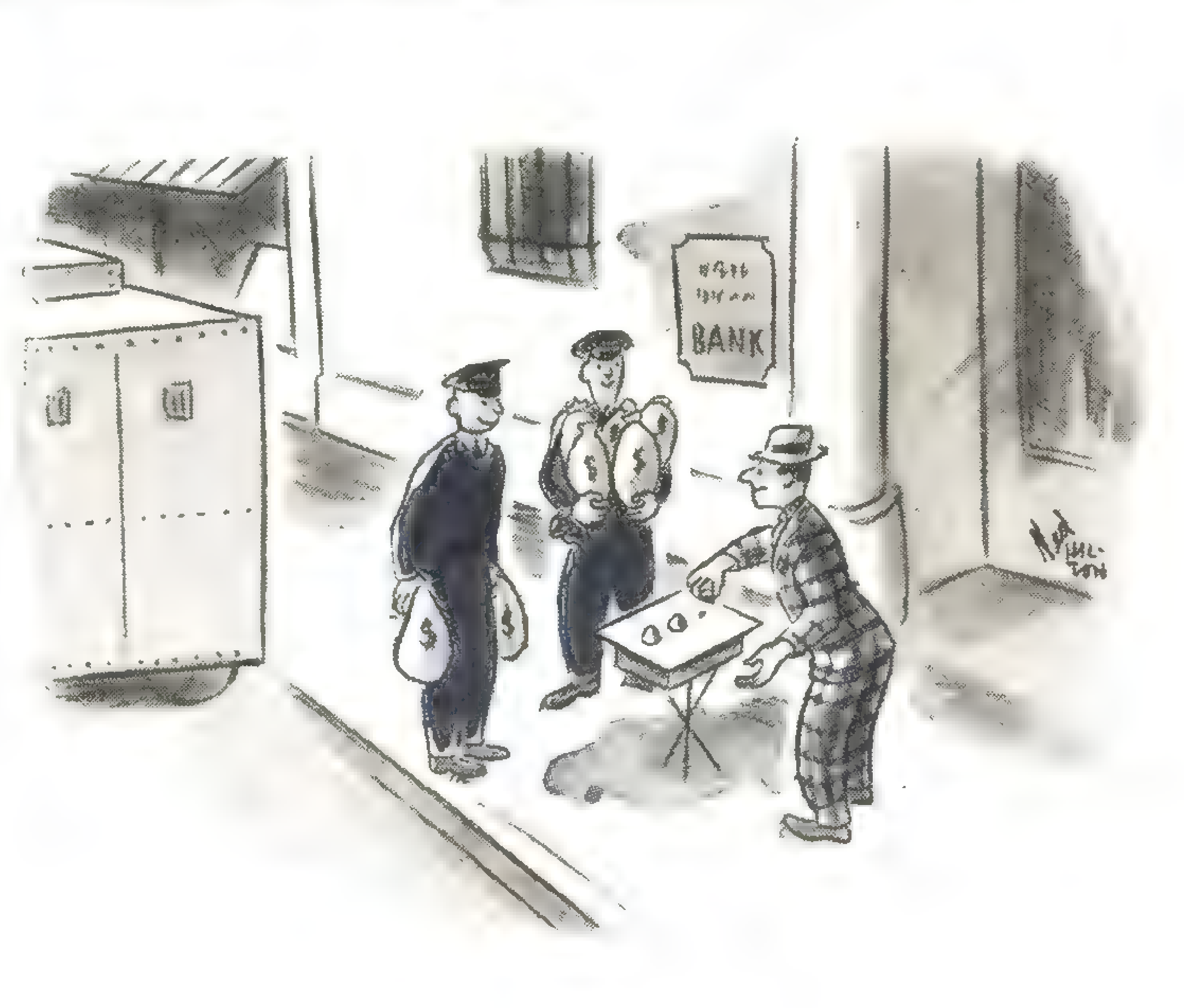
The pickup is perhaps the most vital part of a phonograph, because it changes the mechanical vibrations of the needle into tiny electric impulses which are carried to the amplifier. There these impulses are amplified until they have sufficient force to push the heavy speaker cone back and forth, producing the sound waves we hear. The best amplifier is the straight push-pull type with triode output tubes and good input and output transformers. No matter how intriguing it is, keep hands off the bass boost and tone control circuits on your phonograph. You don't control the tone of an orchestra in a symphony hall; you shouldn't try to control the tone of your phonograph.

Naturally, all record collectors dream of the day when they can rid themselves of the headaches brought on by scratchy records. However, scratch filters have one major drawback: They eliminate *all* sound at scratch frequency, including music. Professional radio people have "solved" this dilemma by developing a set of "filter ears" which helps them ignore unwanted record noises. This psychological solution may not attract you, but frankly, it's the only alternative at the moment.

At this point, I'd like to argue strongly in favor of triode, or three-element, output tubes. The low output impedance of this kind of tube puts an almost dead short across the speaker which keeps it from vibrating when it shouldn't. Once the speaker cone has been nudged by the electrical impulse, it has a tendency to continue oscillating on its own momentum, fouling up the reproduction with unwanted noises. With triode output tubes, the inertia of the cone is absorbed and there is no unnecessary vibration.

The speaker, of course, is the part that makes the noise, that actually causes the compressions and rarefactions of air particles we call sound. The best speaker is the coaxial type, which combines both a large speaker for low notes and a small one for high notes. It should be fastened securely in a large cabinet. You can get excellent results, too, by fastening a speaker to the wall, and it might be worthwhile to have your architect take this into consideration when you build.

When the above precautions and suggestions are followed out, the result is a reproducing system which gives you *all* the music on your records—nothing more nor less. You'll have the closest approximation to "real" music you can get off wax today. ⌗



L'Orlé Polo Spur

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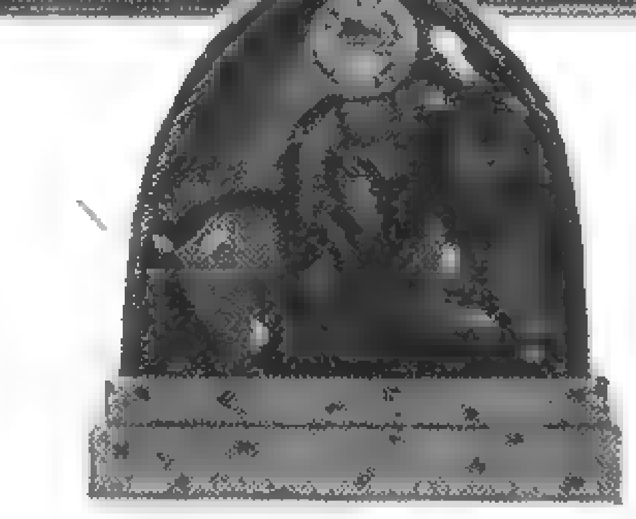
Faultlessly masculine... original and exclusive... for men accustomed to impeccable grooming. Four bracing, virile scents in the Cologne Plus, Shaving Bowl and After-Shave to match. In superbly wrought, richly colored, porcelain type flacons.

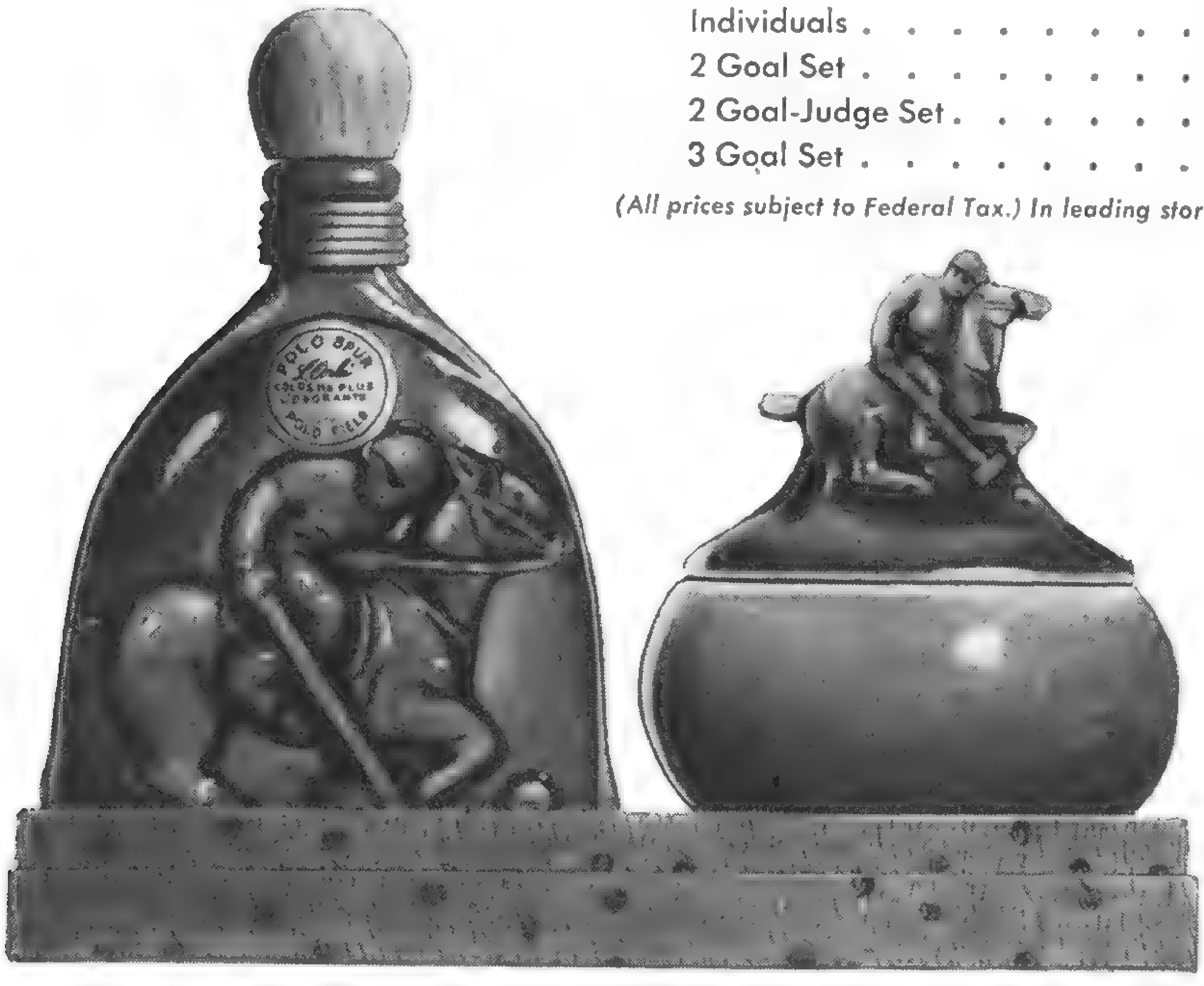


Blue Flacon with EL RANCHO

Individuals	$3.50
2 Goal Set	7.00
2 Goal-Judge Set	6.50
3 Goal Set	10.00

(All prices subject to Federal Tax.) In leading stores everywhere.

Saddle Tan Flacon with CHECK REIN


POLO SPUR
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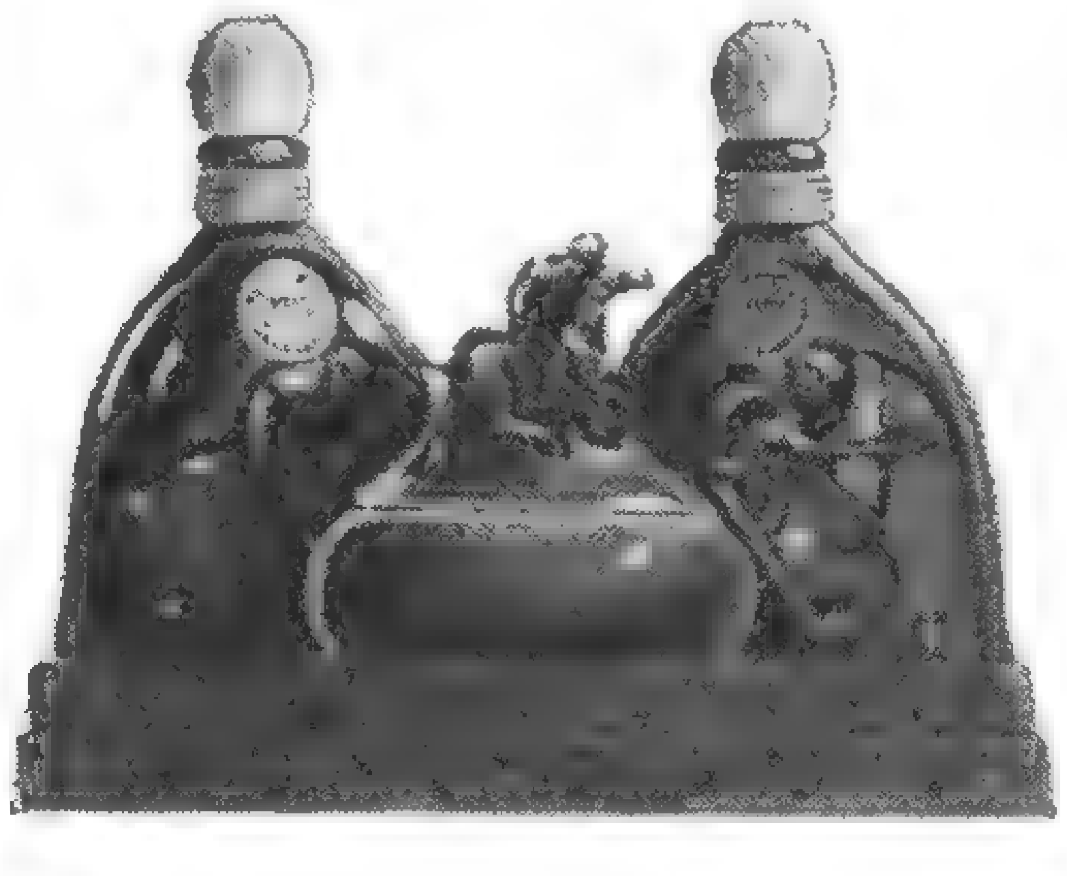
COLOGNE PLUS
FRAGRANTE
POLO FIELD

Green Flacon with POLO FIELD



Brown Flacon with SAGE BRUSH

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Style Champions for Father's Day

Here is a belt so new, so different, that it's bound to make a hit with you. Here is top quality, solid cowhide bridle, *inlaid* like fine jewelry, with a selected aniline finished cowhide insert in a contrasting color. Made with the fine craftsmanship so typical of all "Paris" Belts, this new innovation is in a class by itself. A feature is the smart buckle designed of brass and inlaid with the same fine leather used in the belt itself. Priced at $2.50 in combinations of Brown and White, Brown and London Tan, and Black and White—at fine stores everywhere. Other "Paris" Belts $1 to $7.

- You'll also enjoy the new 1946 "Paris" All Elastic Free-Swing* Suspenders $1.50 to $3.50, famous "Paris" All Elastic Garters 55c and $1.

PARIS BELTS
Streamline your waistline

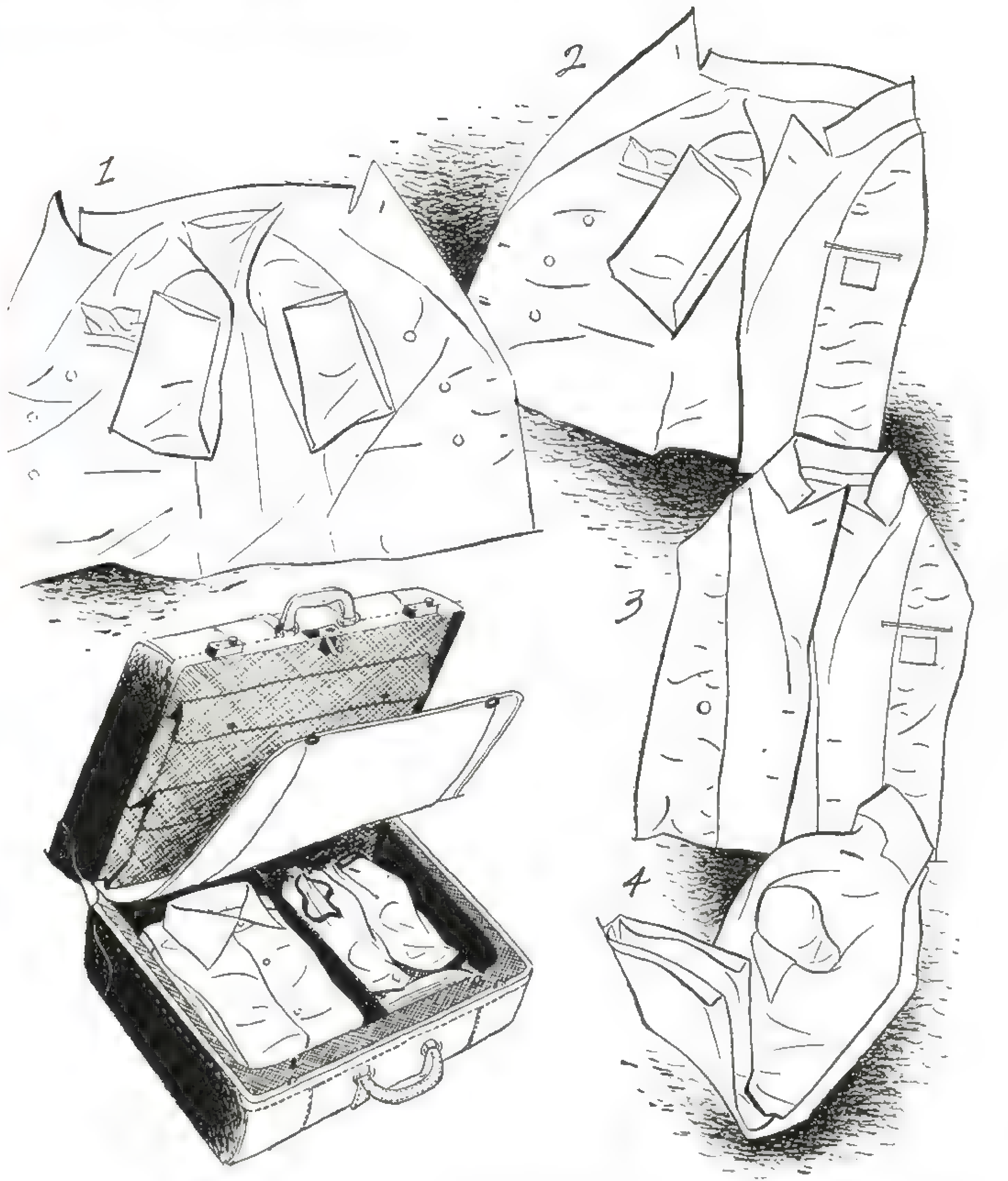
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—a product of A. Stein & Company
Chicago — New York — Los Angeles

LOOK TO "PARIS" TO LOOK YOUR BEST

The Long Week-end

Bearing in mind the caprices of weather, here's how to pack

by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**



How to fold a jacket: 1, Jacket is laid flat with lapels and collar flat and sleeves folded in half; 2, One side of the jacket folded back; 3, Other side similarly folded; 4, Jacket folded crosswise in length to fit into suitcase. View of inside of the suitcase shows shirts and shoes in bags in compartments, places for ties, handkerchiefs, toiletries on partition, which covers suits on hangers.

AMERICANS are a travel-conscious lot these days, and week-end trips for soul-satisfying changes of scene and for relaxation are a part of most regular schedules. Since these jaunts involve choosing appropriate clothes, and it seems discreet to provide enough, yet not too many changes, some suggestions for packing might be helpful.

The late summer and early spring week-end calls for apparel that is right for both warm and for chilly days. For wear en route and also during the evenings, a grey flannel or tan gabardine suit is a satisfactory choice. A lightweight worsted, Palm Beach, or rayon-blend suit also qualifies. A pullover sweater is easily packed and may be needed.

A plaid or small-pattern tweed jacket and a pair of grey flannel slacks make up a popular combination. If clothes are packed in a two-suiter case, these can fill one of the hangers. If not, the jacket can be folded according to the accompanying sketches. Incidentally, a dark blue flannel blazer offers a pleasant change, particularly for cocktail parties. This could be on the other hanger. If you happen to be attending a formal party on Saturday evening, a summer dinner jacket and dress trousers would take the place of the blazer.

Accessories including two Oxford shirts, one or two rayon sport shirts, a dress shirt for evening are packed in the compartment provided for them. Also included are a pair of shorts, undershirt, pajamas, folding leather slippers, cotton or rayon robe, four or five handkerchiefs, two pairs of socks, two or three ties and toiletries. In some suitcases there are special compartments for handkerchiefs, ties, socks, toiletries and small articles such as evening jewelry. If not, the larger items are packed from the bottom up.

A pair of reverse calf or buckskin sport shoes in shoe bags are packed at one side. If golf is on the agenda, then spiked-sole shoes are packed in the pouch of the leather golf bag that serves as a carry-all. Such a bag is a good place for beach clogs and a pair of swim shorts. A pair of slacks, a knitted or woven fabric golf shirt, wool socks, cap or cloth hat make up the golf outfit that may be stowed in the larger case.

Kodak

Full-Color Pictures of American beauty

with your miniature camera

WHEN IT'S A PRETTY GIRL all alive with the color and brilliance of youth . . . when it's a bit of America you're visiting for the first time, new, strange, and colorful, seen against blue sky, blue water—a bit of vivid landscape . . . be sure to load that miniature camera of yours with Kodachrome Film.

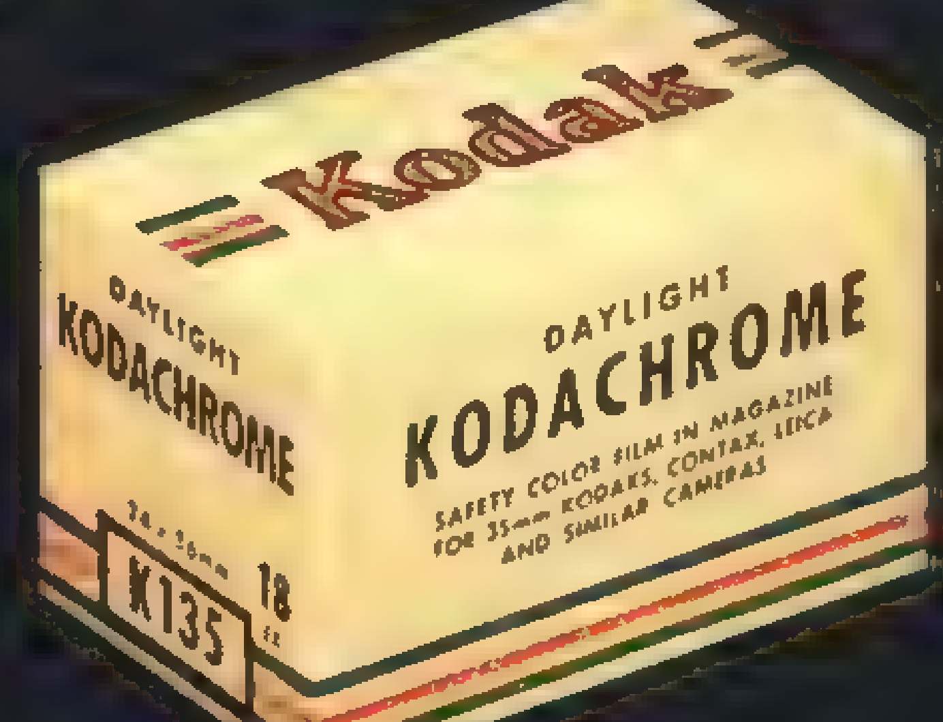
You will be delighted at the beautiful color effects you can get with this wonderful film. Kodachrome full-color pictures have a breath-taking beauty.

You can project your Kodachrome transparencies in your own living-room. You can also take them to your Kodak dealer and order full-color Kodachrome Prints (formerly called Minicolor), which range from the size shown above to as large as 11x14—and now cost less than ever.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N.Y.

Kodachrome Film

for prints and projection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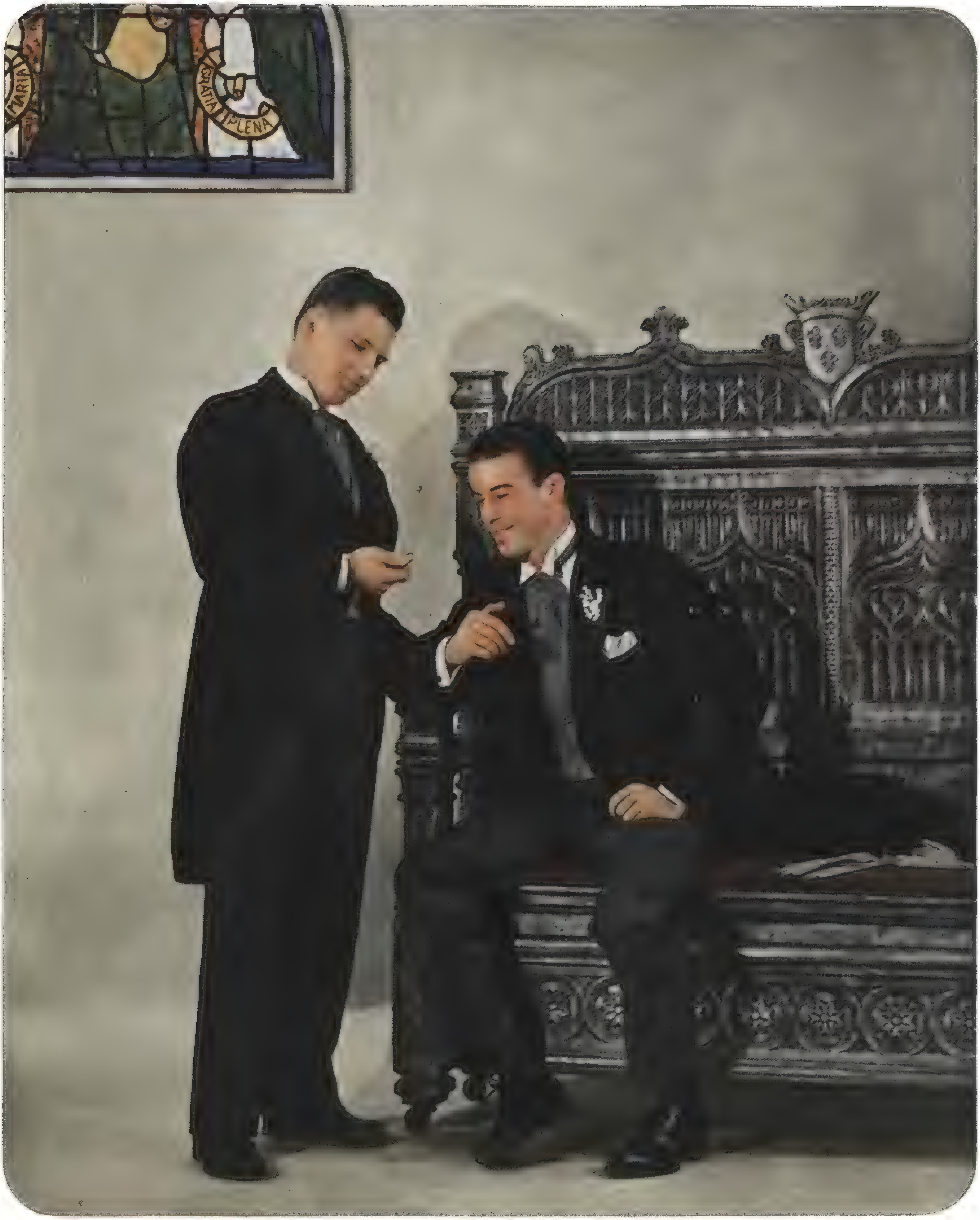
SAFETY COLOR FILM IN MAGAZINE FOR 35mm KODAKS, CONTAX, LEICA AND SIMILAR CAMERAS
K135
18



PRELUDE TO LOHENGRIN

Kodachrome by Arnold Glantz

In the vestry of the church, just before he starts altarwards, the bridegroom gets a final reassuring pep talk from his friend and comforter, known as the Best Man. The groom is properly attired for a formal wedding, even to the Lilies-of-the-Valley in his lapel, and the top hat and grey mocha gloves on the seat beside him. He wears a cutaway coat of Oxford grey cheviot and striped grey trousers. Accessories include silver grey and black small-figured Ascot tie, plain white shirt with wing collar, black socks and shoes. The Best Man is similarly dressed but wears a white carnation in his lapel. Yep, he's got a firm grip on the ring and he isn't going to lose it . . . and everything will be over in a couple of minutes, so brace up, old man.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Prelaxed in the Looming

for the same
shirt sleeve comfort

Plateau eases the weight off your shoulders—gives you the shirt-sleeve feeling of comfort.

A remarkable new worsted fabric by Pacific introduces this revolutionary conception of comfort in clothes. Plateau feels lighter on your shoulders because it's been prelaxed in the looming to relieve all tension... to gain the utmost in flexibility. Prelaxed flexibility distributes the weight evenly, lets Plateau yield easily with your every movement. It gives the fabric extraordinary draping qualities that permit full body freedom. And it makes Plateau the suit with the weightless feel. Even on warm days, you'll be scarcely conscious of having a suit on!

Plateau is so strikingly individual in appearance. So rich, so smooth, so downright pleasing to the eye. Exclusively made by Timely Clothes, whose *Balanced Tailoring stitches in Plateau's styling for keeps, makes Plateau look better, longer. Here is truly a new high level of clothes luxury and comfort—priced within the reach of all. Pacific Mills, Worsted Division, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Popular models, including the smart 2-button, single-breasted style. Rich, solid color tones. Also slacks. Available in limited but growing quantities, moderately priced, at leading stores from coast to coast. For further information write to Timely Clothes, Rochester 2, New York; or Pacific Mills, Worsted Division, Retail Service Bureau, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York 10.

Pacific
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TIMELY CLOTHES
PLATEAU
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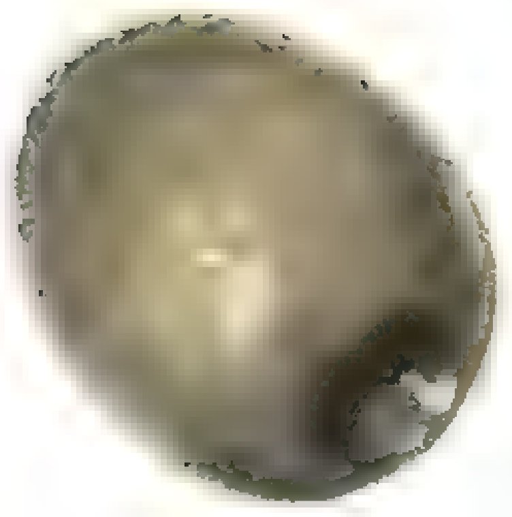
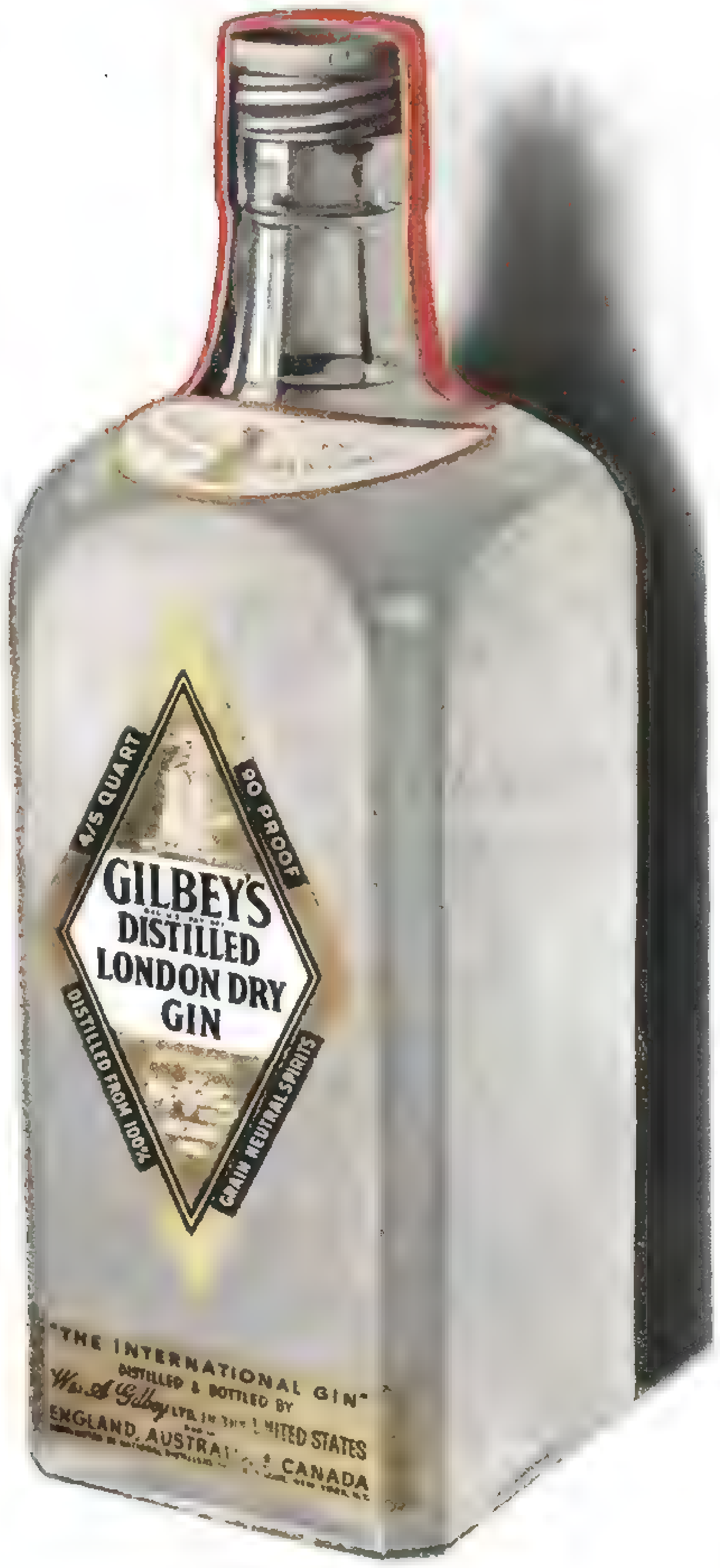
FABRIC BY PACIFIC MILLS

LOOK TO THE *Fabric* FIRST—BUY PACIFIC

The world agrees on "Gilbey's please"


IN MARTINIS...

IN TOM COLLINS...


4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
GILBEY'S
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY
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DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
"THE INTERNATIONAL GIN"
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
W. & A. Gilbey LTD. IN THE UNITED STATES
ENGLAND AUSTRALIA CANADA

World's favorite for nearly a century
now America's favorite gin!

As soon as production permits the famous square, frosted Gilbey bottle will again be saying "welcome" from the shelves and counters of your favorite package stores and bars.

THE **"INTERNATIONAL GIN"** DISTILLED BY W. & A. GILBEY LTD. IN THE UNITED STATES AND IN ENGLAND, AUSTRALIA AND CANADA

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York. 90 Proof. London Dry Gin. Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits.

Arizona Episode

Only a desperate man would sow his dreams in that desert waste

by DONALD BARR CHIDSEY

It was an utterly flat Arizona road, almost indistinguishable from the desert on either side. The jalopy was so noisy and the right front tire blew with such emphasis, that when I shut off the engine and slithered to a stop the silence was oppressive. There were no echoes, of course. There never are in the desert.

I was not used to the desert, and I was a little frightened as I went about changing the tire. The moonlight, bland and strong, brought no comfort, for it seemed to be drunk instantly by the earth, and threw monstrous black shadows from the fantastic barrel cacti. The silence was unsettling. The clink of steel and the squee of lugs would have been unnoticed anywhere else, but now they seemed a profanation.

I had the spare already in place when I heard the faint hum of another car approaching. The country was so high and flat, and the air so clear that I could see for a great distance. It was not a good place for a man alone, and I had no weapons but the tire irons and the jack handle.

Soon the sound got immense and immediate, and the car stopped some 200 feet behind mine. A man got out. From the corner of my eye, and in the light of his own headlamps, I saw him walking slowly toward me. He was slight. There was a large revolver strapped to his side in a shiny brown leather holster. I couldn't see his face, which was shaded by a sombrero. When he stopped a few feet from where I knelt, the pistol, still holstered, was on a level with my head.

"Anything I can do to help?"

Not only the nature of the question, but the tone in which it was asked set my fears at rest. My hands relaxed on the wrench, and I learned with annoyance that they were wet, though the night was chilly. The voice, a young one, was low, quiet, not aggressive, even a bit plaintive. This man—I knew it promptly—was lonesome.

Now as it happened, I was in no sociable mood. For reasons not clear to me today, I was feeling sorry for myself. I wasn't looking for company.

"No, thanks," I gruffed. "Practically finished now."

"Going far?"

"Tucson."

I mispronounced it, and he corrected me gravely. It was "Too-sohn," not "Tuck-son." I thanked him with no notable graciousness and went on making a show of tightening lugs already tight enough. I was wishing he'd go away. He was making me nervous all over again.

After a while he asked, "Had supper?"

"Yes," I lied.

"Oh."

Conversation did not come easily to him. Yet he lingered, embarrassed. He lived only a few miles up the road, on the left-hand side, he offered. I said nothing, though I wondered why anybody should live in a land like that. He'd been to Florence to get water, he said. When I got going again, he asked, why didn't I drop in on him?

"Well . . ."

"I expect a couple of friends from Florence," he said hastily, eagerly.

I didn't say anything. Yet he persisted, even as he backed away.

"It's on the left, only thirteen-fourteen miles. You can't miss it. Drive right in. I won't shoot at you."

"You won't—*what?*"

Still I had not seen his face. The meek voice from the shadow of the sombrero's brim was apologetic.

"Well, out here . . . Sometimes when anybody starts coming in I shoot in the air. I guess if they kept coming I'd shoot right at them. I don't know. It's never happened that way. But I won't shoot at you."

"Thanks."

Just to get rid of him, I promised a visit. He waved good-bye cheerily enough as his car broke into a shattering roar.

"I'll look for you!"

I let him get far ahead, until the ruby light blinked out. I did not have the slightest intention, truly, of stopping at his place.

There it was, several hundred feet back some fifteen miles ahead, a tent and a rambling, very low, unroofed adobe building. And there he was, by the side of the road, eagerly waving a lantern. I stopped—partly because of a sense of guilt brought about by my surliness, partly from sheer curiosity, perhaps a little because I was afraid that if I didn't stop he *would* shoot! He jumped on the running board, and we went to the tent.

He was twenty-one or two, and I never did learn his name. His face was unremarkable. A shy lad, he had lived out there—*there!*—all by himself—for five months. This was government land, of course, and he had filed an application for 160 acres under the Homestead Act. If after five years he could show

Continued on page 128

Phoenix famous rubber tops keep them up
PHOENIX
Ev-r-ups
FAMOUS HOSIERY AT ITS BEST!

PHOENIX EV-R-UPS

make smooth

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...and never

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FASHION'S HALL OF FAME
NO. 9 IN A SERIES

The Boaters here . . . aren't racing!

The "boater" to you (and us) is an old English custom—that pancake-brimmed straw, cherished by the famous schools. Forerunner of *our* straw hats, you'll see it worn at such events as the Henley Regatta . . . accessory to the "old school tie," blazer and flannels.

Cherished by best-dressed Americans is another custom . . . *Nettletons!* Here's *original* styling afoot. Fashion that believes in the inalienable rights of the *comfort* of the feet. And to Nettleton styling and comfort . . . you can add unbeatable mileage.

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Nettleton Shoes
$9.95 to $20
THE FAMOUS NAME IN SHOES . . . AT BETTER STORES, COAST TO COAST

Arizona Episode

Continued from page 127

the required cultivation of the land and the building of a habitable home, the land was his. How could he possibly do that?

He didn't want to talk; he wanted me to talk. He tried to help, to get me talking, so that he could listen to my voice.

He slept in the tent. He had built a wooden platform to keep out rattlers. When he established this camp and slept on the ground, he had sometimes awakened to find a rattler curled up inside the blankets with him.

"They get cold . . . You have to be very careful, lifting them out."

He warned me against rattlers. If I heard one, I was not to jump. Too many people who weren't used to the sound jumped right into the coiled snake. Of course, sidewinders did not rattle at all. They were bad.

He was solemn. I never saw him smile.

We heard no coyotes. The only animals besides snakes and scorpions were the desert mice, sleek things, rather longer and more sharply pointed than house mice, and with a preposterous little tuft of hair at the tip of the tail. There were many of these, and they ventured close, watching us with beady eyes. He knew them all and had names for them, mostly girls' names—Esther, Helen, Sarah.

"They'd come closer, ordinarily. They eat right out of my hand. But they're scared of you."

He burned sun-dried cactus in the stove, and it made a spick-spicky sound, the only sound in the whole world. The silence, a palpable thing, a force poised to pounce, hovered behind us.

"Noticed your license plates." His eyes pleaded with me to take up the task of conversation. "I'm from New Jersey, too. Know anybody in Camden?"

I didn't. Where did I live in New Jersey? Well, Elizabeth, originally, but I hadn't been there in some years; I'd been living in New York. What part of New York? Well, Greenwich Village. He did not know much about the Village, but laboriously he asked questions until at last I was babbling.

Once started, I found it difficult to stop. He sat and gazed at me, forgetting his bacon and beans, while I went on about cocktail parties, poker sessions, and love affairs. I was not boasting; I was scared. Surely nothing could have been of less interest to him; yet he listened entranced. A human voice! Never mind what it said—it was a voice! I did not dare to stop. When I'd pause the silence would swarm in upon us. The fire had gone out. The mice had gone. My empty words tumbled across an empty desert. And he listened.

After a while I found the courage to ask what he was doing there.

"What is anybody doing out here?" he said, not sadly but simply. He tapped his chest. "You haven't been here long?"

"No. Driving through. I did stop at Yuma last night."

"Well, same thing. There wouldn't be any such place as Yuma if it wasn't for lungs. The clerk who registered you, the bellhop who took your bag up, the waiter—they're all here for the same reason."

"But why don't you live in a place like that? Or Tucson or Phoenix?"

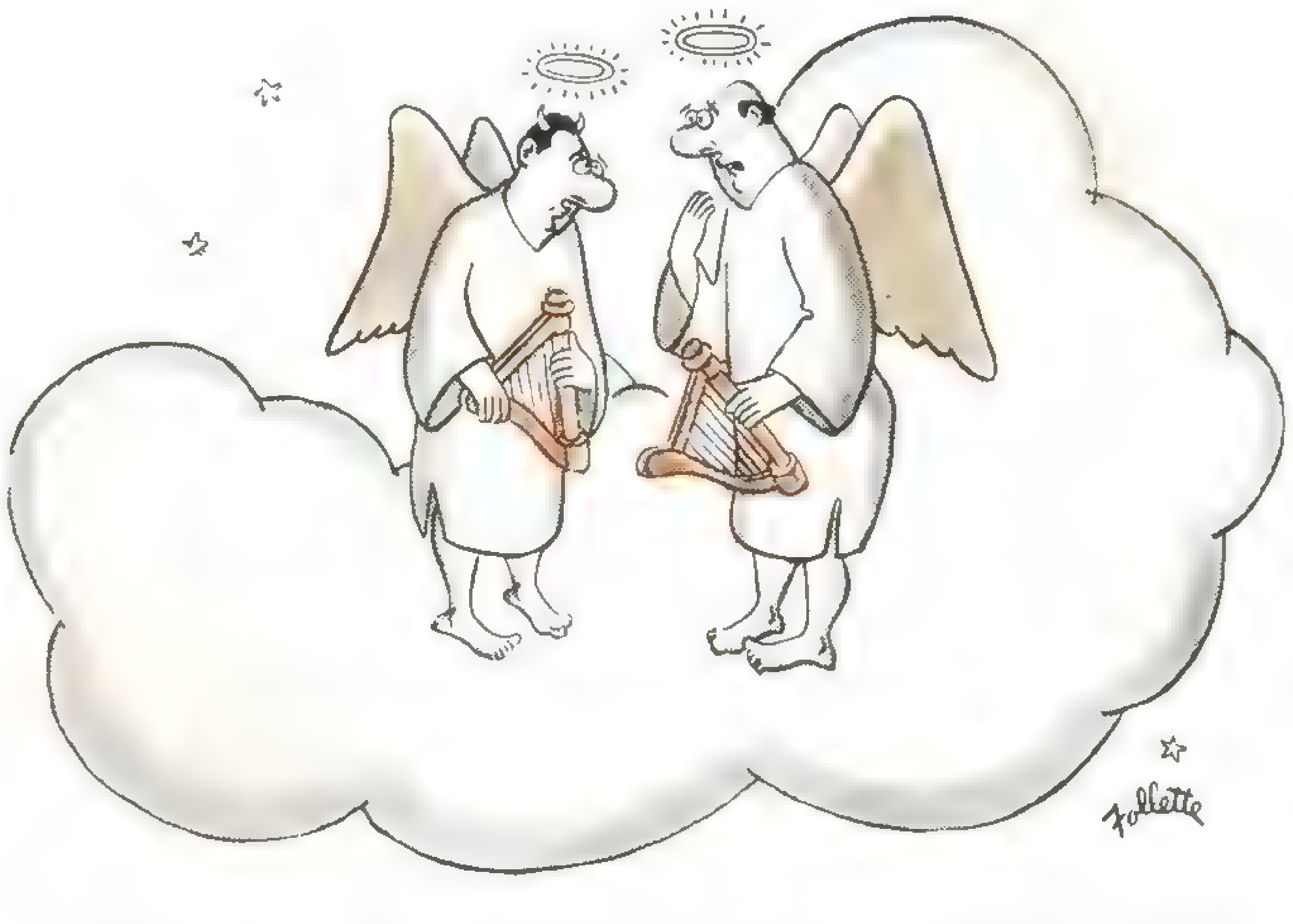
"Can't breathe. Even here I spit blood and pus every morning when I get up. But it's the best place I know. I cruised for weeks till I found a place where I could breathe. Those other places—they're like a swamp to me."

There was no complaint. He resented nothing. He took what he'd found. An orphan, he had always been sickly, and recently he had been dying. They had told him that he could not live. But he had refused to give in. He would not go to an institution. And here he was.

"I'm comparatively all right here. I'm much better than I've been in years. I might even live for a long while yet."

The people of his mother's

Continued on page 130

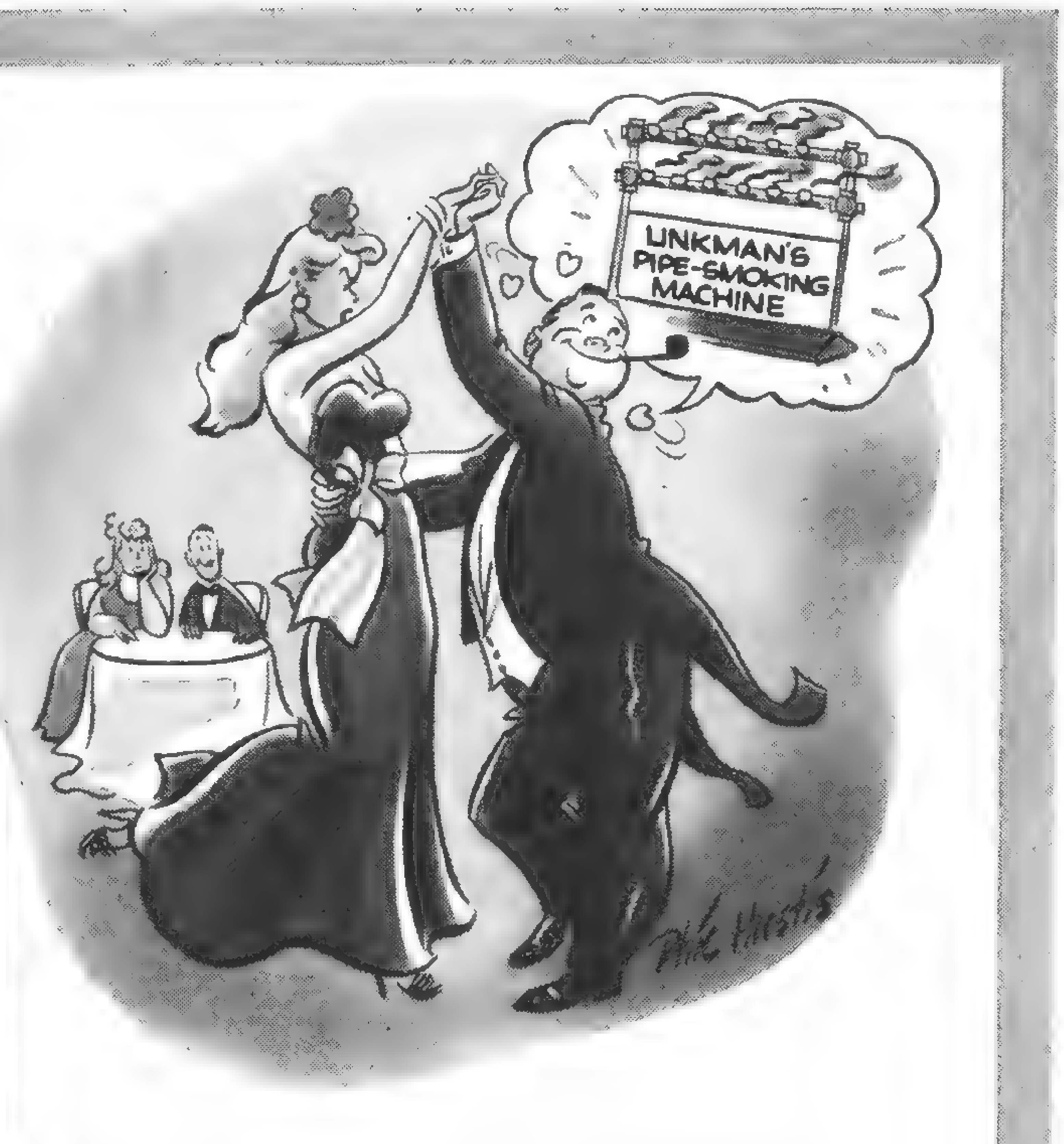


"Goodness, this is embarrassing—have you tried electrolysis?"

America's Most Wanted Pipes

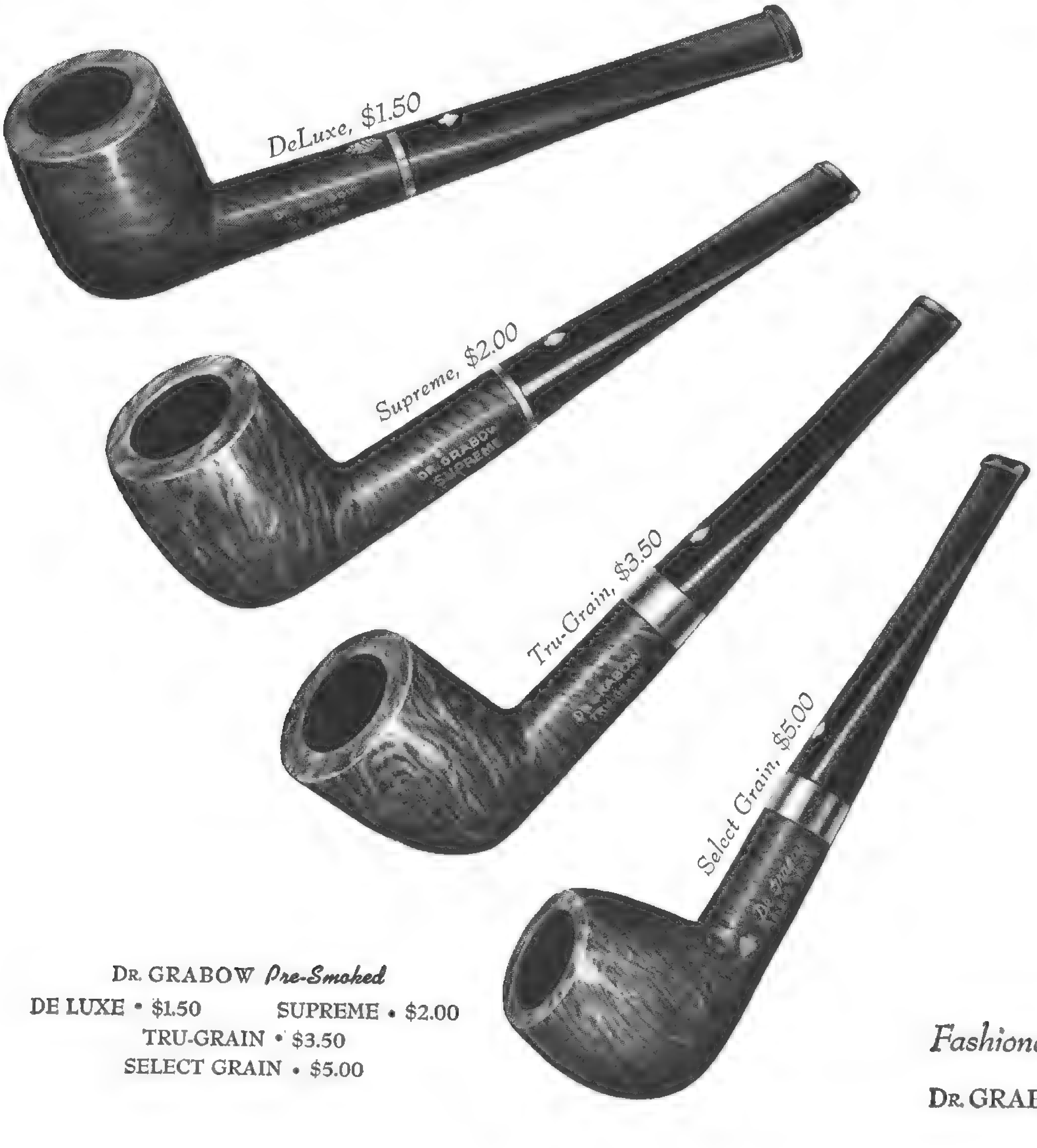
Pre-Smoked

DR. GRABOW PIPES



"Homer—I refuse to be second fiddle—even to a Pre-Smoked Dr. Grabow pipe"

NO BREAKING IN · NO BITE · NO BITTER TASTE



No wonder DR. GRABOWS are still scarce. Never before has any pipe been in such demand... That's because every DR. GRABOW is *Pre-Smoked* with fine tobacco *(Edgeworth)* on Linkman's exclusive pipe-smoking machine. The only correct way to break in a pipe is to smoke it, and this original, mechanical Pre-Smoking process actually duplicates the slow, deliberate puffing of an experienced smoker... All DR. GRABOW *Pre-Smoked* pipes are equipped with precision aluminum fittings. See your dealer now.

DR. GRABOW *Pre-Smoked*
DE LUXE • $1.50 SUPREME • $2.00
TRU-GRAIN • $3.50
SELECT GRAIN • $5.00

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DR. GRABOW PIPE CO., INC., CHICAGO 14, ILL.

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Reliance
AYWON

Arizona Episode

Continued from page 128

church didn't have much, but they had given him what they could. They had staked him to the secondhand car and to supplies, and he meant to pay them back. He didn't want to live on charity.

It was not possible for me to resist asking him how he planned to pay them back. He had expected that question, and he nodded.

He had three sources of income, one actual. He lived chiefly on hope—for what else was there?—but he worked. He made things out of cactus after he'd burned the prickers off. He got some of these from the tent and showed them to me. He made unpretentious things, for he had no talent. Picture frames, umbrella stands, such-like—these he sent back to Camden, where the church people sold them for him or bought them themselves.

This did no more than keep him in gas and food—he needed the gas to go back and forth to Florence, where he got water. But he had other schemes.

"I'll show you my sanatorium." He rose. "Come on."

I had forgotten the 'dobe house. It was not a house, really, but only the beginnings of one. Its floor was the earth. There were five or six rooms, and the walls, inside and out, were about waist-high.

"I'm going to start a sanatorium, when I get this finished. It's hard. I've got to bring water from town, to make the 'dobe, and it's getting hard to lift the pieces into place."

He showed me the plans he had drawn. They called for a two-story building.

"At first," he told me, "I'll probably only have a few patients. But if *I* can live here, when I can't live anywhere else, then I figure that others can who're as bad off as me. Things like that get around. Someday maybe I'll have plenty of patients."

We went back to the remnants of the fire, and there he explained his third plan, which was to raise Angora goats! He conceded that it was improbable. Angora goats were worth a lot of money, and they didn't need much grass, and he had a government booklet on their feeding and shearing. He was in touch with a man who owned some. He also had weather bureau reports on the rainfall in this part of the desert. There hadn't been any rain in I've forgotten how many years and before that it was rainless for a similar period. But when it did rain it rained hard, and for a time the desert thereabouts bloomed miraculously with just the sort of grass Angora goats thrive on. If the usual cycle was fulfilled, it would rain again in the next two or three or four years, and there would be grass. Then he'd buy some young Angoras, fatten them, and sell them.

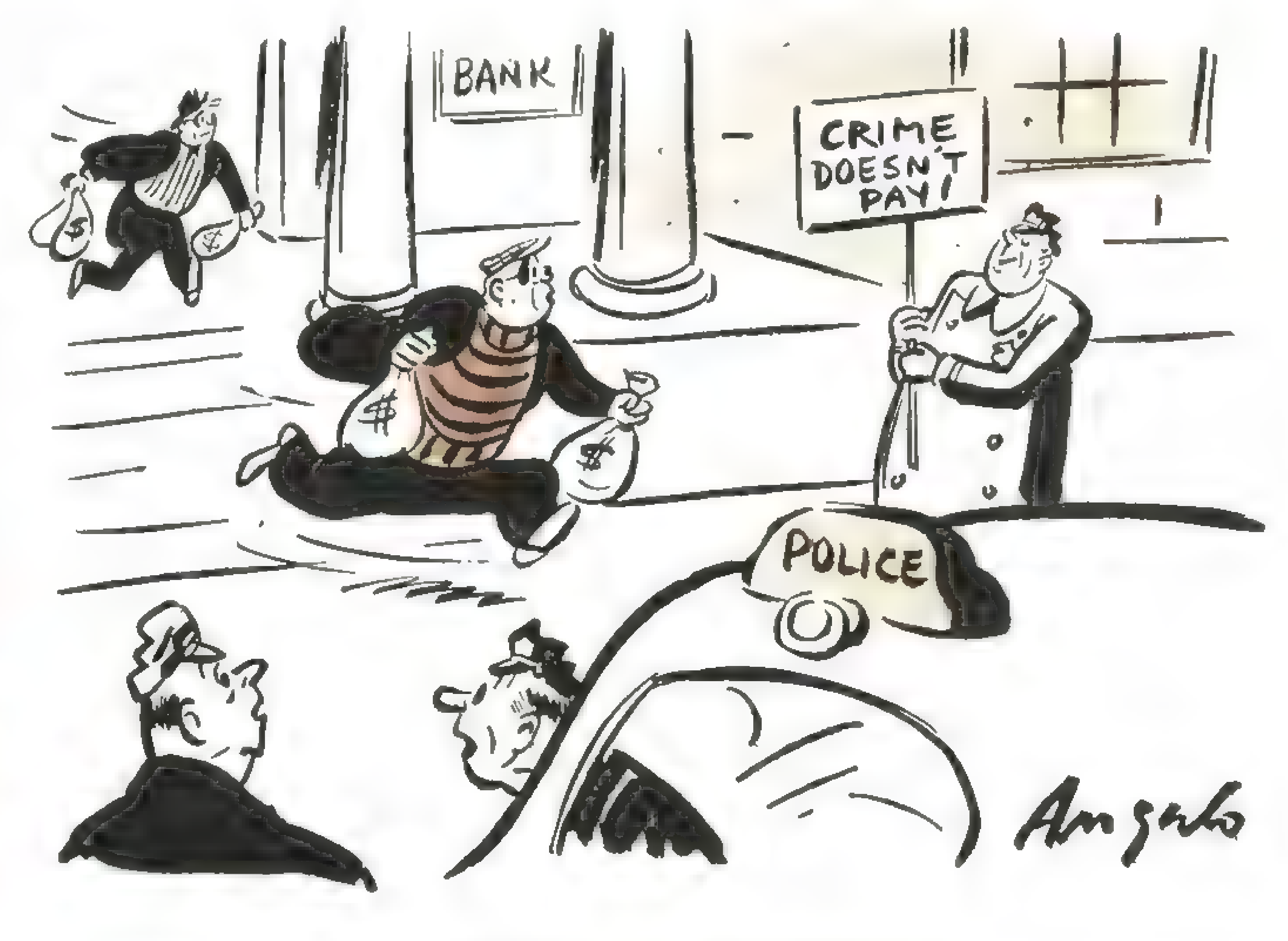
That is, he would do this if he'd made enough money out of his sanatorium to pay for the young goats, *if* he had made enough out of his umbrella stands and picture frames to finish the sanatorium.

"Don't you think it could be done?" he asked me in an anxious voice.

When I had swallowed, and was able to talk, I said, "Why, of course!"

I stayed with him until almost dawn, declining his invitation to sleep there. Once, looking away like a man who gets something off his conscience, he confessed that he had not expected two friends from Florence, that he'd told me that story only in the hope that it would induce me to visit him. And when at last, feeling like a heel, I left for Tucson, he came down to the road very seriously to wave me off. For a long time, for miles, I could see his reflection in the mirror as he waved the lantern.

Four years later I drove that road again, going west. I went to the place where the camp had been. The roofless adobe house still stood, and it was shoulder high; but there was nothing else whatever. ###



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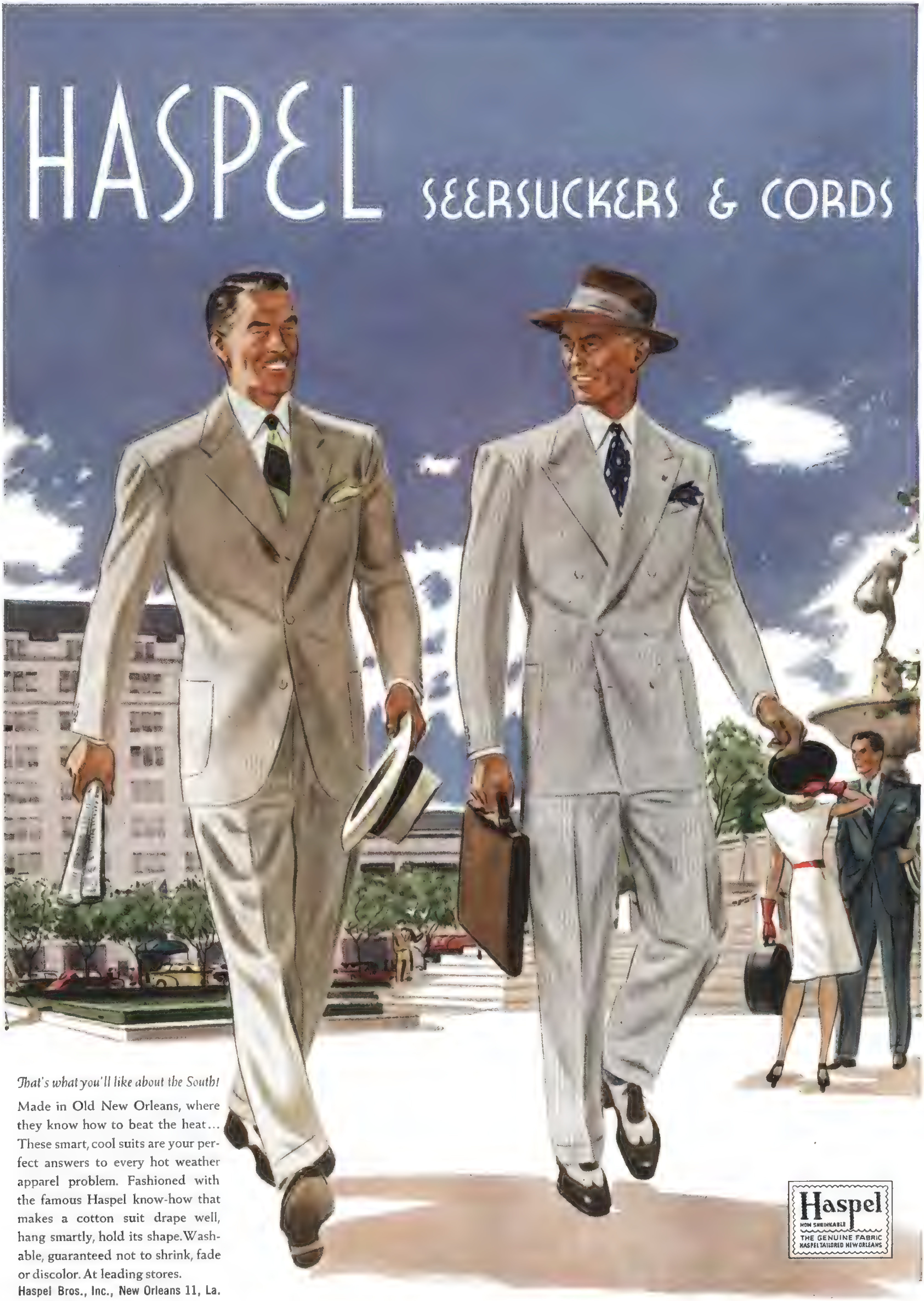
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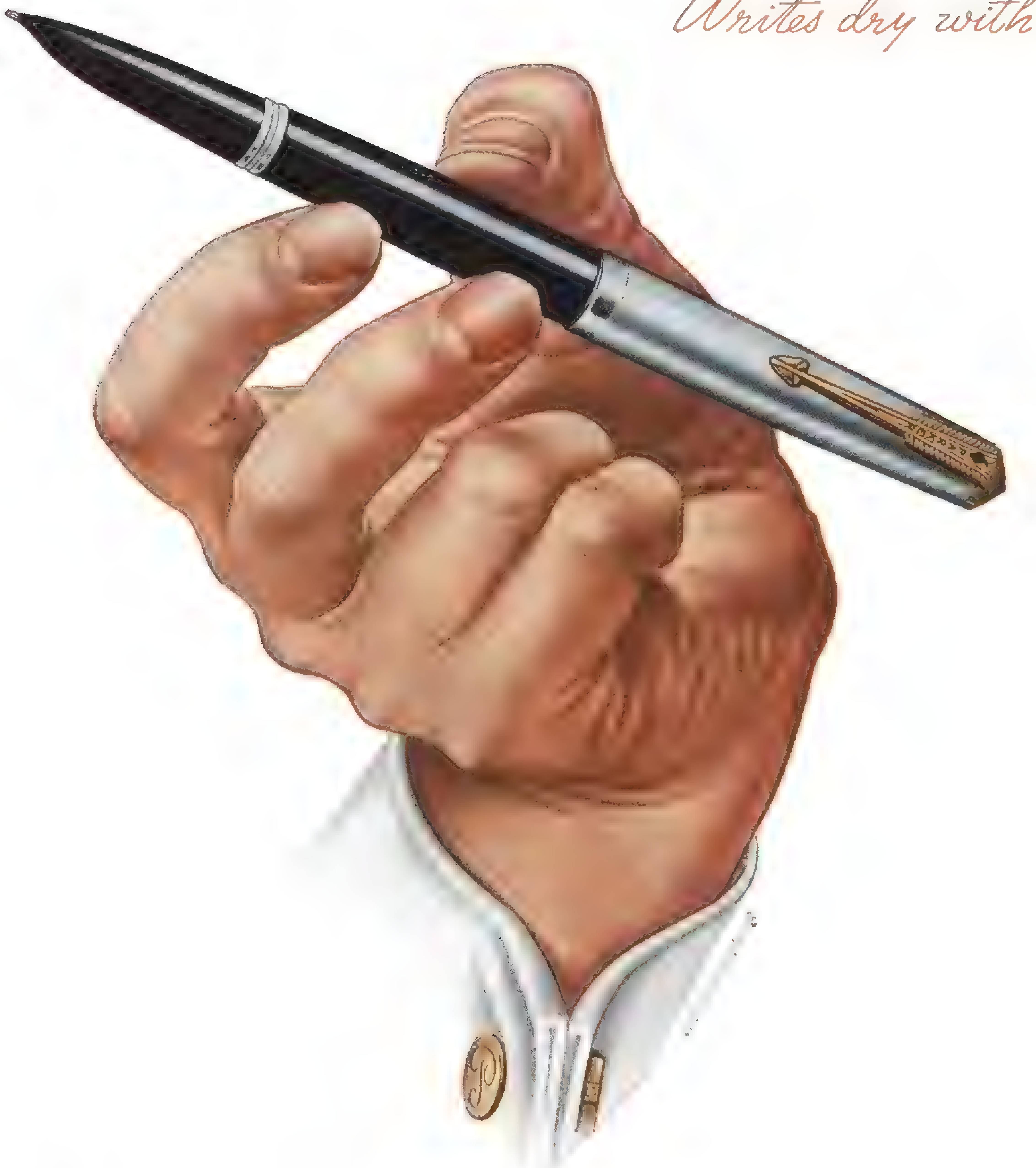

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RESERVE
Blended Whiskey
SCHENLEY
RESERVE
PRE-WAR QUALITY

Enjoy the Taste that's Mellow as a Sunny Morning

You, too, will prefer Schenley Reserve for its smooth, rich flavor. Quality ingredients skillfully blended have made it America's largest-selling whiskey. Try Schenley Reserve soon. Blended Whiskey 86 proof. 65% grain neutral spirits. Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

Father Was an Author

The old man invested twenty years in a masterpiece too hot to print

by **W. STANLEY HOOLE**

If Father were alive today, he would be called an old-fashioned druggist. He believed in spatulas, mortars and pestles, rolled nasty-tasting pills, and never sold a clock in his life.

He knew everybody in our South Carolina county and everybody knew him. Yet in his forty years as a small-town pharmacist he never ran an ad in the local weekly or flashed a slide between reels at the Palace Theatre. I suppose he didn't need to, being an author.

Considered by contemporary standards, Father was a well-to-do man. When he died, he left his family comfortably fixed, as the saying goes. Looking back upon his success, I think it was mainly the result of his fair-dealing, straight-shooting attitude toward his customers (which was not necessarily odd) and to the fact that he wrote a book (which was).

In several ways Father's book was unique. He wrote it all in longhand, sweating over it in his spare time every day between customers for about twenty years, and developed scores of characters. I like to think of him as a kind of forerunner of the recent Southern literary renaissance.

Tom Wolfe would have so much enjoyed Father's stuff. So would William Faulkner, Erskine Caldwell and, perhaps, Lillian Smith, though I doubt if Father's contemporaries—Augusta Evans Wilson, say—would have pinned medals on his breast.

If Father's book was unique, so was its title. He read a great deal in the classics, but when it came to naming his own masterpiece, he wanted no literary hand-me-down.

I recall one morning at breakfast his telling mother what he planned to call his work. Somehow, she didn't take to the idea and tried to get him to change it. He just smiled wryly.

That night he brought home a package neatly wrapped in slick, pale blue paper and laid it on the front hall table right next to our hatrack. After the supper dishes were done, mother saw it, opened it, gasped, ran into the bedroom and slammed the door. Father, calm and quite satisfied as always, continued to rock and smoke on the piazza. In his fair-dealing, straight-shooting way he had decided to call the work *My Son-of-a-B—-Book.* To this day I've never understood why Father left the *itch* out of the title, unless it was out of regard for mother.

My Son-of-a-B—-Book was never actually published. You will search in vain for it in the Library of Congress or among Chicago's Hundred Best, though by comparison it has some merit.

To be parson pure, I should say the book was never *printed.* Yet it was published, all right. In his day everybody that mattered knew about Father's book—everybody that mattered to Father, that is. They published it widely for him.

Meanwhile, Father basked in fame. And profited by it. Like some men you must know, he had a knack, a sort of a sixth sense, for publicity. Once, for instance, when he was past fifty and curb service was slowly becoming the vogue, a courting couple puffed up in front of the pharmacy in a new brass-burdened Maxwell and honked the horn. Passing the time of day with Ed Willis, Father talked on. Presently, the driver honked again, this time a series of playful, staccato honks.

Father politely excused himself and made for the door. Had you seen him, you'd have bet he was going out to take the order. But as he reached the car, he grabbed a handful of linen duster and jerked the driver down to his level. "You young whippersnapper," said Father without raising his voice, "what the hell do you mean,

Continued on page 136

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Clothes
Your new car . . .
Eagle means STYLE
Slide Fasteners by
TALON, INC.

"BLACK & WHITE"
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

What Luck!

Blackie: "What a prize, Whitey—no wonder a fisherman will spend hours to catch it."

Whitey: "Yes, Blackie—like BLACK & WHITE, it's a prize worth waiting for."

How true, Whitey! No other Scotch is quite so satisfying as BLACK & WHITE—because this famous blend has an unmistakable character—a fine, mellow quality that has won universal preference for generations!

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The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

Father Was an Author

Continued from page 135

blowin' a damn horn at me. I'm no foxhound. If you want a soda, come in and get it. And if it's this new 'curb service' you're after, here it is." With that, he walked back into the store to pick up the conversation with Ed while the begoggled swain picked himself up out of the gutter.

Next morning Father appeared before the Town Council to get an "anti-curb service" ordinance passed, but the Council had other ideas. They fined him five dollars and costs for disorderly conduct. For years afterwards he would laugh and call that the cheapest publicity the pharmacy ever had. "Never," he used to say in anticipation of Churchill, "did so many dollars owe so much to so few."

My Son-of-a-B——Book, in many respects a cultural study of our community, was for Father, however, a tool of vocational rather than liberal education. It was a one-man Retail Credit Association. When a customer called for a bottle of Dr. Miles' Nervine or a quarter's worth of C. C. pills and said, "Charge it, Doc," Father would thumb the book. If the customer's name were among the characters portrayed, Father would turn the book around and point to the overdue account. Never in my memory did a single customer offer any back talk.

Social economists who have examined the *S.O.B. Book* declare it unmatched as source material on the South of yesterday. Indeed, one eminent historian has told me that the volume, if properly edited by an alert graduate student, would satisfy the requirements of his university for the Ph.D. degree. Doubtless, it would. But the time-eating, meticulous task of editing Father's work would, in my opinion, leave the doctoral candidate precious little energy with which to combat a twelve-hour weekly teaching schedule after graduation.

One sheet, by chance open before me now, will prove the enormity of the job and, simultaneously, serve to illustrate (a) Father's literary technique, (b) the exacting scholarship demanded by an interpretation of it and (c) the far-reaching sociological implications of the book as a whole:

Milling R. Cogswell, B.D.A.,[1] S.C.V.[2]
℅Chet Manwell's Place[3]
Swift Creek Rd.[4] (C.L. $16)[5]

Jan. 1. Acct. brought fwd.	$11.65
5. Rx 79864 (.85),[6] Gum Ass. (.25)[7]	1.10
10. BWI ($1),[8] Lemex (.75)[9]	1.75
18. Baldy ($1),[10] Mdse. (.50)[11]	1.50
T.A.B.[12]	$16.00

(*See footnotes below*)

As a literary historian, I could of course throw much light on the influence of Father's private life upon his writing (or vice versa). But all this I leave to more capable scholars who will doubtless now work to pursue their new find, like a sinking star, to the utmost bounds of human thought. As for me, I feel that in casting Father's art at their feet I have fulfilled my duty to contemporary American *belles-lettres*. ⌗

---

[1] *Broken Down Aristocracy*, a social group, prevalent in the South, which strove to make the Civil War a second Hundred Years' War.

[2] *Son of a Confederate Veteran.*

[3] Manwell's Place, formerly the Cogswell Plantation, was owned by its *Ex-Overseer*.

[4] At the time of this entry, Swift Creek Road ran north from the Court House. Scholars will be interested to know that it now (1946) runs in the same direction.

[5] Cogswell's *Credit Limit* (see 12, below).

[6] Well-known pharmaceutical abbreviation which, translated literally, means, "Swallow and ask questions later."

[7] Gum Asafoetida. Rolled into a pellet and worn around one's neck, this foul-smelling drug is supposed to ward off germs. If bipeds are germs, it works.

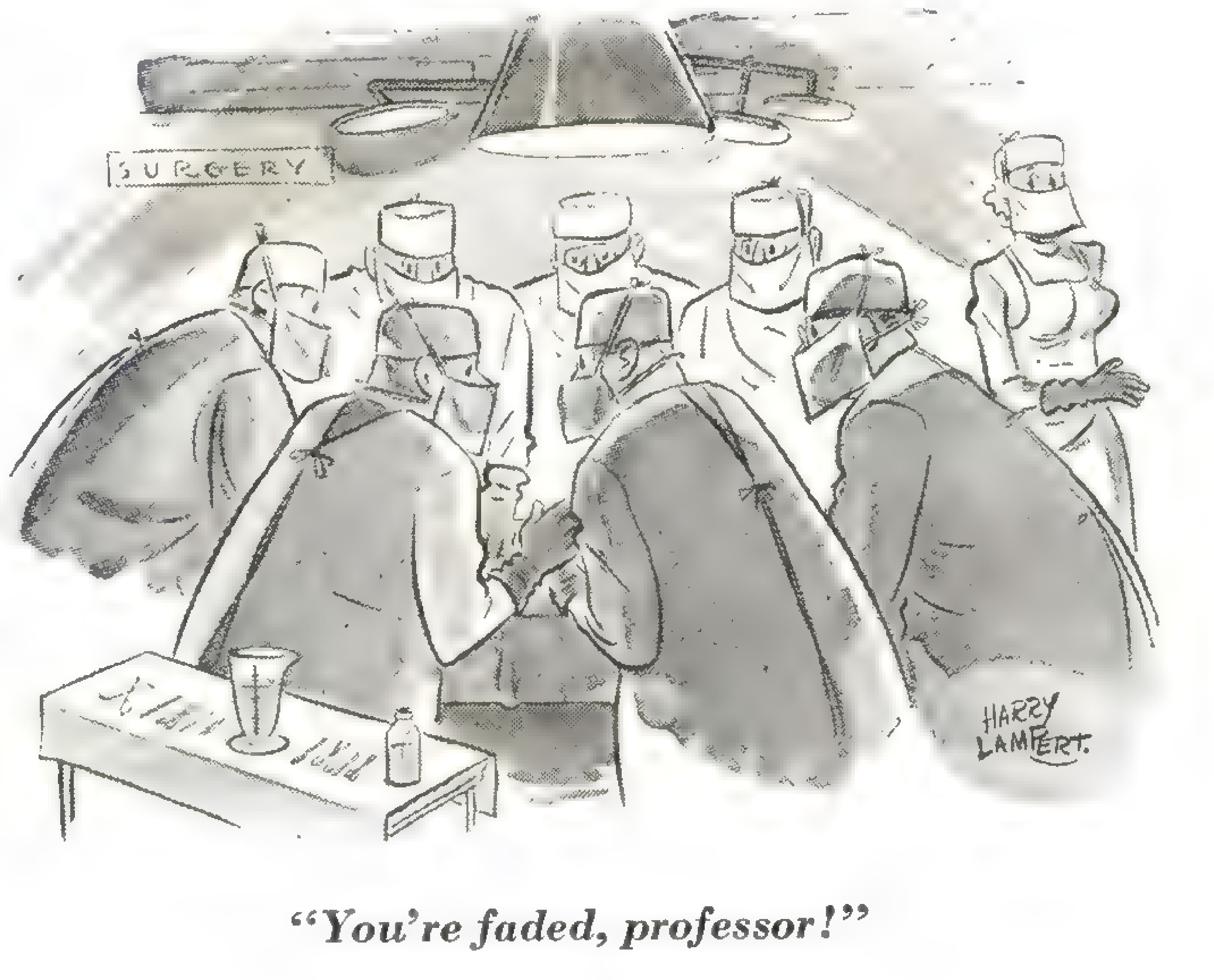
[8] Beef, Wine & Iron, a "Spring Tonic" used throughout the South during all seasons, especially Prohibition.

[9] Lemon Extract. Theoretically a cake flavoring (ditto 8, above.)

[10] Trade name for "Dr. Alexander's Remarkable Hair Restorer" (see 8 and 9, above.)

[11] Mdse., code-word used throughout the *S.O.B.* book to charge certain items of strictly personal nature which the customer did not wish to have identified on his bill.

[12] Intense research has proved this to mean "*That's All, Brother*" (see 5, above).



"You're faded, professor!"

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COOLER because it's refrigerated by Nature

You can *feel* the coolness of Nor-East. It's actually cool to the touch—as cool as a frosted drink. That's because Nor-East is the original blend of heat-repelling Turkish angora mohair and wear-resisting Australian worsted . . . woven in England by Priestley . . . superbly tailored by America's foremost maker of summer clothes. Offered by better retail stores . . . in limited quantity.

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Little Man

Somewhere in the movie, he had picked up the mantle of Bogart

by J. EDGAR GROVE

The wide, plate-glass window of the café looked out upon the streets. From my stool I could see the cinema marquee and the restless blonde girl who sat wearily in her private aquarium, occasionally balancing her cigarette on the inside shelf to stamp a ticket. I watched her idly over my drink.

People rushed by or paused to glance at the marquee where several muscular gentlemen were cringing in the grasp of Humphrey Bogart. They went in or went on and the girl pushed out tickets and followed with her eyes.

I saw the little man pause in the middle of the sidewalk to look at the marquee. The man following bumped him heavily and brushed on, neither hearing nor seeing the little man's apology. He started to cross, found himself blocking the path of a middle-aged lady in furs, and stepped back. She stepped back. Together they performed the maddening dance of the street.

I put down my drink and studied him. He had large, frightened eyes. He glanced over and met the ticket girl's challenging stare, and hastily dropped his gaze. His head was small and I knew his hair lay thin and subdued on his head. His hat looked too small, even though it really wasn't, and pushed too far forward.

A full inch divided the button of his not-quite-white collar from the knot of his tie. When he dug his arm under his overcoat, I could see a long, thin rip in the frayed sleeve.

The little man looked back at the marquee and turned his short steps toward the ticket window. I wish the ticket girl had known how sorry the little man was to bother her. He waited. He had not read the sign. His money was not enough. I saw his face flush as he searched about in his pockets. Without meeting the girl's cold stare, he placed several more coins on the counter and studied his shoe tips until the ticket and the change were thrust at him.

At the theatre entrance he stepped aside to allow a young woman to pass. He pulled out his handkerchief and looked at it, conscious of the gaze of the doorman. Softly, he blew his nose on it. He stuffed the handkerchief into a pocket, leaving a portion of it hanging out, handed his ticket to the doorman and hurried by.

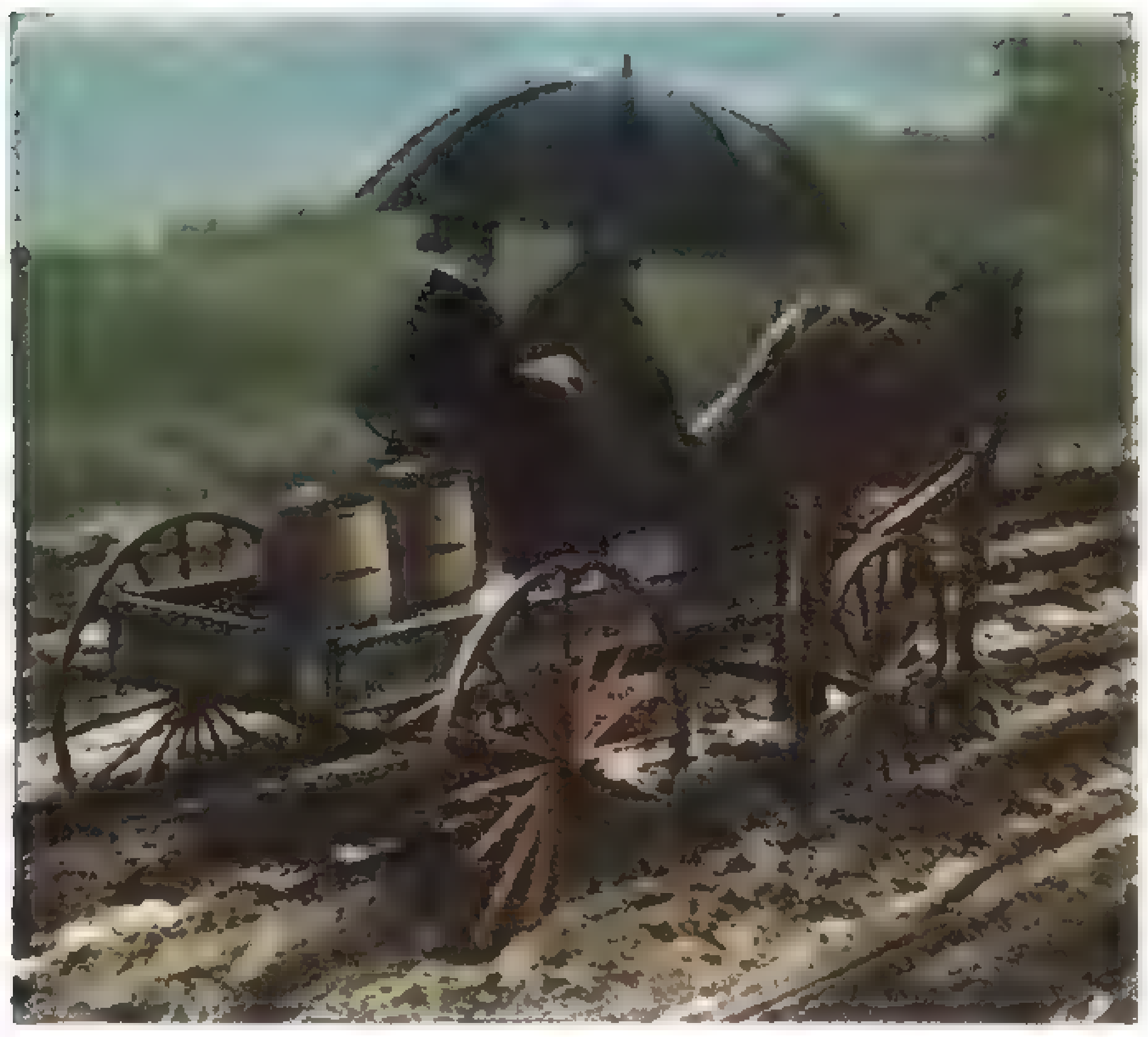
It was nearly two hours later when I saw him come out. Was it the same man? He had been transformed completely. Where in the recesses of the theatre had the little man rejuvenated his soul and injected new life into his bearing? The hat still assumed the slightly ridiculous angle on his head, too far forward and too much of the back of his head showing. Now it gave him a formidable look. I knew the little man wore it to conceal his identity. From what? His eyes were the same, but now there was no fear in them. Only wariness. They were eyes that knew danger, that avoided it without fearing it. His tie was still short of his collar, but it had not slipped. Obviously he had pulled it there. He stopped in the entrance and eyed the people in the street. He broke open a pack of cigarettes and put one in his mouth, slightly off center. He cupped his hands over the match, flicked it into the street, and inhaled slowly. I knew him then, as he stood straight and watchful, a thin column of smoke filtering from his nose and his hands thrust deep into his coat pockets. He was Humphrey Bogart.

In the stuffiness of the cinema, a soul had come from the screen and overpowered his own, a stronger spine had straightened his shoulders and a glint had moved into his vacant eye. He had found his mirror in a changeful screen and in a wiry man who pulled girls roughly to their feet and spoke from the corner of his mouth.

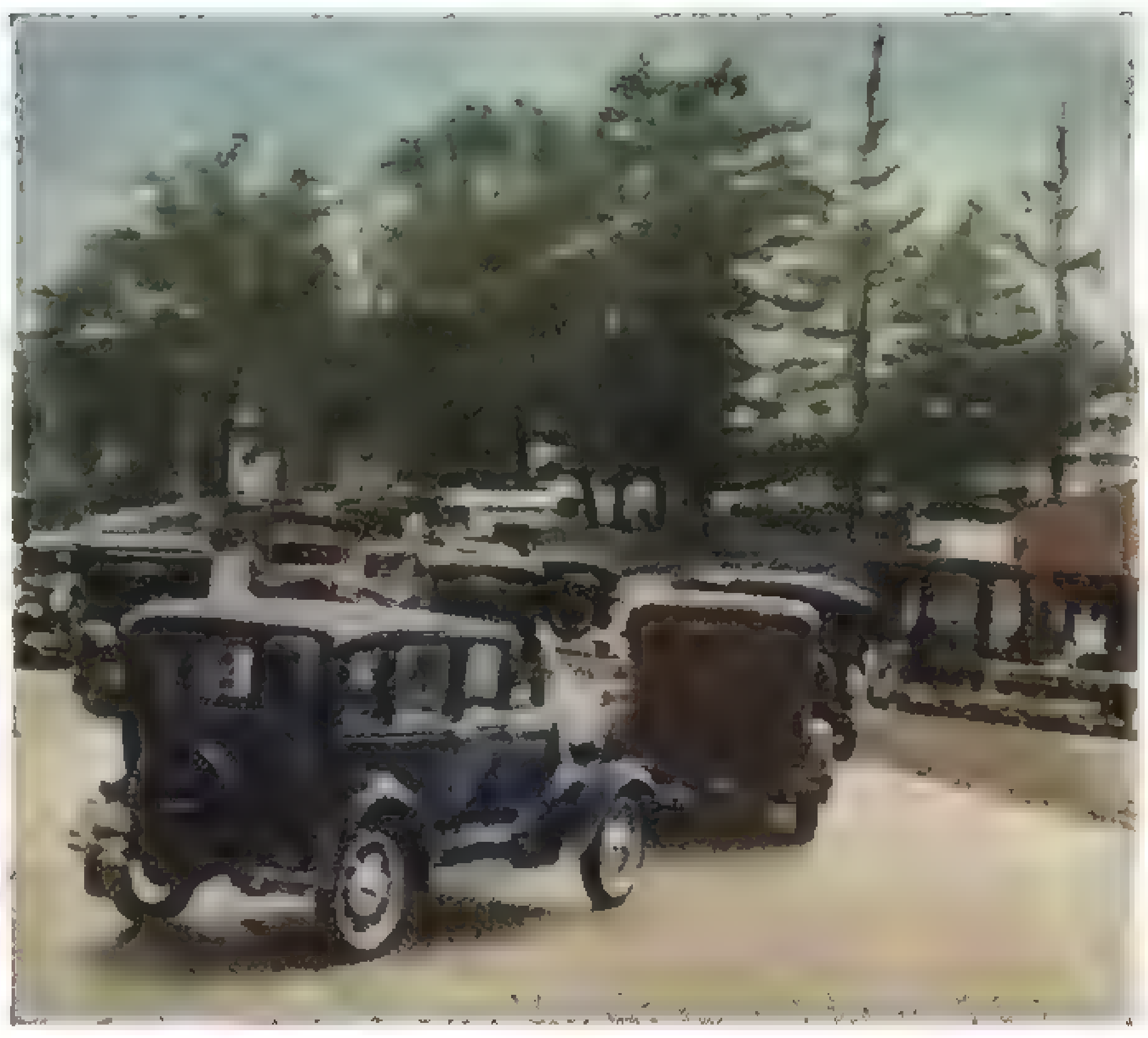
A man turned sharply from the crowd and veered toward him. He stood his ground. His eyes played coldly upon the larger man. The big man hesitated, walked around him. He said, "Excuse me," and the little man nodded curtly. His eyes changed as they watched a girl approaching the window; his gaze was narrowed—and open. She looked back, soberly, wonderingly. The little man took a last puff on his cigarette and threw it spiraling into the street where it struck the trouser leg of a passing gentleman. He lit another immediately and inhaled deeply.

The little man turned his head slowly to the right. I followed him with my eyes. He was standing directly beside the large, full-length mirror that lined the inner portion of the entrance. I wanted to cry out a warning. Slowly, disbelievingly, his eyes traveled over his thin frame. His shoulders slumped, and the fear crept back into his eyes. The cigarette choked him, and he placed it carefully on the ground and stepped on it. He fumbled for his watch, looked at it and started walking toward the street. He made his way carefully with his quick little steps. When he glanced through the large window and met my eye, he shifted his gaze to the pavement. ⌗

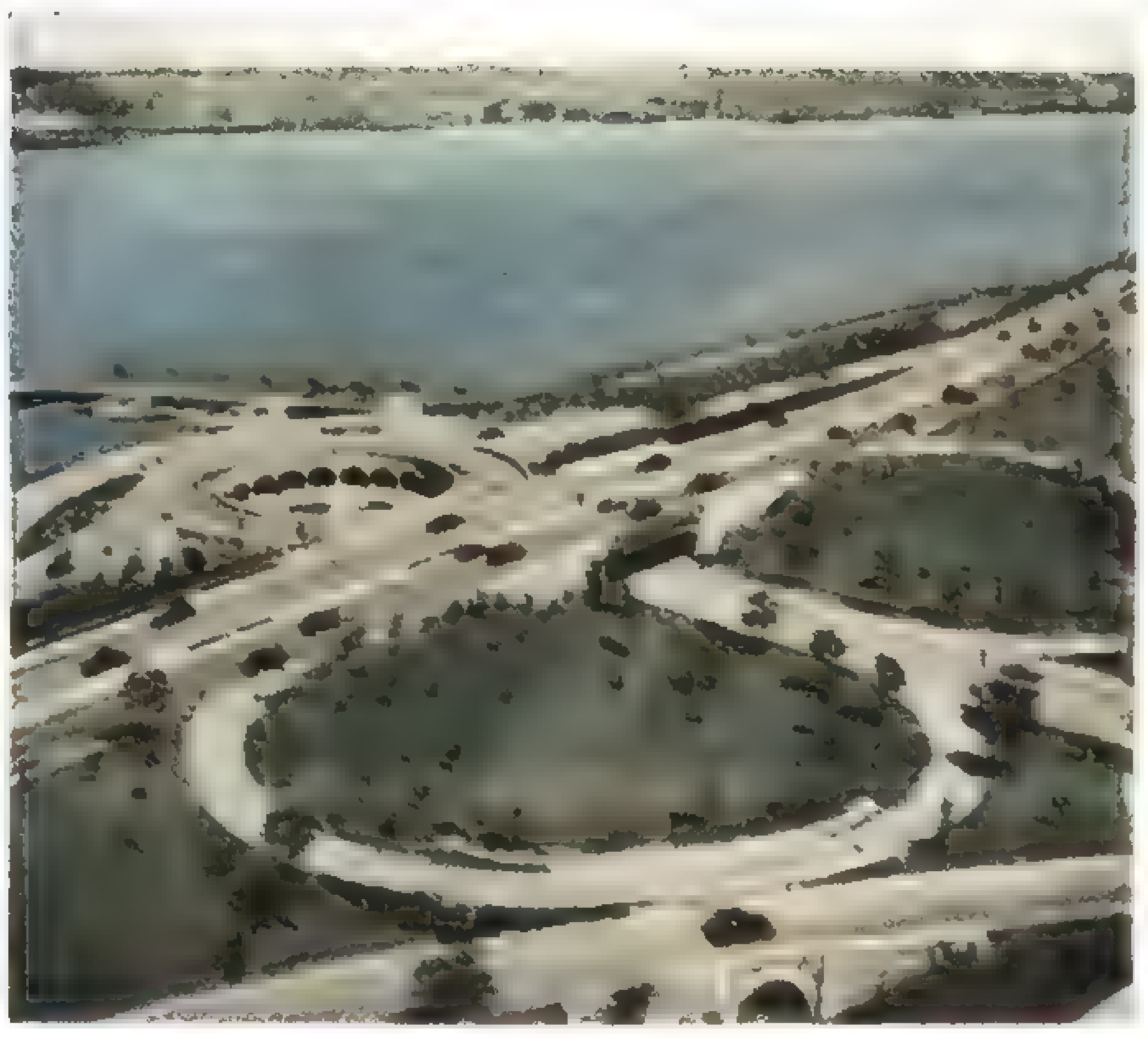
Say goodbye to traffic jams!



1858 **NEIGHBORS MIGHT** band together to fill in or clear a road when it became impassable. Roads were often muddy, rutted, lonely places—nobody's business and everybody's handicap—88 years ago when the name Corby's first appeared in Canada.



1929 **AMERICA WAS** on wheels, but the wheels still travelled narrow roads. Traffic jams were everyday affairs and people wondered where the millions of new cars being built every year were going to go. This was the time when Corby's reached its 71st year of fame in Canada.



1941 **ENGINEERS TACKLED** the highway problem in earnest. Separated crossings, cloverleaf intersections, elevated and depressed highways began to appear. Then war, coming in Corby's 83rd year as a respected Canadian Whiskey name, held up highway construction.

ANCIENT ROADS AND HIGHWAYS
MODERN HIGHWAYS CONSTRUCTION
N Corby
SAY CORBY'S
CORBY'S
Reserve
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR JAS BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED PEORIA - ILLINOIS

1946 **GREAT IDEAS** are in the works. Government and local authorities are projecting expressways that will eliminate a lot of traffic jams, make driving more pleasant than ever. As you plan next Summer's trip, take time out from road maps to enjoy Corby's, the light, sociable blend. Brought to the U. S. A. from Canada five years ago, the name Corby's is well worth watching for in your bar or store. Ask for the whiskey with the grand old Canadian name.

Look for me on every Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*
86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Illinois

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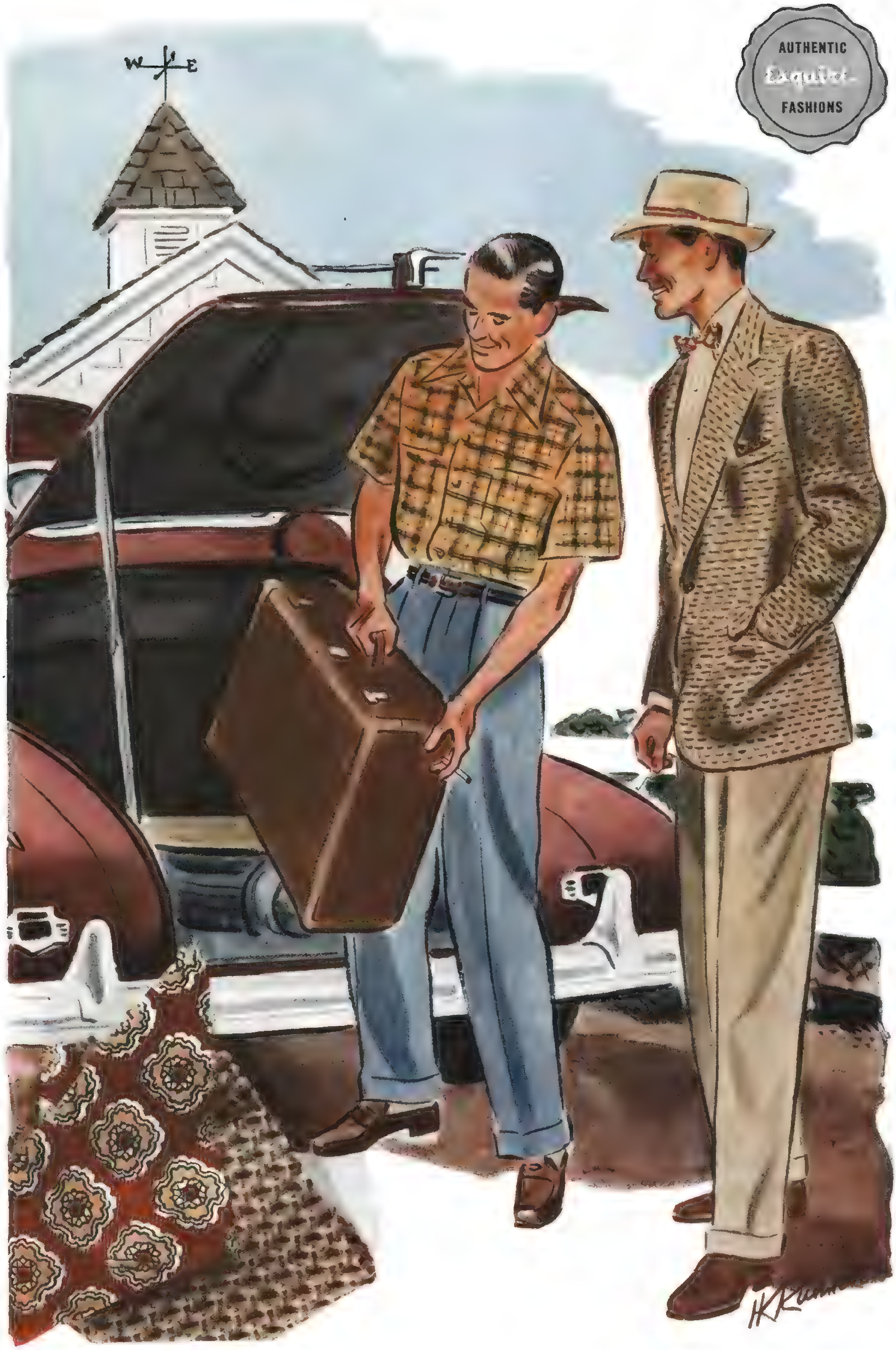


HEAVE HO, OLD MAN

Drawing by H. Runnette

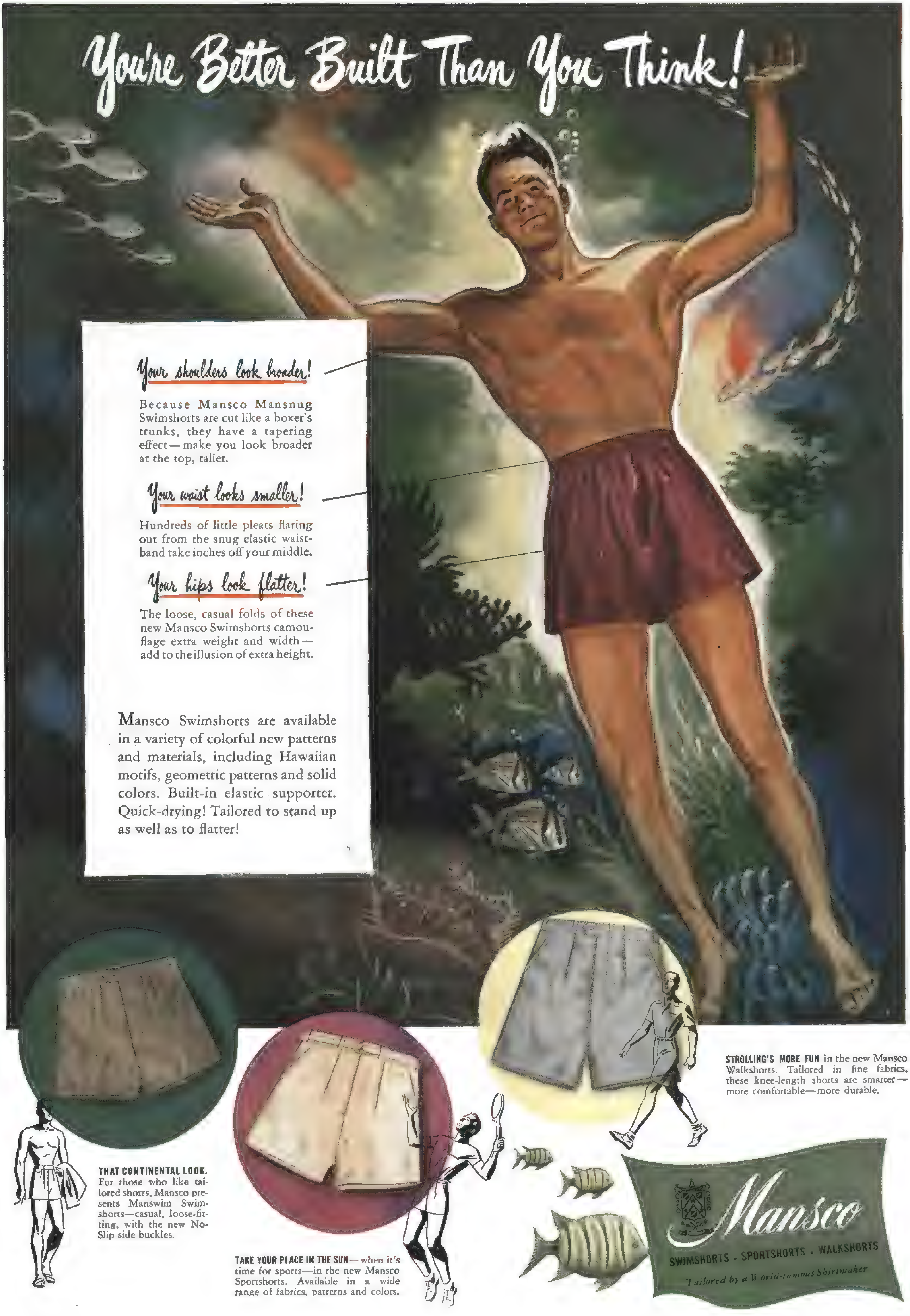
Both these gents are probably quite restrained in the outfits they wear when propping their feet on their city desks, as befits an executive, but get them away from it all in the country, and oh, boy! Let freedom ring! Mine host, hauling out his guest's bag ("Whatcha got in it? Rocks?") is in the rainbow league with his yellow ground plaid shirt, blue linen slacks, striped ribbon belt and yellow socks. The new arrival also bats high with his light-toned coat and gabardine slacks. This single-breasted jacket with the long roll lapels is in a tweed that gives a small-pattern effect. But a red rayon foulard bow tie adds a colorful accent to his tan and white striped Oxford shirt, and his mesh Panama hat is beribboned with more stripes.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Back to another Great outfit!

"That suits *me!*" you'll say when you slip into your new Hart Schaffner & Marx outfit. Style, fit, and the just-right "feel" of these smart clothes are reasons they're top choice with ex-service men.

Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes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Your shoulders look broader!

Because Mansco Mansnug Swimshorts are cut like a boxer's trunks, they have a tapering effect—make you look broader at the top, taller.

Your waist looks smaller!

Hundreds of little pleats flaring out from the snug elastic waistband take inches off your middle.

Your hips look flatter!

The loose, casual folds of these new Mansco Swimshorts camouflage extra weight and width—add to the illusion of extra height.

Mansco Swimshorts are available in a variety of colorful new patterns and materials, including Hawaiian motifs, geometric patterns and solid colors. Built-in elastic supporter. Quick-drying! Tailored to stand up as well as to flatter!

THAT CONTINENTAL LOOK. For those who like tailored shorts, Mansco presents Manswim Swimshorts—casual, loose-fitting, with the new No-Slip side buckles.

TAKE YOUR PLACE IN THE SUN—when it's time for sports—in the new Mansco Sportshorts. Available in a wide range of fabrics, patterns and colors.

STROLLING'S MORE FUN in the new Mansco Walkshorts. Tailored in fine fabrics, these knee-length shorts are smarter—more comfortable—more durable.

Mansco

SWIMSHORTS . SPORTSHORTS . WALKSHORTS

Tailored by a World-famous Shirtmaker

Was it Cornavackia?

While your host dims the lights for a travelogue, find an exit

by **JUD TERRY, Jr.**

Now, folks, I thought instead of playing bridge or just sitting and talking, you might like to see the color pictures of our trip to Mexico, or "Mayhicko" I should say, I guess. Now, let's get the chairs placed around here so you can see . . . Here, Mabel, you sit over here and let Carrie sit back against the wall. She's seen them before—haven't you, Carrie? But I guess you don't mind seeing them just once more, do you?

Well, let's see, I don't have them just in the order they should go. Showed them down at Rotary last week, and did the fellows eat 'em up! Now, this first one here, it's kind of dark—I guess I should explain. These were my first color pictures and it seems like I had the wrong directions. Found out afterwards I was reading the black-and-white directions. But, anyhow . . .

This is a typical Mexican home. I was trying to get those red flowers—boogenvilla, they call them. They run clear across that wall there in front, but it's too dark to see them. That's in Mexico City—no, I believe that's in Cornavackia.

Now this is a banana grove and that's a bamboo fence around it. Would you believe it, the bananas grow up the wrong way! Did you know that? They stand up instead of hanging down, the way you'd think. Of course, it's a little shady there, but if you look close . . .

That's our guide over there on the left. You can't see his head but he was eating some kind of fruit. What was it, Celia? Melon? No, it was not; it was some kind of pumpkin, I think they said. Those two donkeys there—burros, they call them. They haul everything on burros down there, except what they carry on their heads. You wouldn't hardly believe . . .

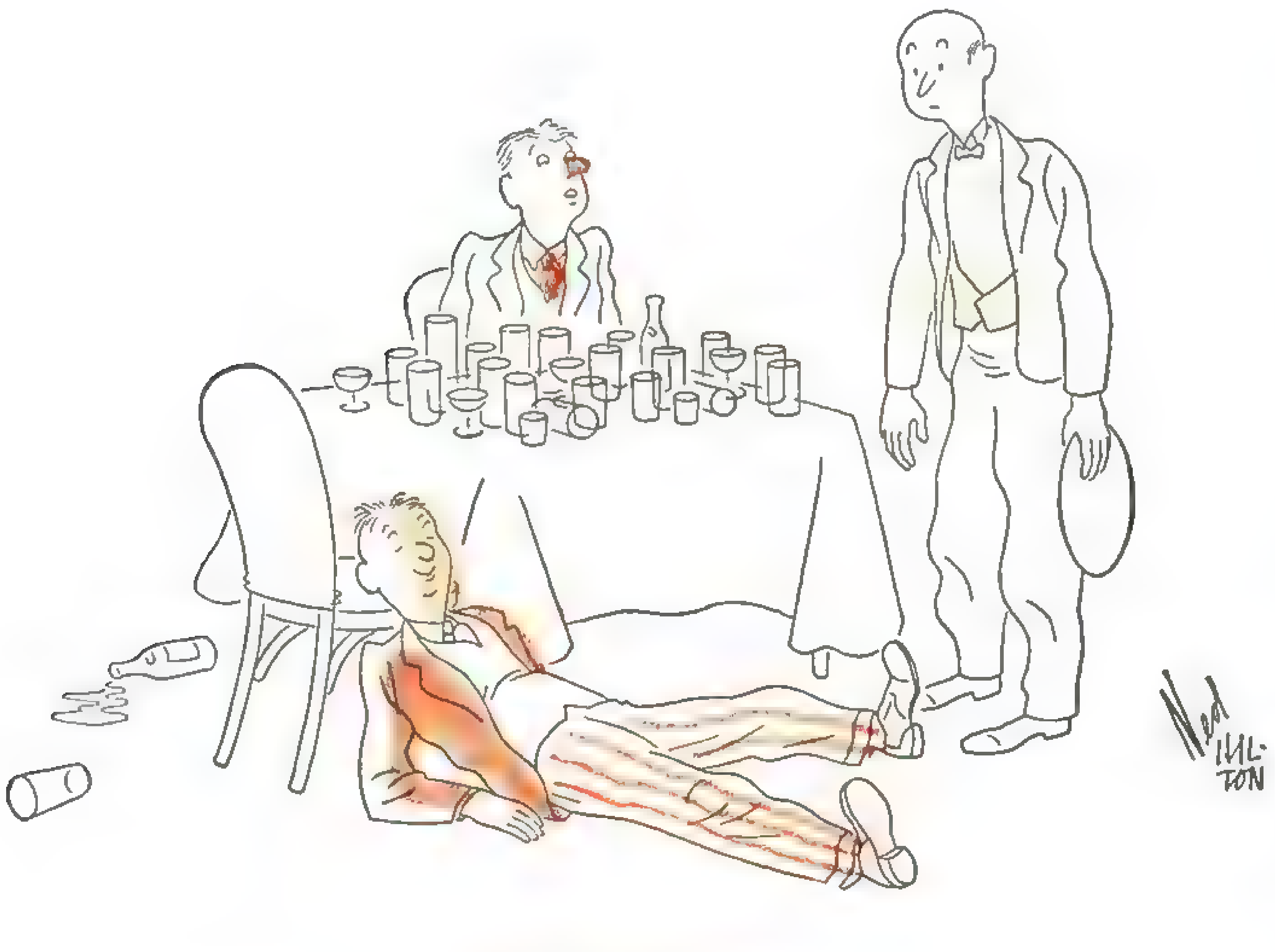
Now this one is the Cathedral of—oh, St. Somebody Or Other. That dome there is solid silver. You see, there was a man who made a lot of money in the silver mine, and he made a vow that he'd put a solid silver dome on the cathedral—I forget why—and he did.

Oh, here's the Sleeping Lady. That's what they call that volcano, Popo—Popo—oh, you know, there's a song about it. You would hardly believe it, folks, but this picture is taken from seventy-five miles away. See how clear it is? Of course we're above the clouds here. Don't know how that red streak got in there. What do you suppose happened to that, Celia? Must of let some light on it when they were developing it or something. Yes sir, that's the old Sleeping Lady—here, I'll show you. See, here's her head and there's her feet and in between here's her—well, let's see, oh, here's a typical market scene. Down here on the left are a lot of pigs running around. It's kind of hard to tell—oh, yes, and look there in the middle, that white spot, that's Celia's turban. She was standing there . . .

This is the outside of that place where we always ate—nice American cooking, none of that hot stuff. We tried that once or twice, but after we found this place . . .

Here's a typical Mexican home. Real poor people live here, no floors, just dirt. That marker? That's what they call a chronometer—measures the miles. You can almost read it. It says, wait a minute, I'll show you, looks like three hundred and eighty miles to

Continued on page 144



"I think he fainted"

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Was it Cornavackia?

Continued from page 143

—but no, it couldn't be that because we were—well, anyhow . . .

This is the harbor at Acaploo—Acapull—or was it Cornavackia, Celia? Yes, sure, that's the harbor. I know it looks kind of rocky, but see that big rock in the middle—well, the boats come in between there and that bunch of cliffs on the right. Good harbor, they say. Yes, I'm aware we didn't see any boats there, Celia, but . . .

Oh, here's the main street. Now this is the main street, mind you, in Acapull—or was it—well, never mind. This is the bull fight here, folks—now look close. I should of had that other one on here first to show you the way they come in. See that sign there? Well, that little black speck just above is the horseman's hat! When the bull charged, the horse kind of reared and the man's hat just flew up in the air! Laugh! I thought I'd die.

This is the procession; first come the picadors, then the torrid—torrid—well, the order doesn't matter. Do you know, there were 30,000 people there that day—at least that's what they said—and it looked, well, at least as many as when we saw the Cubs play the—oh, here's the ring after they dragged off that poor horse. It really was awful, folks. Of course, I wanted to see one, but believe me, I wouldn't give a cent to see another. Celia was just green, weren't you, Cele? Me? Where do you get that stuff? Never affected me a bit, but I just can't stand to see anything suffer. Even a horse.

Now, here, I want you to look right up there on that mountain. See that little white square? That's the back end of that cathedral I showed you a while ago. That's some special place they go to hold special services, I think they said.

Whoops! Got that one upside down! Oh, yes, here we are back at the hotel. Now this is the sun deck of the hotel—no, there in the back. Right there in front, those black things are the folks sitting at the table. I was trying to get them in, but the light was tricky.

This is a boat at Tocksko where they have all the flowers on the water. That stuff at the top is the canvas over the boat. And right there at the left where that gold-looking thing is shining—that was the guitar of the man in the orchestra we just up and hired to go along and play for us. My, that was fine stuff. They played all the time we were there for twenty pesos, or was it, Cele? Anyhow . . .

Here's a typical little sort of shrine, I guess—see the cross? You see them all over Mexico. Well, I guess that's all, folks. Bwaynos Notches, as they say in Old Mayhicko. Unless you'd like to see them again. There aren't very many, really. What, Carrie? Nope, nope, you just hold on a minute. I don't mind a bit. Anyhow, the second time, the detail is clearer. You know what's coming. ⧺

Stop-sign Diversion

The car bored up from the tunnel under the bridge onto the cement causeway, braking to an abrupt stop before the traffic light. It was in the middle of the afternoon on a bleak windy day, and there was little traffic.

The driver, a lean, tired-looking man in his early thirties, cursed at the unwinking round red light. He had been coming through this intersection at least twice a day for the past year, yet never in his memory had he ever gone sailing through on the friendly nod of the green light. This particular traffic signal seemed to be diabolically laying for him. It acted as if it could tell he was coming by the sound of his tires on the cement pavement so that at the last possible second it could turn red.

He noticed idly that three or four cars had come to a stop behind him, and wondered if the other drivers felt as he did about this light. Then he saw the girl.

She was walking diagonally across the intersection in a course that would take her within a few feet of the engine of his car. She was young, perhaps nineteen or twenty, and was pretty rather than beautiful. Her blonde curls set off deep blue eyes and a soft, too-full mouth. She was fairly tall, and there was a very interesting sway to her hips under a tight-fitting black skirt.

It was her legs, however, that were really exciting. Long and slender, but not thin. The breeze twirled at the edge of her skirt, playfully lifting it now and then a few inches above her knees.

The man in the car watched her legs in complete absorption. He wondered if the rest of her figure would match the legs in perfection. His mind drew pictures of the girl sitting down in an easy chair and crossing those wonderful legs; standing disheveled and grimy in a skimpy gingham dress before a kitchen stove; lovely in preparation of her bath. Was she dumb, but beautiful, or did she have a mind of her own? Was she cold and superior in her untouchable beauty, or warm and receptive?

The girl had passed in front of his car. She slowed her strong, easy stride momentarily to wave at the policeman, who glowed with the expansive smile that a pretty woman always brings forth. Then she was gone.

The man in the car sighed, and brought his eyes reluctantly back to the traffic signal. The yellow light was bright, so he pushed in the clutch preparatory to leaping forward the moment the signal turned green. But to his amazement the red light was once again staring him balefully in the eye. Incredulously, he realized that he had just sat there watching two lovely legs all during the time that the green traffic light had been on. A sense of embarrassment and shame came over him, and he could feel his forehead and neck and ears getting hot and red.

Then he began to smile, then to chuckle, and finally to laugh uproariously. For it had just occurred to him that neither the cop nor any of the persons in the cars behind him had noticed that the traffic signal had turned from red to yellow to green to yellow and now back to red again.

—David W. Bamford

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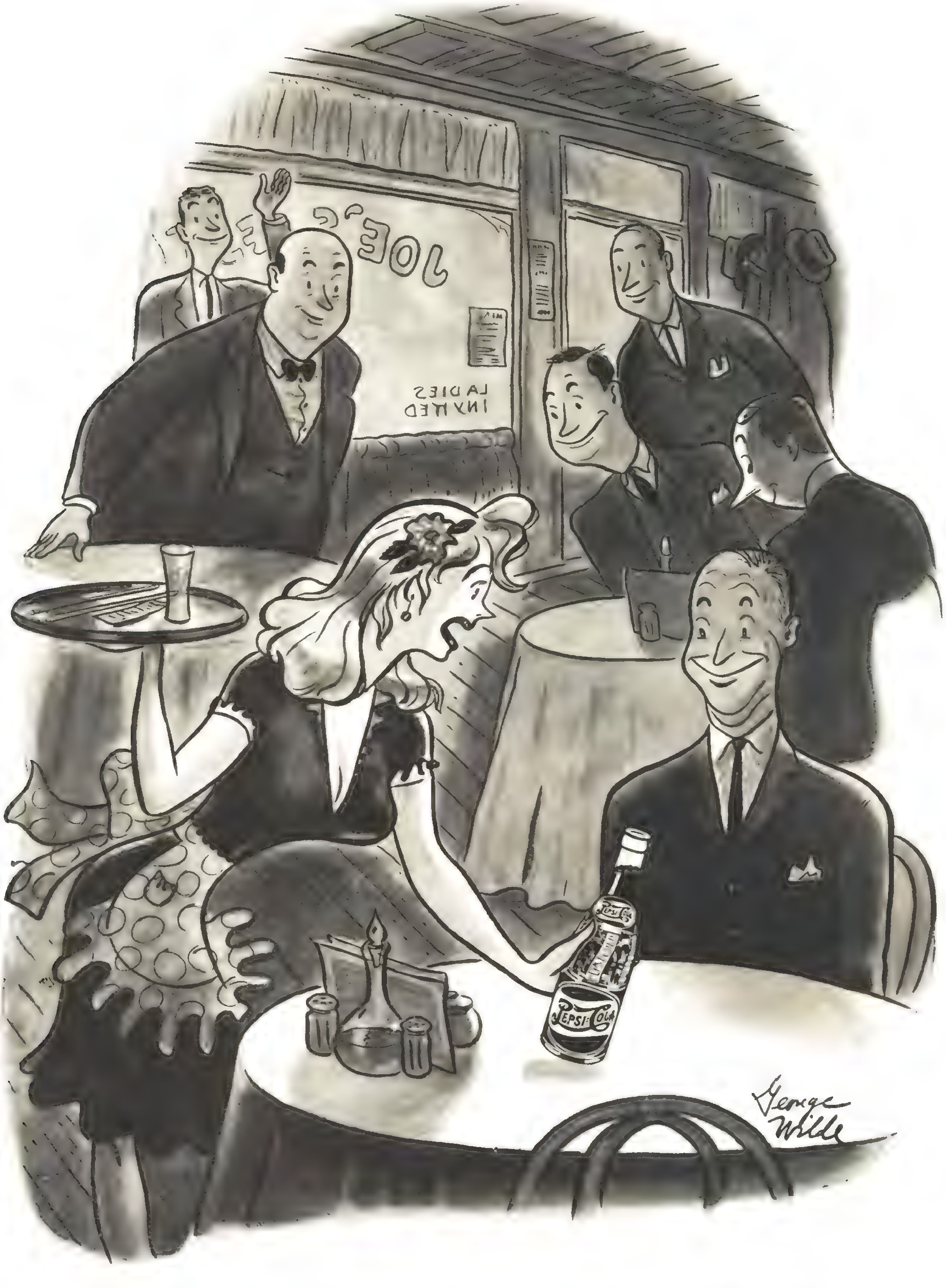
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Cheating the Wheel

Some systems employed by shady players at Monte Carlo's casino

by **KARIN ARMITAGE**

THE most famous roulette wheels in the world spin at Monte Carlo on the French Riviera. With millions of francs being won and lost on the vagaries of clicking balls, Monte quite naturally is deluged with crooks who have figured foolproof systems for cheating the wheel which can't possibly be found out—and which usually are.

Perhaps the most common of these cheating methods involves a crook's attempt to claim another player's stake. The best victim for this ruse is a system player who places bets all over the table and is therefore easier to fool than one who risks only one stake at a time.

Roulette systems are quite often so involved that their players have all they can do to concentrate on making bets, let alone pay any attention to the progress of the game.

The crook watches his system-playing victim place several bets, one of which is astride numbers 15-18, for example. Suppose number 18 turns up. The croupiers pay the winners who identify themselves, pushing their winnings toward them with little rakes. But our system player is so engrossed in his mathematical calculations that he has not even heard the chant of the croupier, "*Dix huit, rouge, pair et manque.*" The croupier then asks, "Whose stake is astride 15-18?" The victim snaps out of his mathematical fog—but too late. At the precise moment, the crook calls out in a loud, self-assured voice, "Over here, if you please."

The rightful owner is hesitant to call attention to his bet. What if he forgot to place his stake on the winning number? His system called for such a play, but it also called for many others. So he says nothing. After all, he doesn't want to be accused of cheating.

A second trick for cheating the wheel is the modification of another player's stake. It is worked as follows:

The crook watches a player place chips on various numbers one of which is 7, for example. He then leans across the table and places a chip on number 11 (diagonally opposite number 7). While doing this, he lets the palm of his hand slide deftly over the other player's chip on 7, maneuvering it onto number 8. If 8 turns up, the rightful owner of the chip does not even look up after it is announced, and the crook is paid. If 7 should happen to be the winning number, the crook very calmly watches his victim fight it out with the management.

Some methods of cheating require two associates. The following is one of the partner tricks employed:

One partner is seated at the table, while the other stands on the opposite side. They ignore each other completely, as the success of their trick depends on their being taken for complete strangers.

The crook who is standing by the table watches the ball closely as it spins around the wheel. At the precise moment when it seems obvious that the ball is going to fall into the groove of say, number 3, just before the croupier announces the fatal "*Rien ne va plus,*" the crook quickly places *five* chips of one hundred francs each on number 3, but loudly announces, "*Four* hundred francs on 3." At this the croupier protests it is too late, and the crook then withdraws his chips. This is the seated partner's cue. He jumps up from his chair and cries excitedly, "I say, sir, you've picked up my stake as well. I had a one-hundred chip on 3." His associate counts the chips in his hand, "discovers" his mistake, replaces a one-hundred chip on 3 and the seated partner collects thirty-five times his stake.

If a crook is caught, it means the immediate withdrawal of his permit to enter the rooms, as well as expulsion from the principality and the black-listing of his name in all European casinos. It is useless to attempt to enter the Casino de Monte Carlo under a false name or in disguise, as prior to his expulsion the crook is paraded before a staff of men who are experts at recognizing a face and gait. Their memory for faces is almost as infallible as fingerprinting.

Though Monte Carlo's casino has immediate competition in such places as Nice, Juan-les-Pins and Cannes, it continues to be the most popular gambling resort in the world.

The croupiers at the Monte Carlo Casino are so skillful that they are actually helpful to system players who make up a large share of the regular trade. Good croupiers are familiar with many systems and are thus in a position to remind absent-minded players to place all stakes required by their system.

And Monte Carlo's absolutely scrupulous control over shrewd cheats protects the honest gambler from the rackets of crooks trying to beat the wheel at their expense. ⌗

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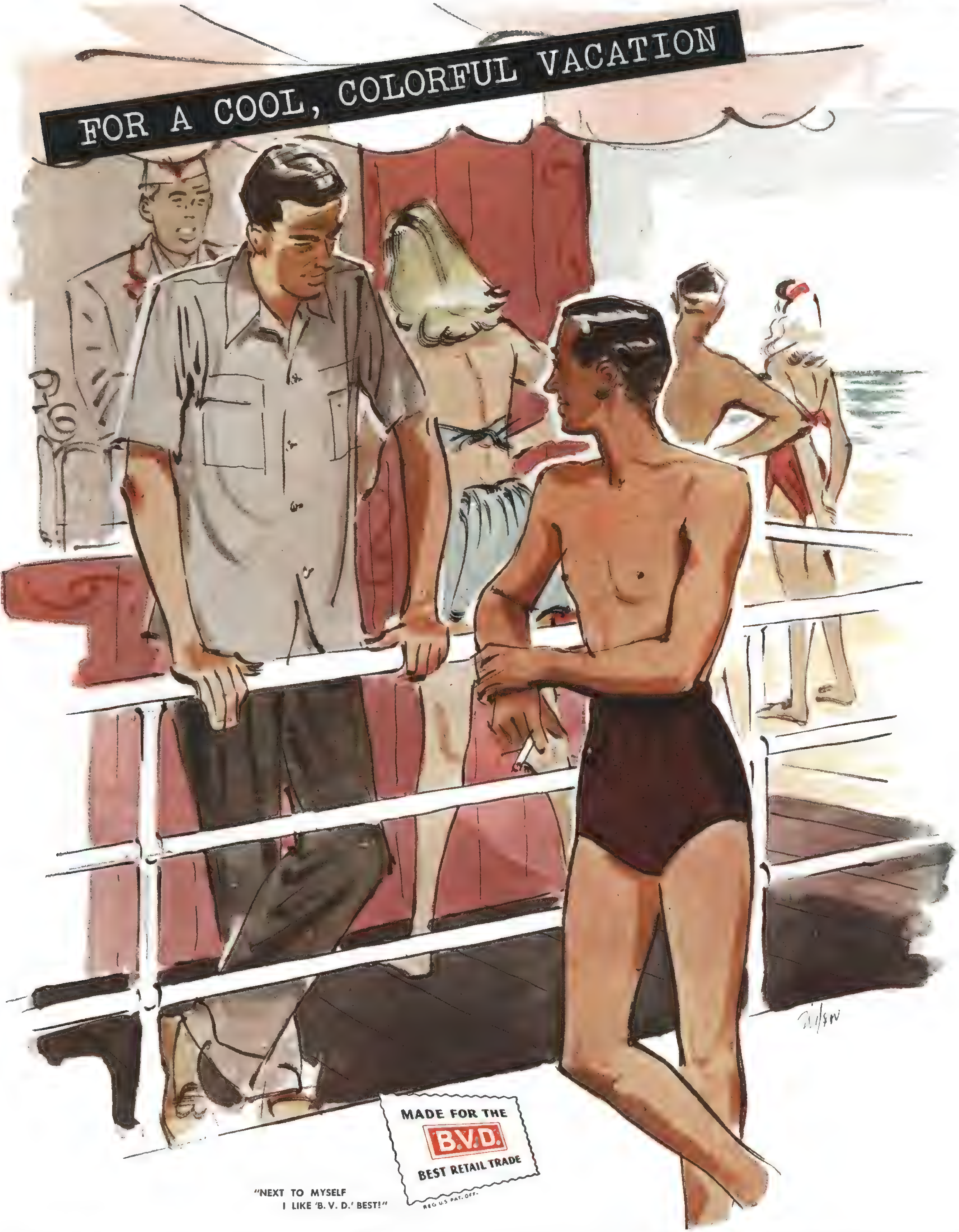
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And she barely made sure they were Harrison's size.

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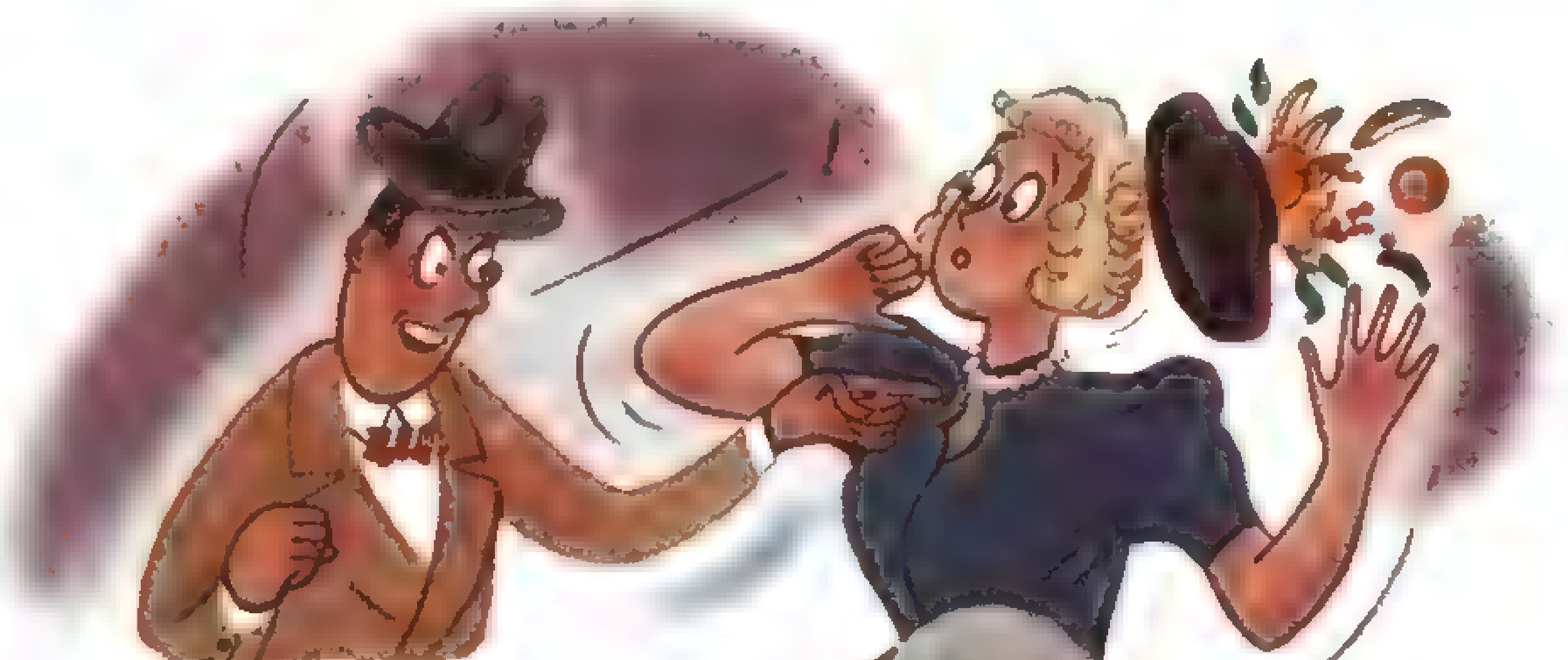
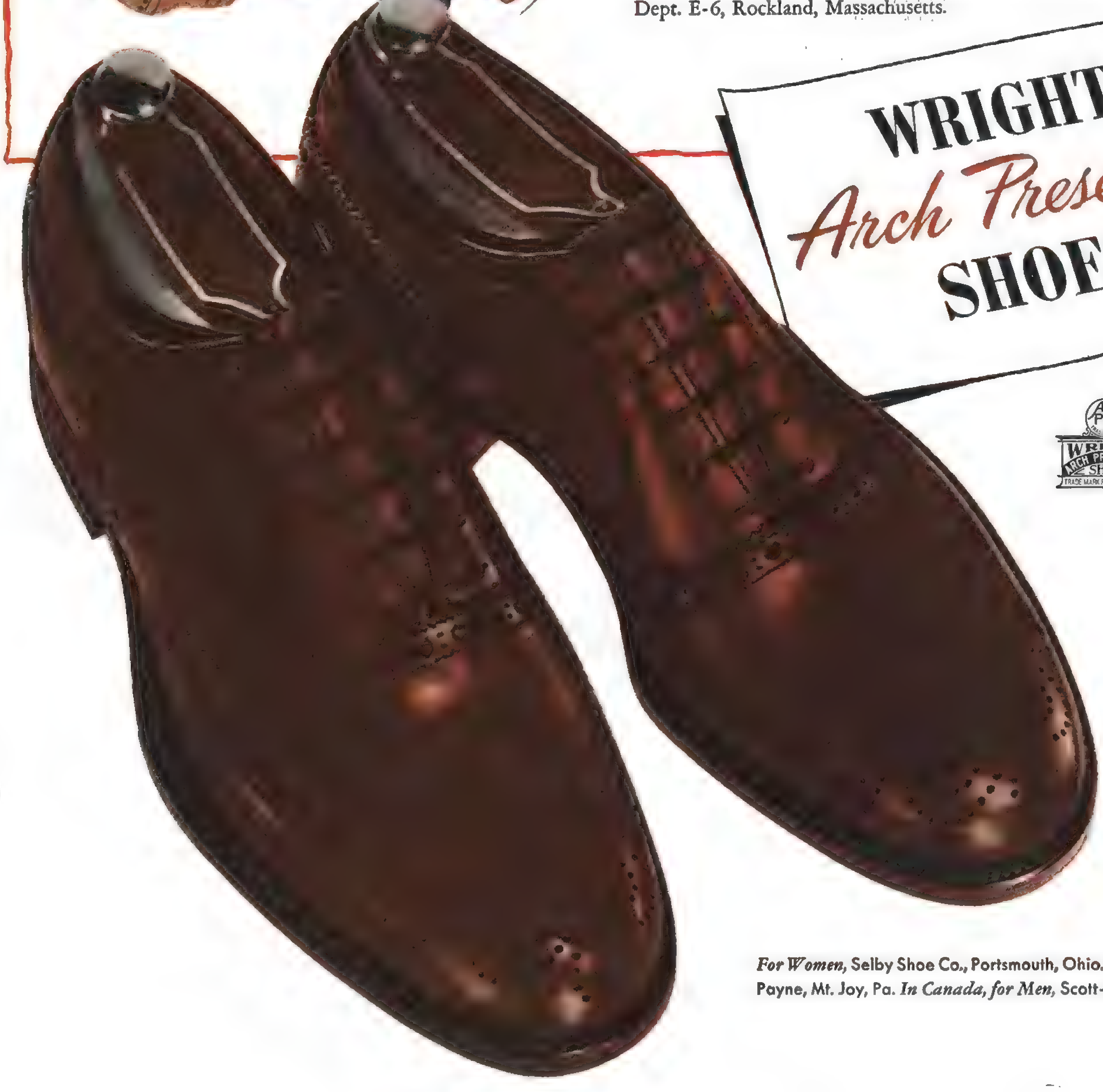
So he finally got brave and he said to Minerva:
"From here out, my dear, *we* will pick Arch Preserver!"



• Yes! And whether you operate with a feminine Purchasing Agent or on your own, you'll do well to follow Harrison's lead. *Because* Arch Preservers *have* eye-appeal and how! (look below) and they offer such down-to-earth, old-slipper comfort that you'll come bouncing home at the end of a tough day, rarin' to go. There's an Arch Preserver Shop near you—look in the classified phone book. And write for our booklet. It tells *why* so many thousands of active men say Arch Preservers are the most comfortable shoes in the world. E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Dept. E-6, Rockland, Massachusetts.



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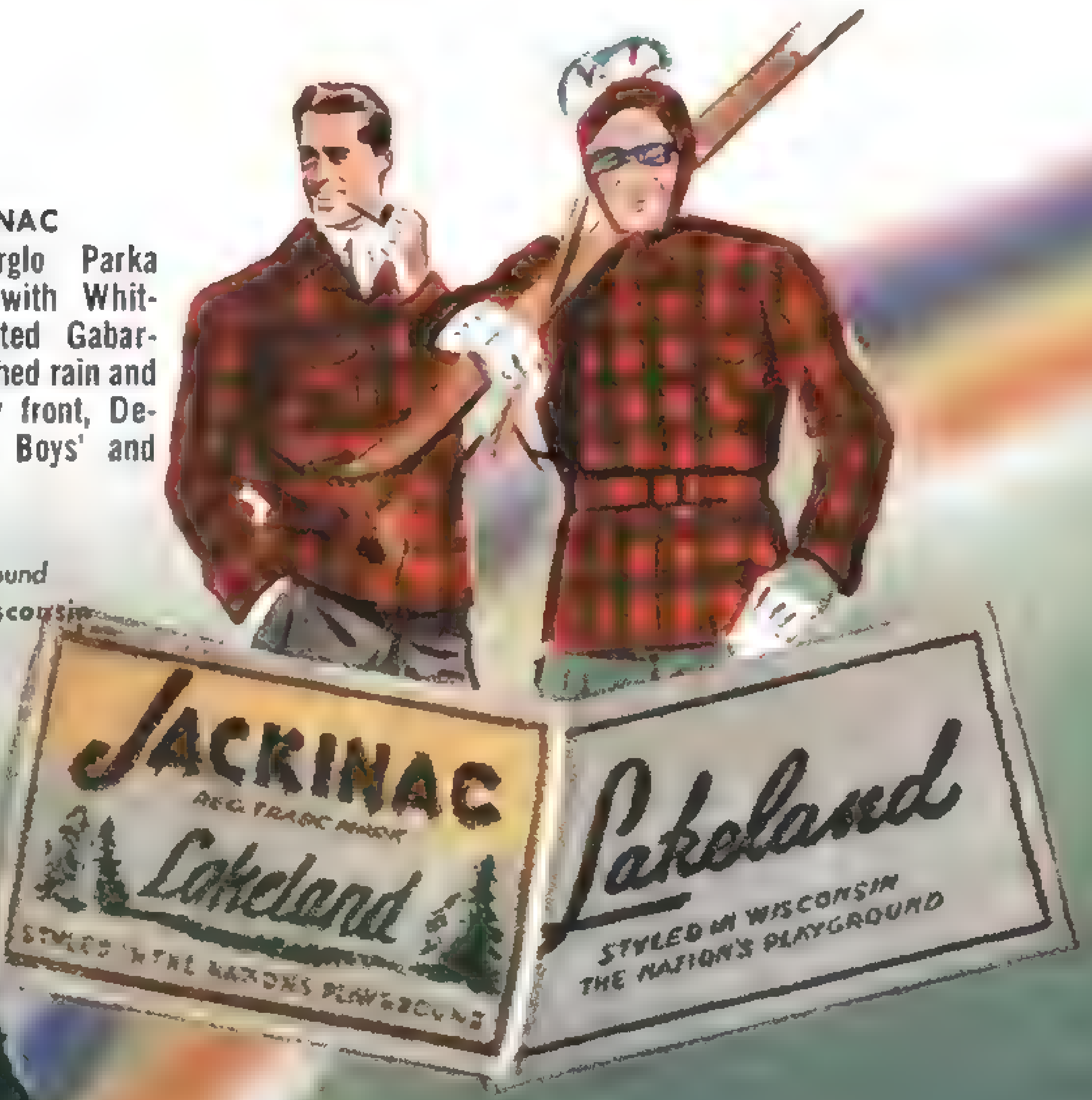
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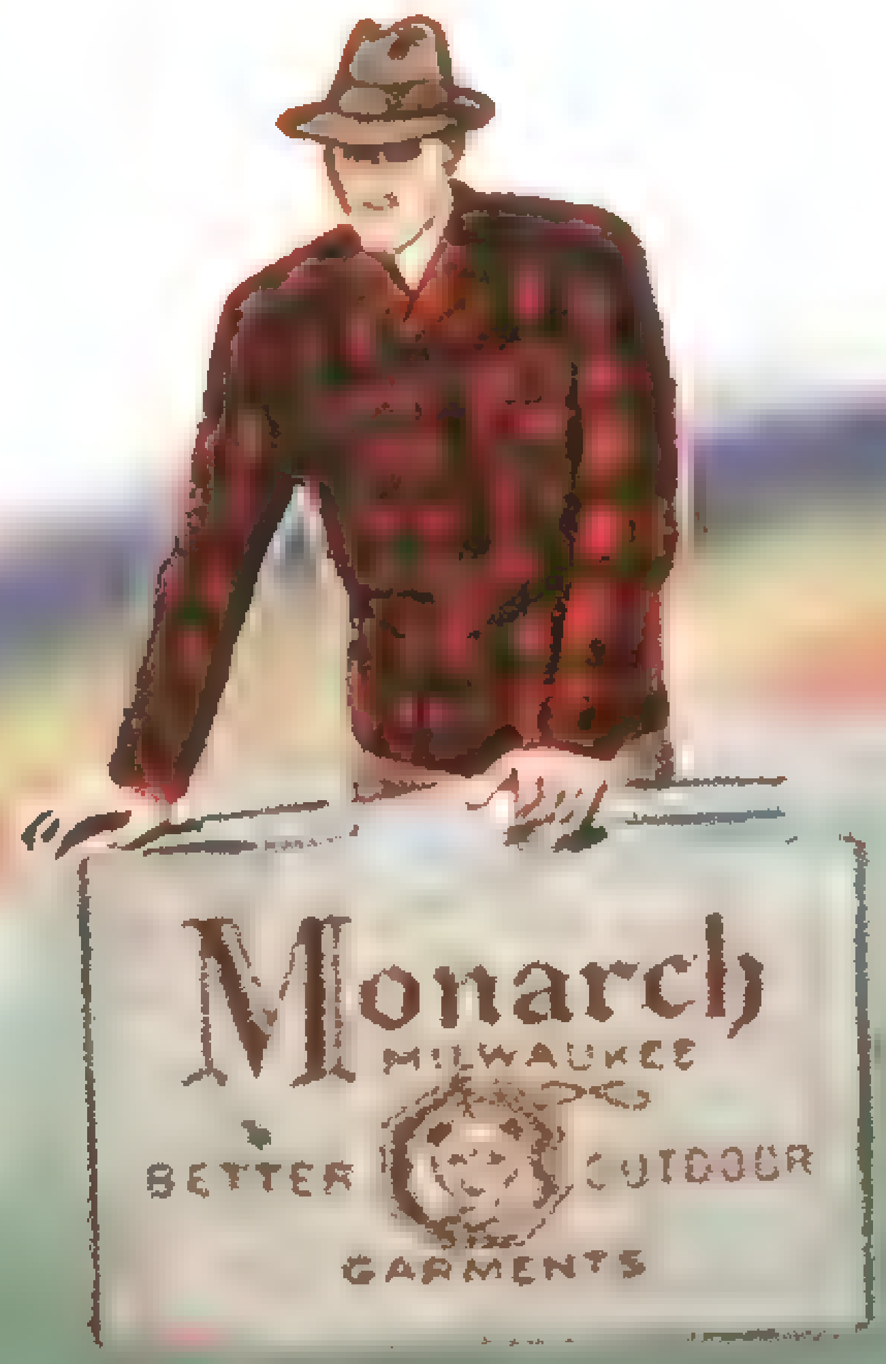
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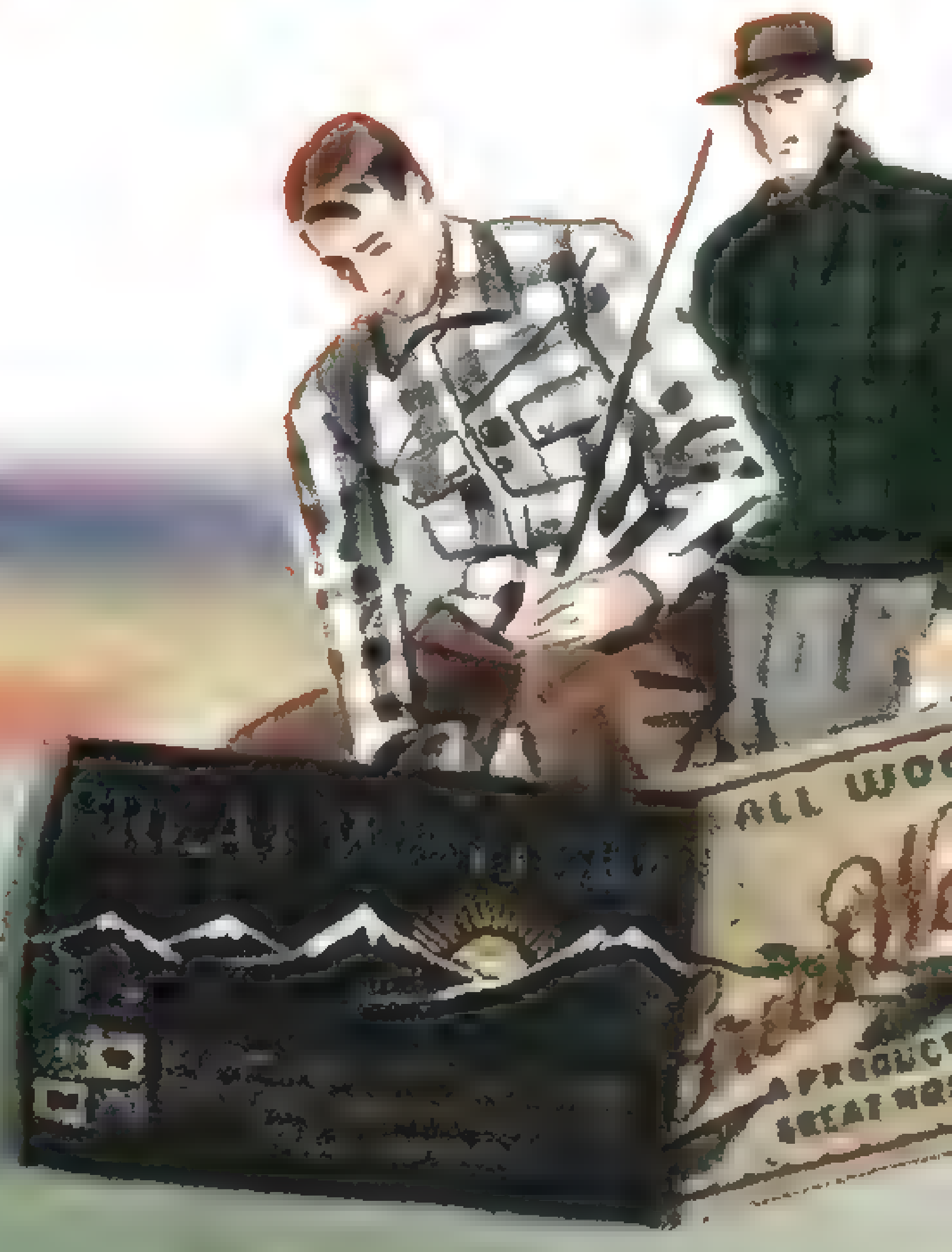
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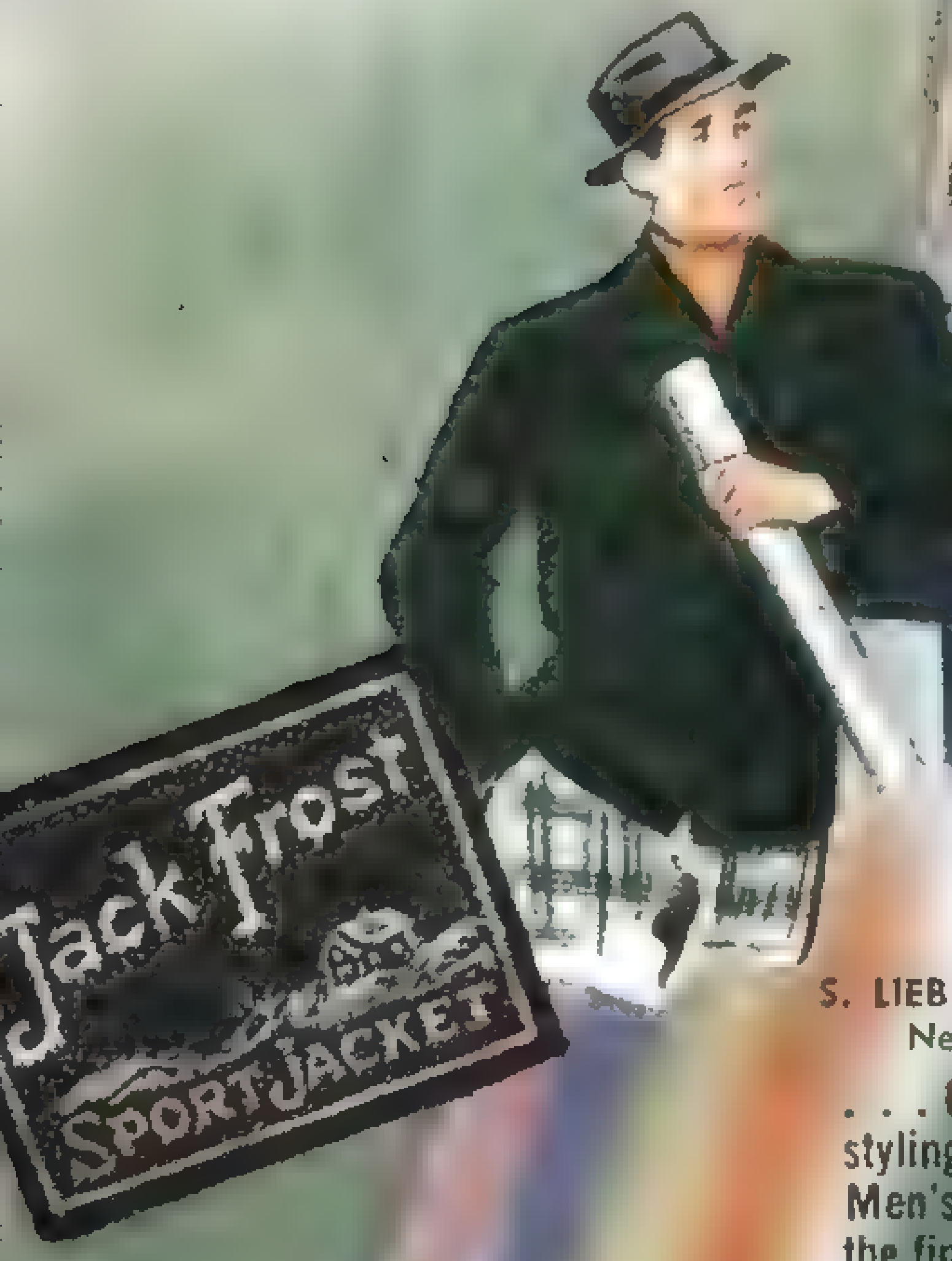
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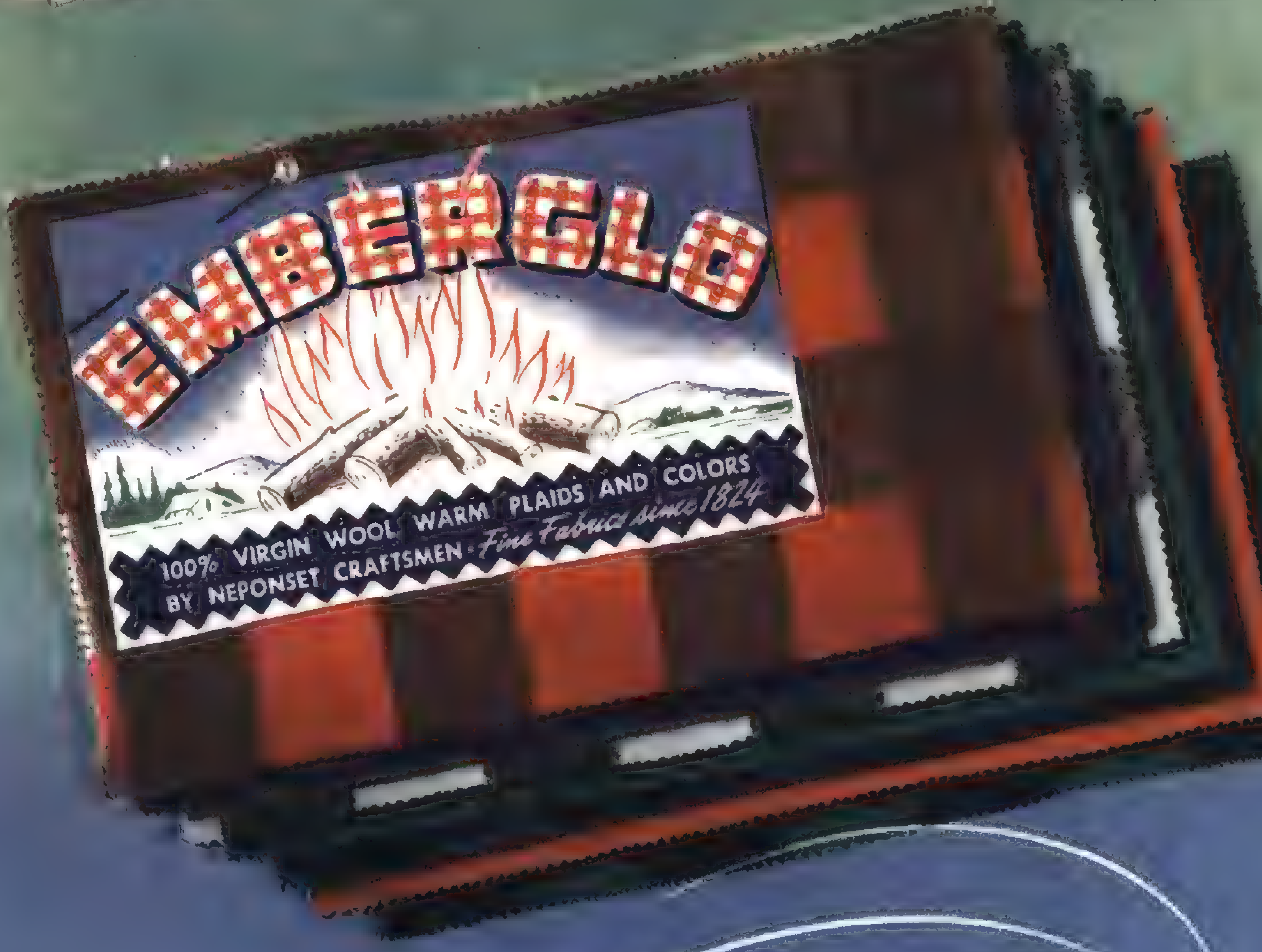
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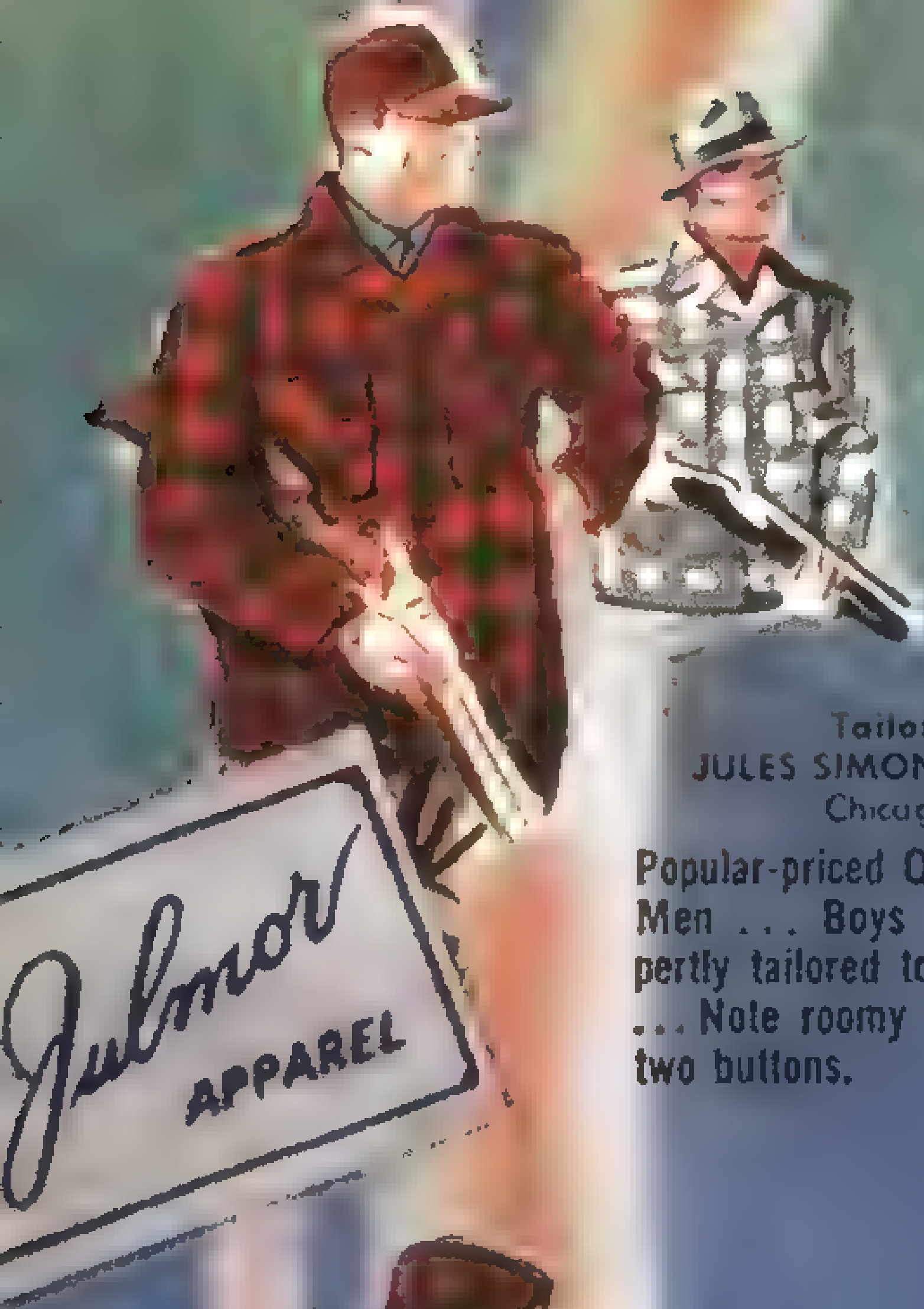
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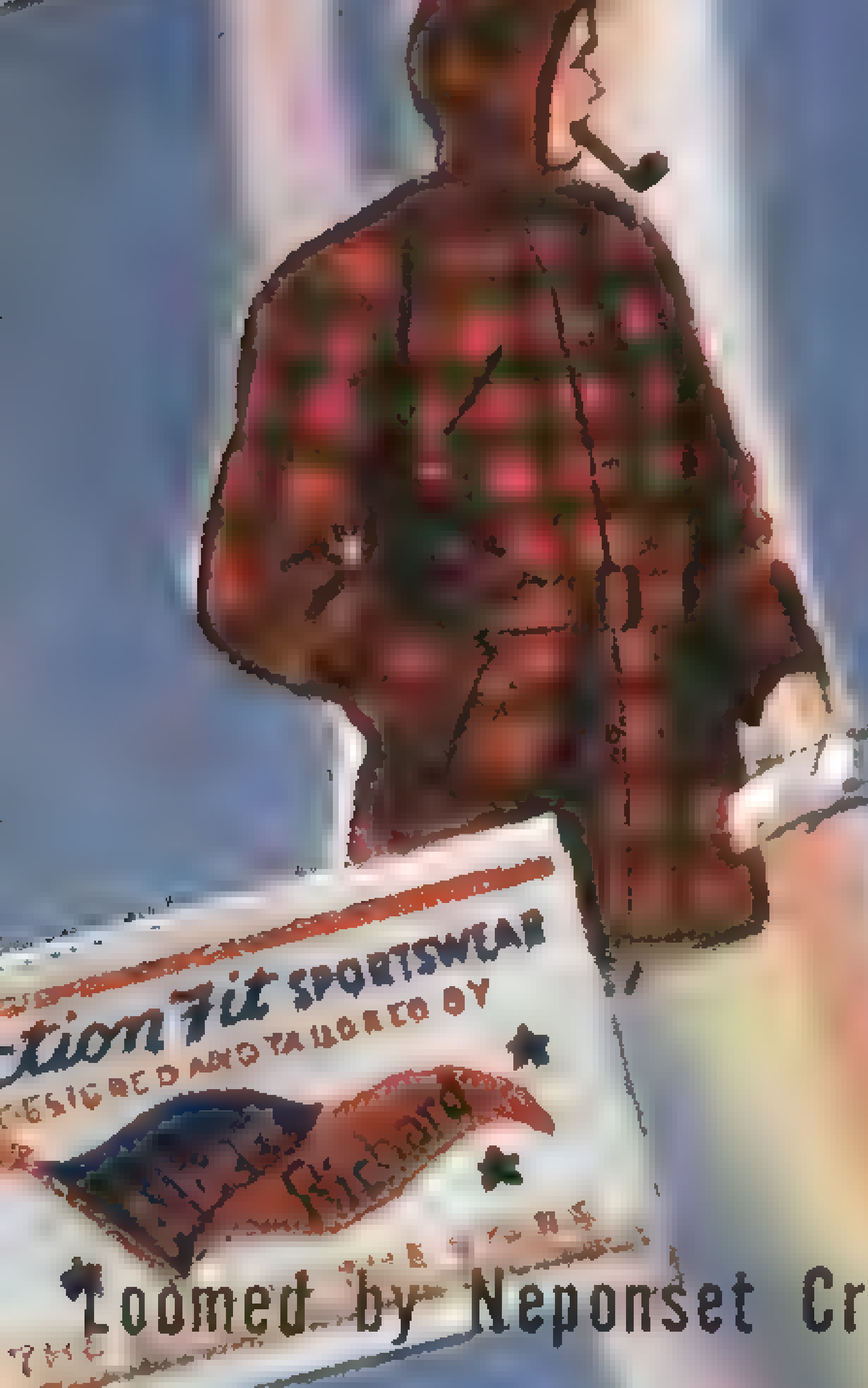
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They Were So Happy

Love spats à la Anna and Pierre were duels of dramatic invective

by **BERNARD GLEMSER**

THE Café Rasputin, where I used to do most of my writing, was a large, nondescript place patronized almost entirely by tourists and the odd, indiscriminate Parisians who are content to stop anywhere for a drink. It appeared to have no regular clientele, and nobody I knew ever came in to claim my attention. It so admirably suited my purpose, that I came to regard it as my private study.

It annoyed me one spring day to see Pierre and Anna there. Reluctantly, I walked over to them. I said, "Good afternoon, Anna." She regarded me icily. I said, "Good afternoon, Pierre," and eagerly, effusively, he begged me to take a seat. He smiled at me as if I were a lifeboat, or a Saint Bernard dog.

I said, "How are you both? What are you doing here?"

He came to the point at once. "It is no good. All is over between us. We have agreed to get a divorce."

I exclaimed, "No!" So much drama did I put into this single word that he looked at me with gloomy approval.

"Yes," he said and lapsed into silence.

She sat silently, looking up at the sky, drumming her fingers on the table.

I said, "But what has happened?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Nothing has happened. Nothing whatever."

She spat "Liar" at him so viciously that it made me jump in my seat.

"Take no notice of her," he said contemptuously. "She is off her balance."

"But," I asked, "what is this all about? You were so happy, my children."

"That is it," he said. "You are quite right. We were so happy. Exactly."

She looked dreamily in the direction of the Eiffel Tower before she spoke.

"Tolerate another woman in my house?" she murmured. She spoke to some invisible being who agreed with everything she said. "How droll! Ha! Ha!" She made the sound of sinister laughter. With a magnificent gesture she snapped her fingers at the *garçon*, and he came over with a sort of bound, terrified by her gleaming black eyes. She ignored Pierre, she ignored me, she ordered a single cognac. "*Vite!*" she said, and he compressed his muscles to spring away, like an athlete. Pierre halted him. "Make it three," he said wearily.

Anna sat back in her chair with a smile. She was momentarily happy. She had given us both a little stab.

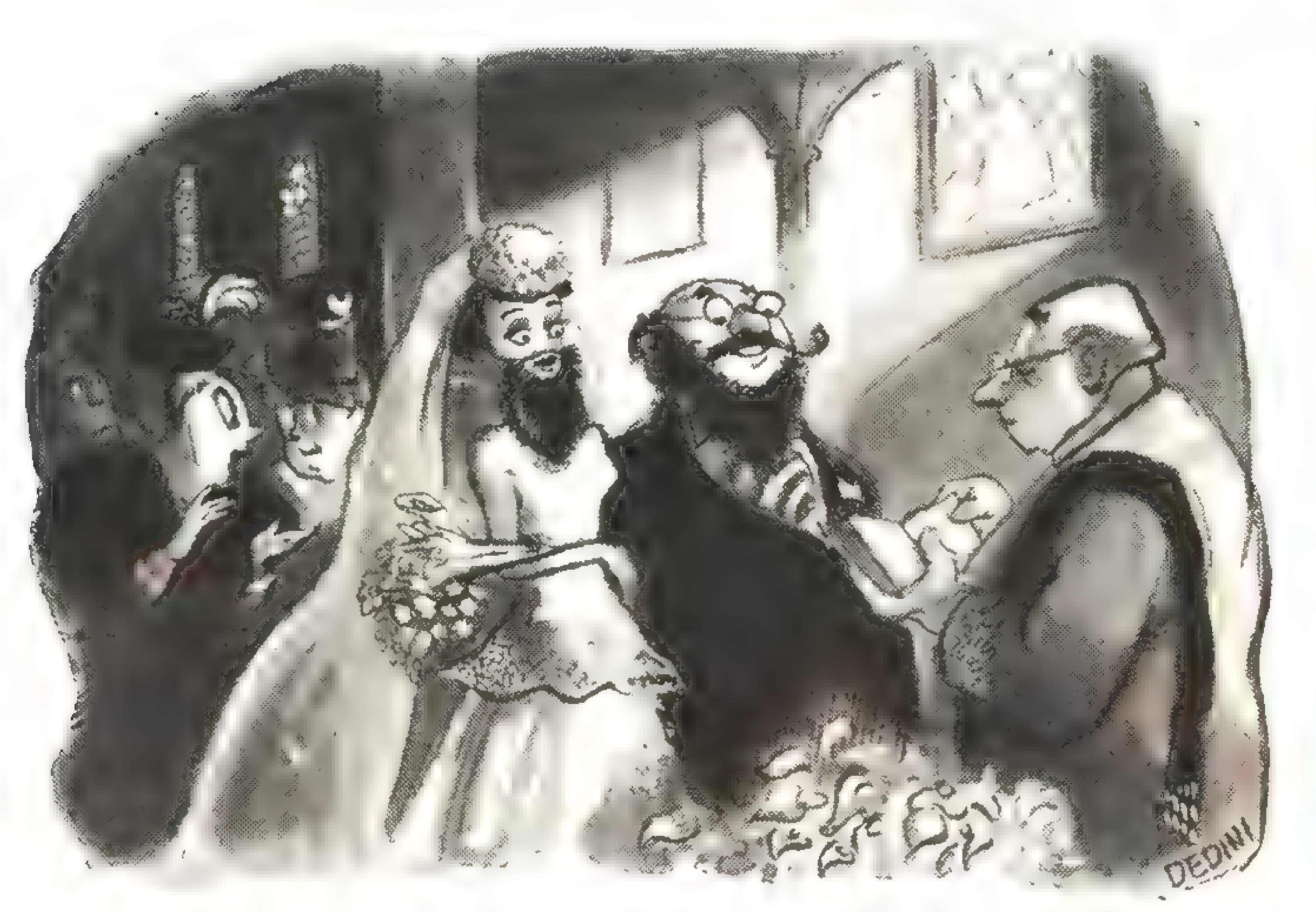
We were silent until the drinks arrived, and then Pierre raised his glass and said bitterly, "To our new lives."

She took no notice of him. She found it necessary at that moment to apply lipstick to her mouth. On this task she concentrated with great seriousness. When she finished, she turned her head this way and that, regarding herself critically in her little mirror from every possible angle. She closed her compact with a satisfied snap.

"And now, my dear," she said, "let us arrange about the furniture." She took her first sip of cognac, glancing at him with eyes a little too bright.

"The devil take the furniture,"

Continued on page 152



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**the laundry-proof snap fastener that ends "button-bother"*

Made by Scovill Manufacturing Company, Waterbury 91, Conn. • America's Leading Manufacturer of Snap Fasteners

They Were So Happy

Continued from page 151

he groaned. "You can have the whole lot."

She smiled. "*Chut!*" she said. "You are in one of your moods."

"You think so?"

"It is clear. Otherwise you would be as mean and grasping as you always are."

"My wife is the essence of politeness," he said to me in a clear voice.

"Do not be afraid. I will not take advantage of your childishness. We will dispose of the furniture fairly."

"You can burn it, for all I care."

"We will burn the furniture," she said gently, "and then what happens? You come to set up your house with Suzette, and you have not a stick, not a saucepan. Not a pillow for your heads. You must not be so rash. At least you must think of Suzette's feelings, my friend."

He looked at her with horror. His mouth opened, but no words emerged from it.

She said cheerfully, "Let us make a start. You can have the wardrobe. How is that?"

I had seen their wardrobe. It was the size of a house, and half of the scenes in Dante's *Inferno* were carved upon it.

"Damn the wardrobe!" he shouted. "That monstrous thing! You're glad to get rid of it, that's what it is. It's been a misfortune to us ever since we had it."

"Nevertheless," she said, "it is for you. What use can it have for me? I have no clothes to put in it. Nothing. Not a stitch. When have I bought a new dress? Not for six months. But Suzette—ah! I expect she is elegant. She is undoubtedly well-dressed. I saw her underclothes. Exquisite! I am sure she will need two wardrobes. Do not fool yourself. You should welcome my offer. Do you want her to put her clothes in a heap on the floor again, as she did last night?"

He said calmly, "Very well. I will have the wardrobe. But on one condition."

"What is that?"

"I have the bed, too," he said.

She went pale. "The bed!" she questioned.

"Yes."

"No," she said. "Never. You are well aware that the bed was bought with the money my mother gave me. It is morally mine."

"You forget. I paid for a new mattress."

"I bought the counterpane," she retorted.

"It is mine. I will not part with it." He thumped the table.

She looked towards me and curled her lip. "You see!" she said. "A moment ago he was so generous! 'Take everything,' he said. 'It is all yours!' Now, behold. The soul of generosity! It has been the same all our life together."

He said to me earnestly, "I took a week to find that bed. It is the finest in Paris. There is not another like it. I swear to you, I cannot sleep on any other. I suffer from insomnia. If I were deprived of that bed I should die from lack of sleep. You see how cunning she is! She plans to murder me."

"A fine story," she said. "You can have the divan from the lounge. It has already served your purpose."

"Quiet," he bawled. "Quiet!"

I stood up. "It's been nice seeing you," I said. "I've an appointment with my manicurist. I have to get along."

"Sit down," Pierre said. "I'll tell you what happened."

"Listen," Anna said, "and judge for yourself what a fine husband I was fortunate to marry."

I sat down again.

"For three years," he began, "I have been faithful—"

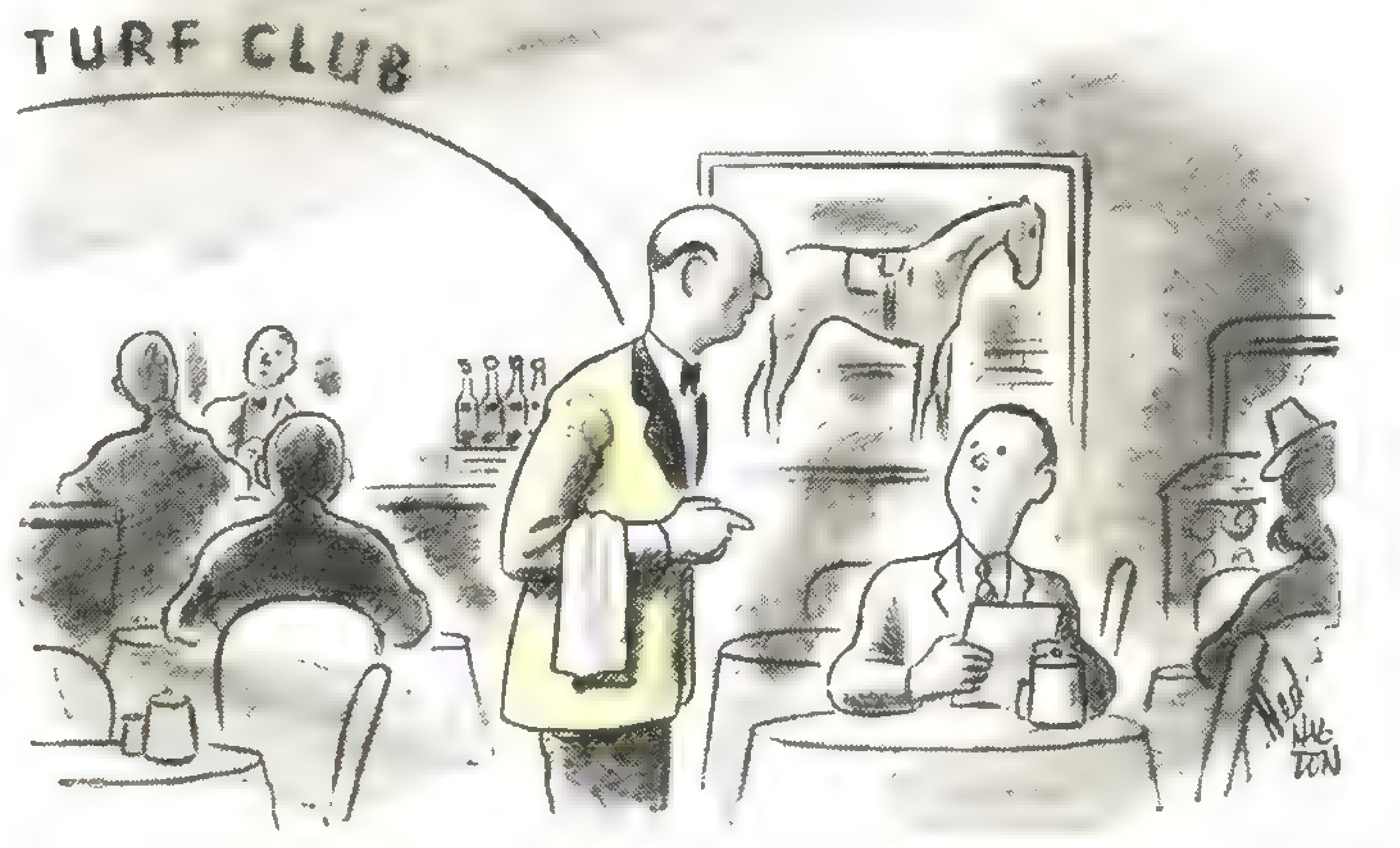
She burst out at once. "What about Madeleine!" And her eyes glittered.

"That," he said with dignity, "was entirely different. It was a crisis in my life. It happens to every man. A woman arrives who, it appears, will supplant his wife. He must make a choice. The same happened to you with Jules, the piccolo player."

"I knew you'd bring that up," she said sourly.

He gave a sort of giggle. "She

Continued on page 154



"The chicken noodle has been scratched, sir, but Yankee Bean is an added starter"

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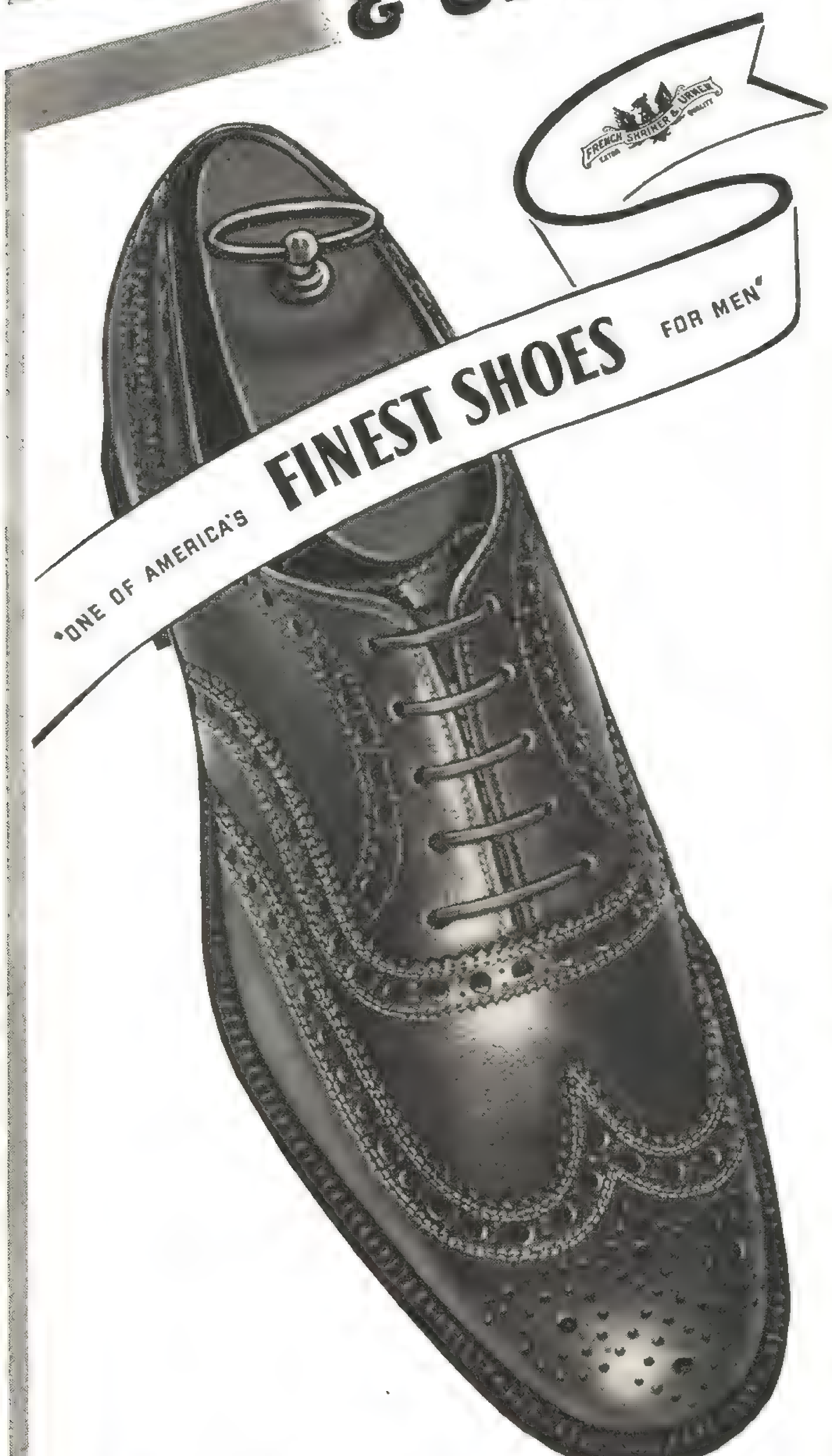
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They Were So Happy

Continued from page 152

nearly ran away with a piccolo player. Fancy!"

"If I had, I should be happy today."

"I was not unfaithful with Madeleine."

"I was not unfaithful with Jules."

"Very well," he said. "Let us agree to this principle. On the whole we were happy and suited to each other."

"You speak like a lawyer." Her eyes were tearful.

He resumed his story. "For three years," he said, "I was faithful to my wife. But last night I was technically unfaithful. And for what reason?"

"For what reason, my dear husband?"

"Because you drove me to it."

"Beast! Liar!"

He stayed calm. "Let our friend decide, then."

She said carelessly, "Tell him the story, if you have the courage. Who cares? It will be all over Paris in a day or two."

"Listen, dear friend," Pierre said earnestly. "I will begin again. For three years I have been bound to the side of this tigress, and never strayed, whatever temptation came my way."

"What did you call me?" she asked quietly.

"A tigress! A tigress! A female tiger!"

"Very good," she said. "Continue."

"Believe me, dear friend, those three years have not been easy. I suffered. I endured. But except for Madeleine, I looked at no other woman."

"Except Suzette."

"We will come to that. Last night, fate ordained that I should go to a party. A painter, a friend of ours, sold a picture for fifteen hundred francs. Unheard of! It was necessary to celebrate. My wife could not accompany me. She was playing at a concert, and she preferred when she finished to return home and go straight to bed. We parted the best of friends. She approved my waistcoat, she straightened my tie, she kissed me with affection, and she said, 'Enjoy yourself, my love. Do not worry about me, do not hurry back on my account, have a good time.' "

"Poor misguided creature," Anna reflected.

"She went to her concert, I to my party. I regretted to be alone. I should infinitely have preferred my wife to accompany me. But, since that could not be, I made the best of it. The party became riotous, and I became riotous too. I enjoyed myself. And I found myself a companion."

"You could not have found yourself a male companion, I suppose?" Anna sniffed.

"Such a thing would be unnatural."

"I see," she said. "How right you are."

"The party does not break up until four o'clock in the morning. Now, it so happens that Suzette lives in the suburbs a considerable distance away. A taxi to her home would be possible. Consider, though, at four in the morning, a girl who is tired; who has, in addition, drunk much wine and a little brandy; who is, in short, staggering—a girl in such a condition to travel eight, ten, even fifteen miles in a taxi! No. It is impossible."

"Bravo!" Anna said.

"I spoke to Georges, my host. 'Regard her state,' I said. He agreed. It was pathetic for a girl so exhausted to travel one mile, let alone fifteen. With all his heart he would welcome her, but there was this difficulty. He already had commitments. His friend was staying behind, to continue his celebration with him."

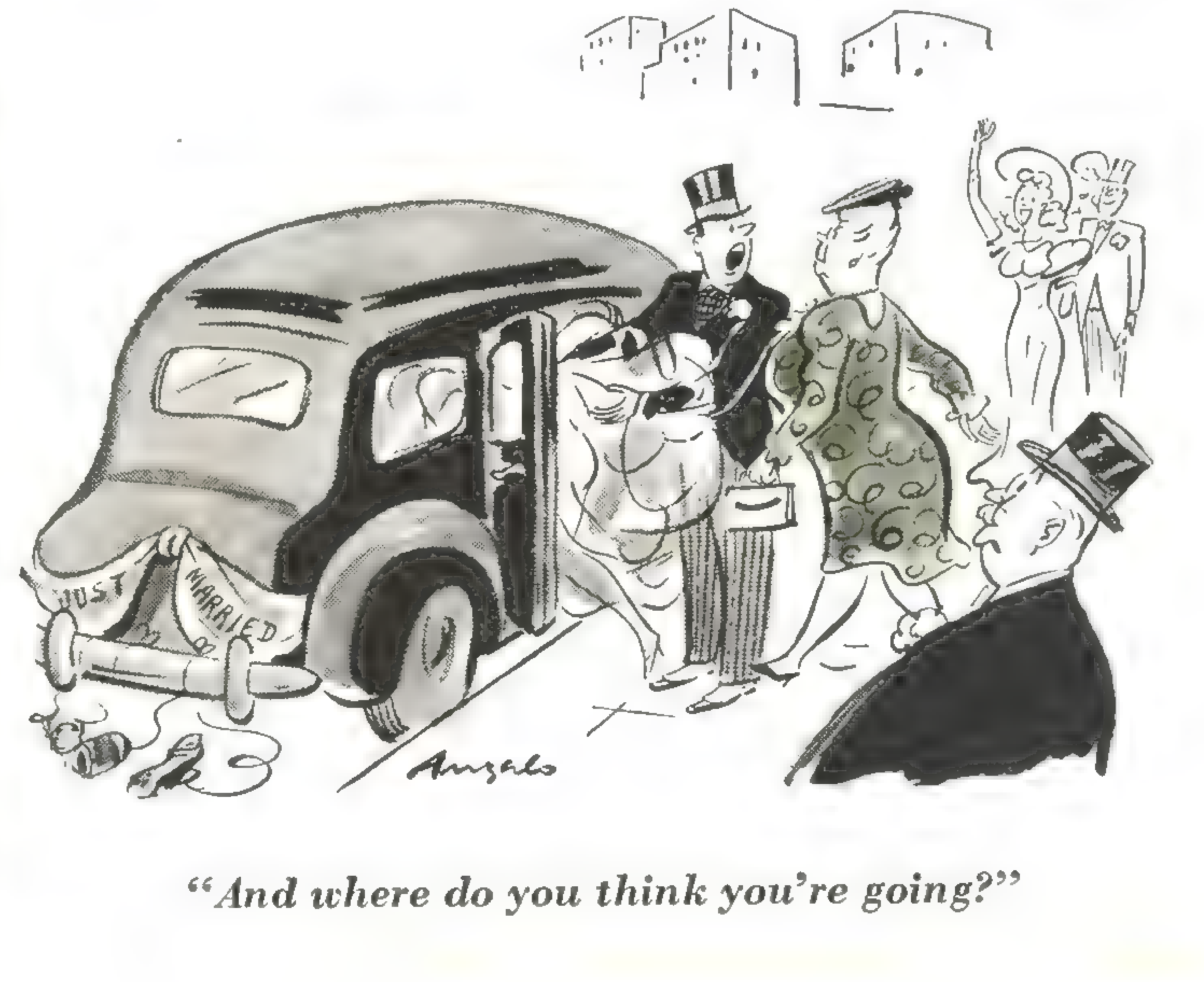
"It is quite a scenario. What do you think?" Anna smiled.

I said nothing.

"I could put her in a taxi to go to this miserable suburb of hers. But, poor child! She was too tired. What remained? The divan in the lounge of our flat! Suddenly I had this inspiration. I assumed my wife was civilized. I assumed she had compassion. I invited Suzette to stay the night in our flat."

"The rest of the night," Anna

Continued on page 156



"And where do you think you're going?"

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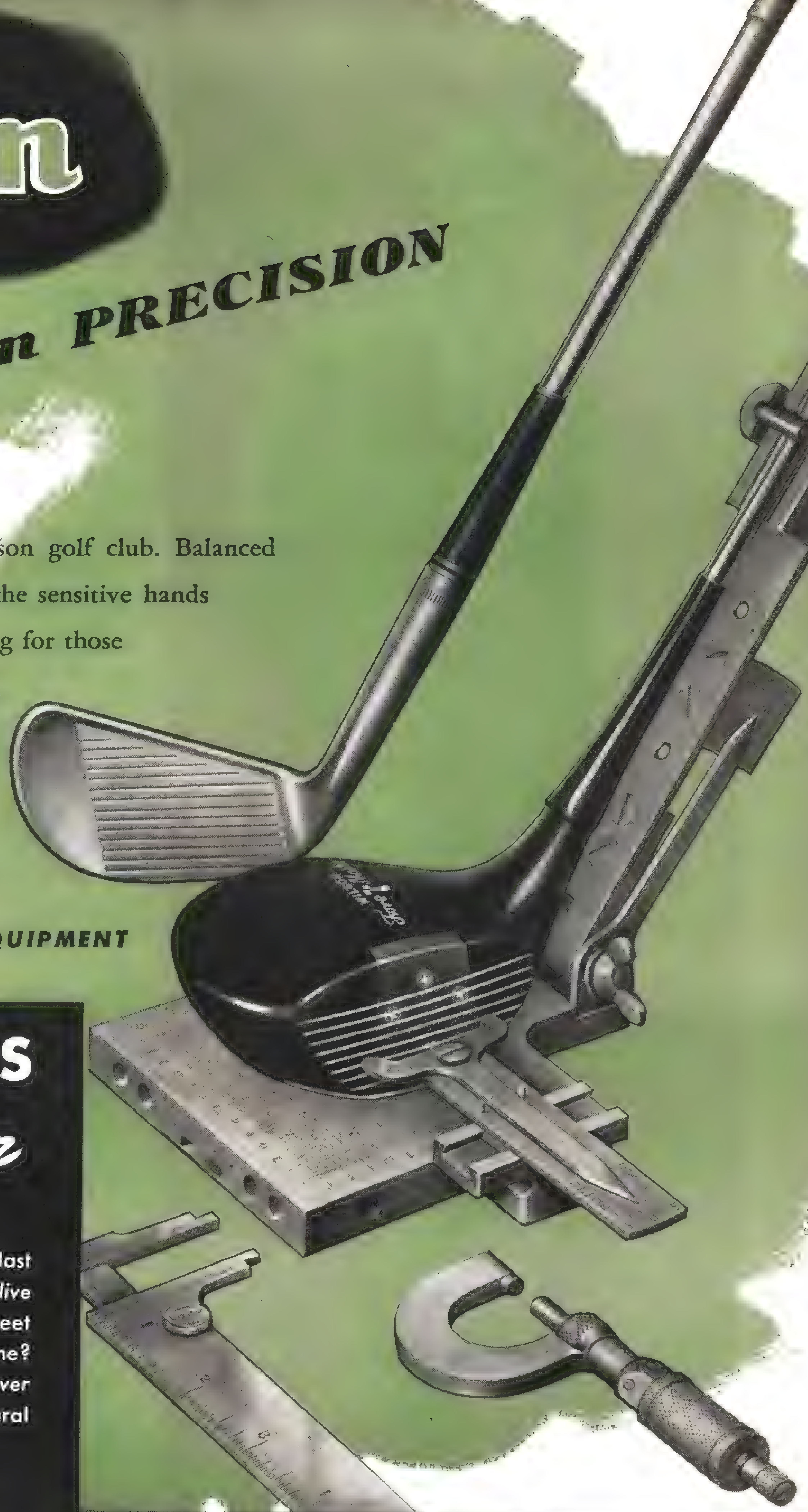

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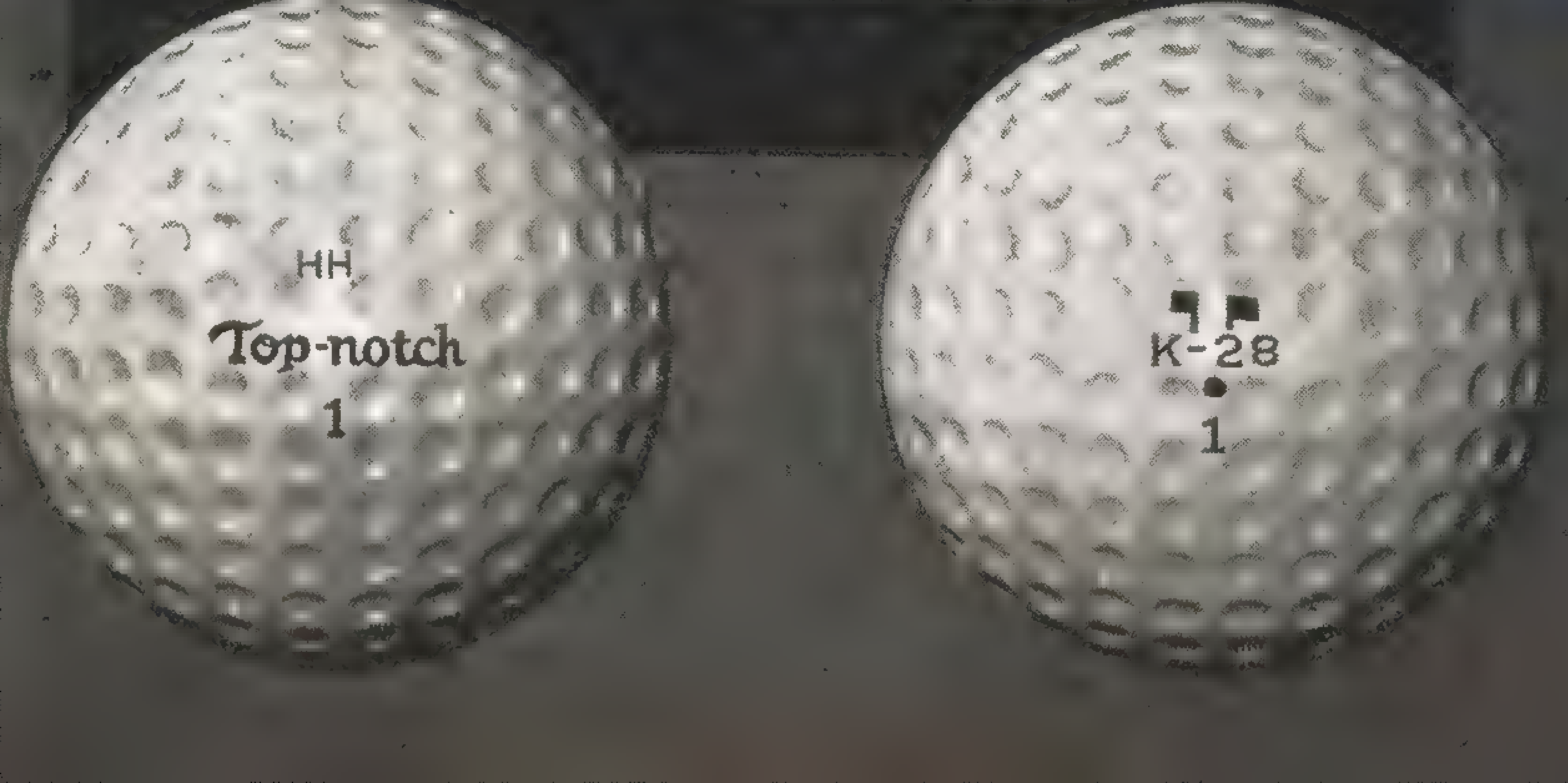

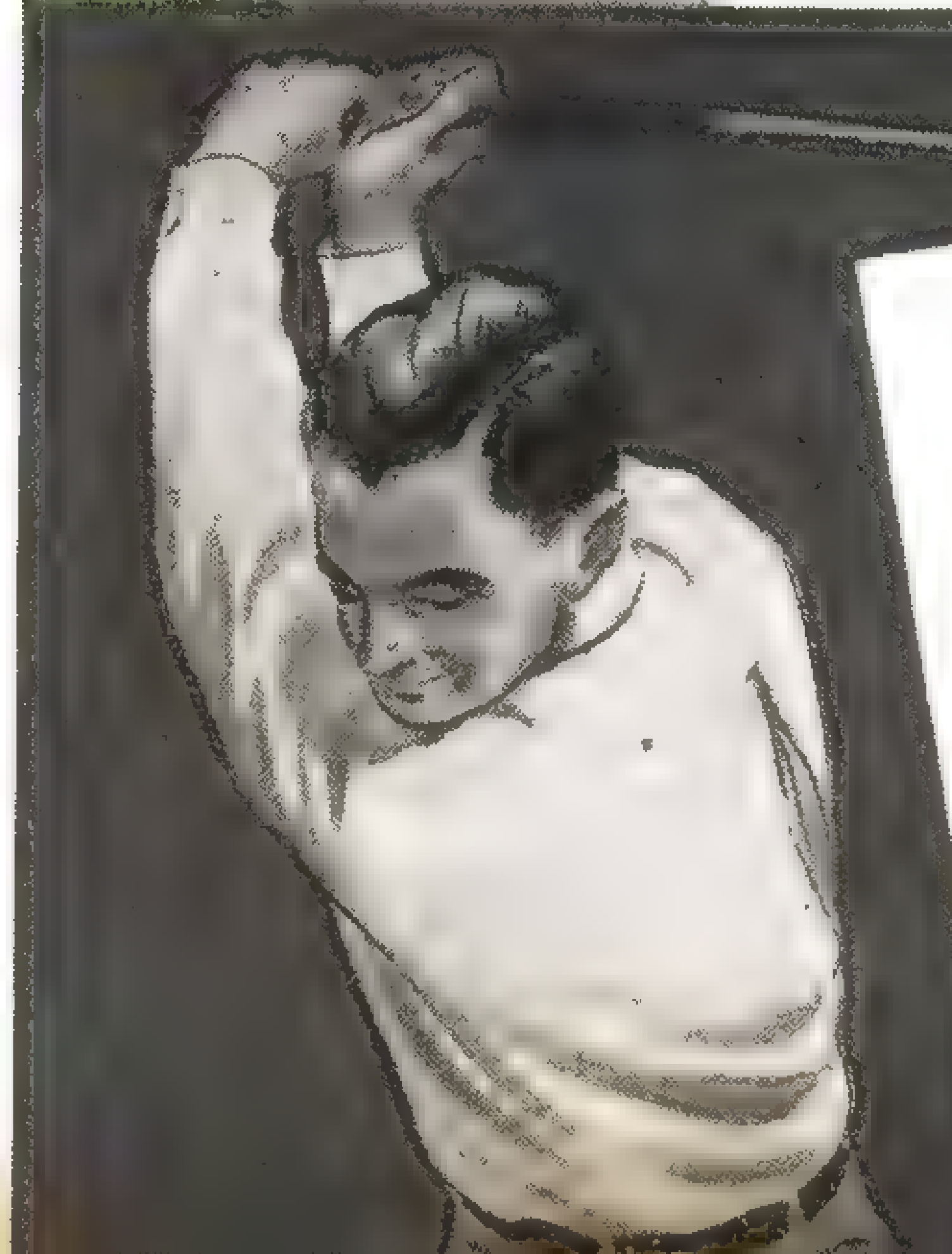

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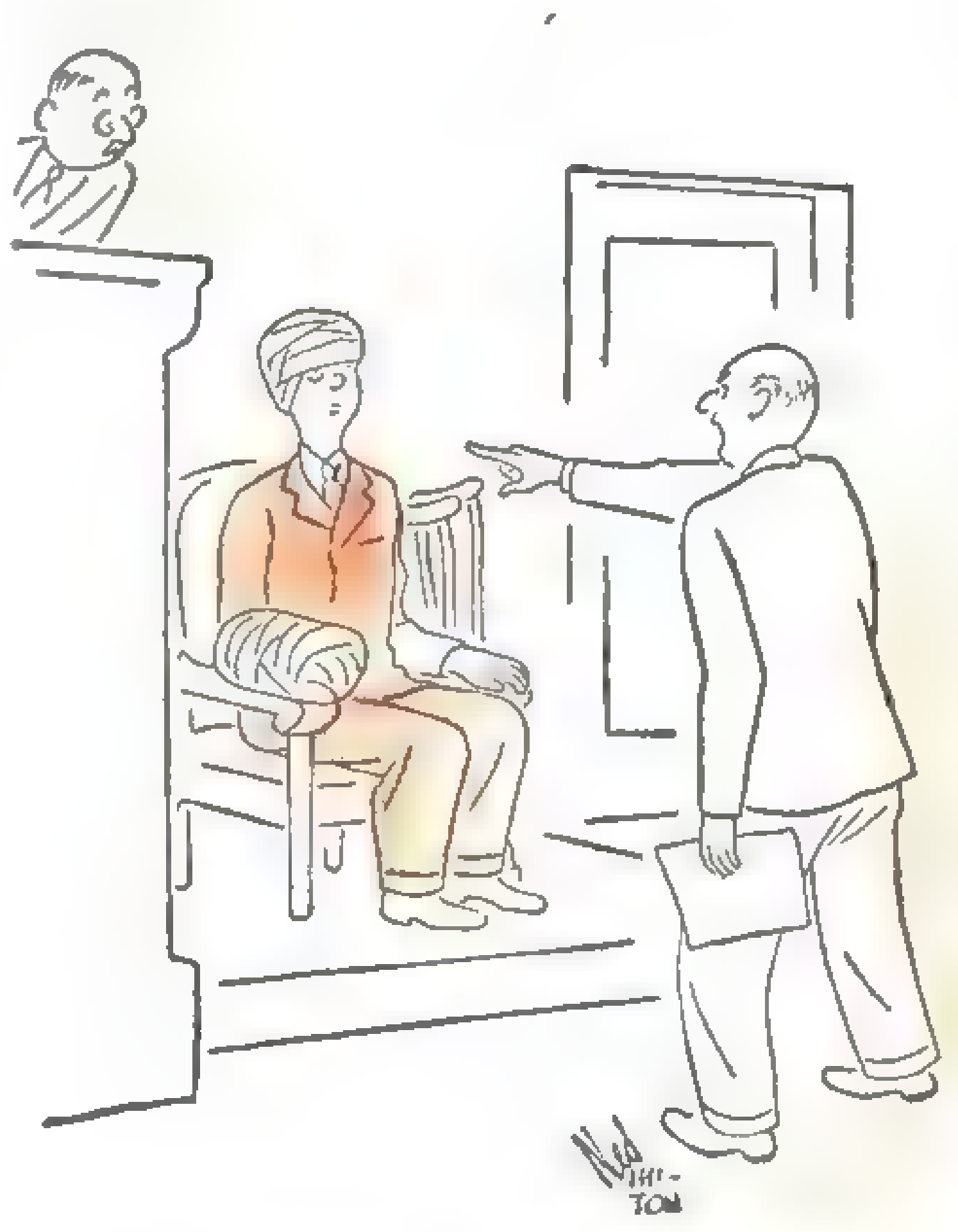
They Were So Happy

Continued from page 154

laughed loudly and unpleasantly.

He went on, I thought, with dignity. "From Georges' studio to our house is only a few minutes' walk. I suggested to Suzette, 'Come back with me, and my wife and I will put you up.' She protested, as any well-bred girl would do. 'I will give you such trouble,' Suzette said, 'I will be a nuisance. Your wife will be cross.' I allayed her fears. I persuaded her to accept our hospitality. I took her back to our flat, and I gave her sheets, blankets, a nightcap of whiskey to ensure that she slept well. I behaved exactly as a host should behave who has offered shelter to an innocent young girl."



"How do you know you were hit?"

Anna said, "I looked at my watch. When you entered the flat, the time was 4:20. When you eventually came to bed the time was 4:50. What, I ask you, took place in that half hour?"

"Very good," he said. "I will tell you. She was tired. I made her bed for her. We sat and drank a whiskey. We talked for a few minutes. And, finally, I admit it, I kissed her good night."

"You kissed her good night for half an hour!"

"Like a good husband, I took off my shoes outside our bedroom. I assumed, naturally, that in her complete faith in my love, my wife would be sleeping soundly. I tried not to disturb her. I crept into the room—"

"Like a snake!" she exclaimed.

"I undressed. I crept into bed—"

"Ah, ha! Exactly like a snake."

"'—With a clear conscience I prepared to go to sleep. I was happy, I was innocent, life was good. Imagine my astonishment to receive a blow in the stomach! I gasped, because it was so unexpected. I said, 'My darling—' "

"Viper!"

" 'My darling,' I said, 'have I wakened you? I'm sorry. Go to sleep again, and I will tell you all

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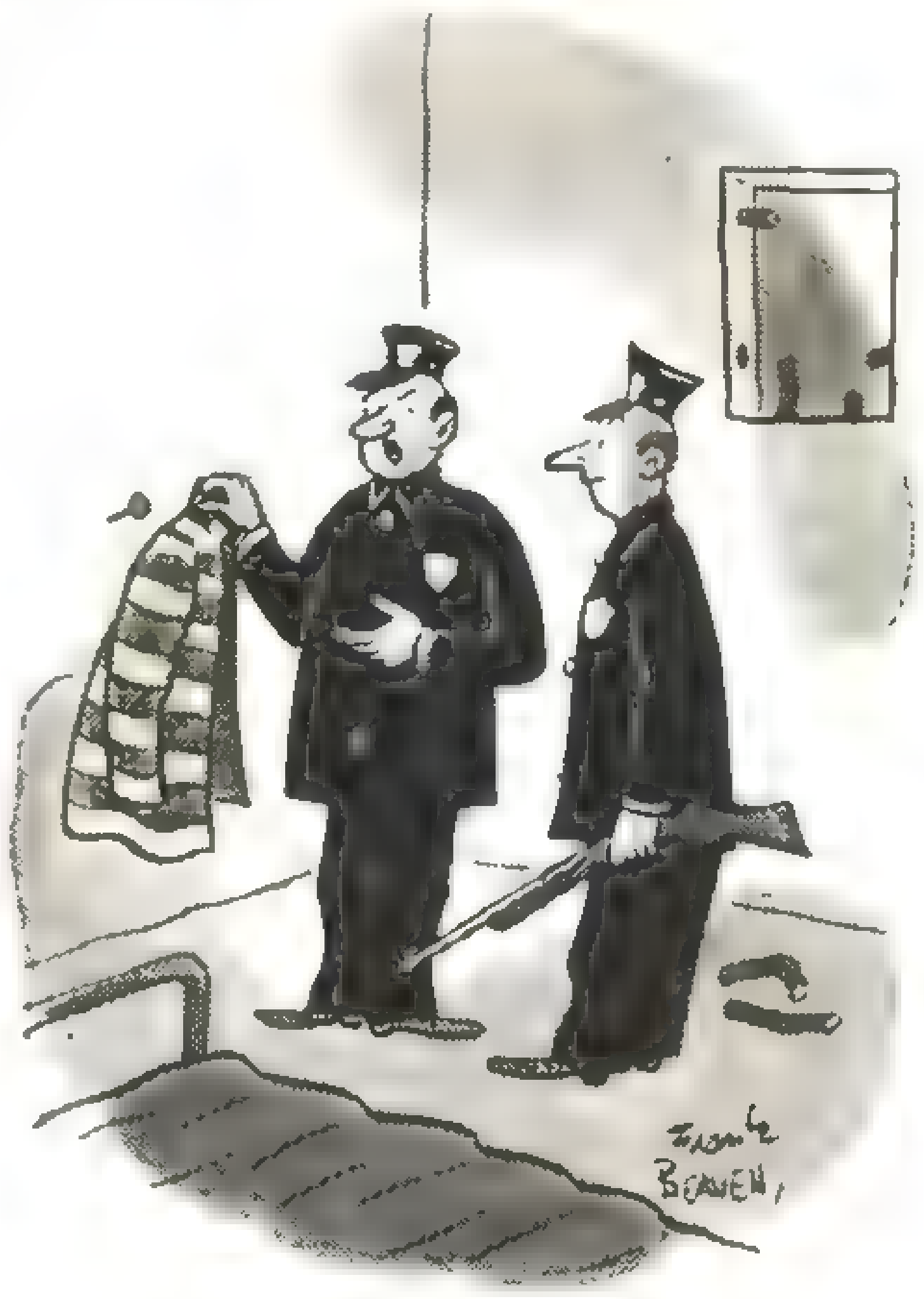
about the party in the morning.' But, instead of going to sleep, she sat up. She switched on the light. She said, '*Who have you brought back with you?*' "

"As if I didn't know it was a woman," she murmured. "I heard her silly voice the moment she came into the flat."

"I explained—'I have brought Suzette back with me.' She asked—'*Who is Suzzette?*' I told her. I had nothing to hide. She was silent. I thought she had fallen asleep again, and I switched out the light. In a moment I received another violent blow in the stomach, and again the light was switched on."

"I scarcely touched him. And it was on the shoulder."



"Probably just stepped out for a minute—he didn't take his coat!"

"In tones of passion she said to me, '*How dare you bring your mistress back here?*'. . . I attempted to soothe her. I explained it was a simple, innocent girl that I had brought back, purely out of kindness. She repeated the words a hundred times, if not more. '*Your mistress.*' I explained I had only met her for the first time at Georges' party. '*You work fast,*' she said. I could not argue any more. In the end, I switched the light out again. I tried to compose myself for sleep."

"You see!" she exclaimed. "He did not dare to show me the guilty look on his face."

"I was tired," he said pathetically. "The time was five o'clock in the morning. In two hours I should have to be up again. But the devil! No sooner had I closed my eyes than she started again from the beginning. '*You leave the arms of one woman and go straight into the arms of your wife! It is vile, it is unheard of, it is beastly.*' "

"And so it is," she whispered. "Only a snake would act in such a way."

"The situation was impossible," he said. "She went on and on and on, until I thought my head would split. My eyes kept closing, and she kept forcing them open."

"You cannot deceive a woman's instinct."

"Very well. At six o'clock, I de-

Continued on page 158

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They Were So Happy

Continued from page 157

cided there had been enough. I said, 'My dear wife: you are convinced Suzette is my mistress?'—'*Convinced*,' she said.—'You think me vile, coming to you straight from her arms?'—'*Vile, vile*,' she said.—'Good,' I said, 'we understand each other. I must have sleep. If I cannot sleep in your bed, I will sleep in hers.' "

"Imagine!" Anna said in a horrified voice.

"I put on my dressing gown. I went into the lounge. I moved into Suzette's bed. She did not stir. I made myself comfortable. She was so soundly asleep that if I had been an elephant she would not have known I was there. In five minutes my eyes were closed. I slept the sleep of innocence, like a two-year-old child."

We reviewed the situation in silence.

"In the morning," Anna said reminiscently, "I went in to look at them. I am a sentimental woman. The tears came into my eyes. They looked so sweet, lying there asleep. Like the babes in the wood."

"Be quiet!" he ordered in a gruff voice.

She smiled. "I made myself breakfast. I thought, 'Ah! the poor, sweet ones! I will take them in some coffee. Delicious hot coffee and rolls. Let them enjoy their happiness. It is so wonderful to be young and in love.' I felt tender towards them."

"Tigress!"

"I took a tray. I went in, full of emotion. My hands were trembling with joy for them both. Could I help it if the tray slipped from my fingers?"

"Believe me," Pierre said, "it is something to be awakened by a cup of hot coffee poured over your head."

"That unfortunate woman," said Anna; "it must have frightened her. She screamed very loudly."

"It is not surprising. And the sheets are ruined," he reminded her.

"They will wash," she assured him. She sat back, trying to look solemn. But her eyes were wide and bright.

Pierre, watching her, began to smile too.

"It was damnably hot, that coffee," he said.

"Coffee should always be hot. It is appalling when it gets cold."

I realized that she had remarkably good sense.

"It was my impression," he said, "that it was extra hot."

"Oh, no. It was how you always have it."

He said, "Anna—"

"Yes?"

"Let us have another cognac."

"As you please. And then we can begin to deal with the furniture."

"You are a wonderful woman. I adore you."

"How kind you are."

"Let us part friends," he begged.

"But of course." She looked up at the sky again, and her hands were composed in her lap.

I stood up. I said, "My manicurist is waiting for me. Thank you for telling me your story. I see no way out for you. Obviously you are totally unsuited for each other."

"It is better for us to part?" Anna asked. Her eyes were dancing.

"Naturally," I said.

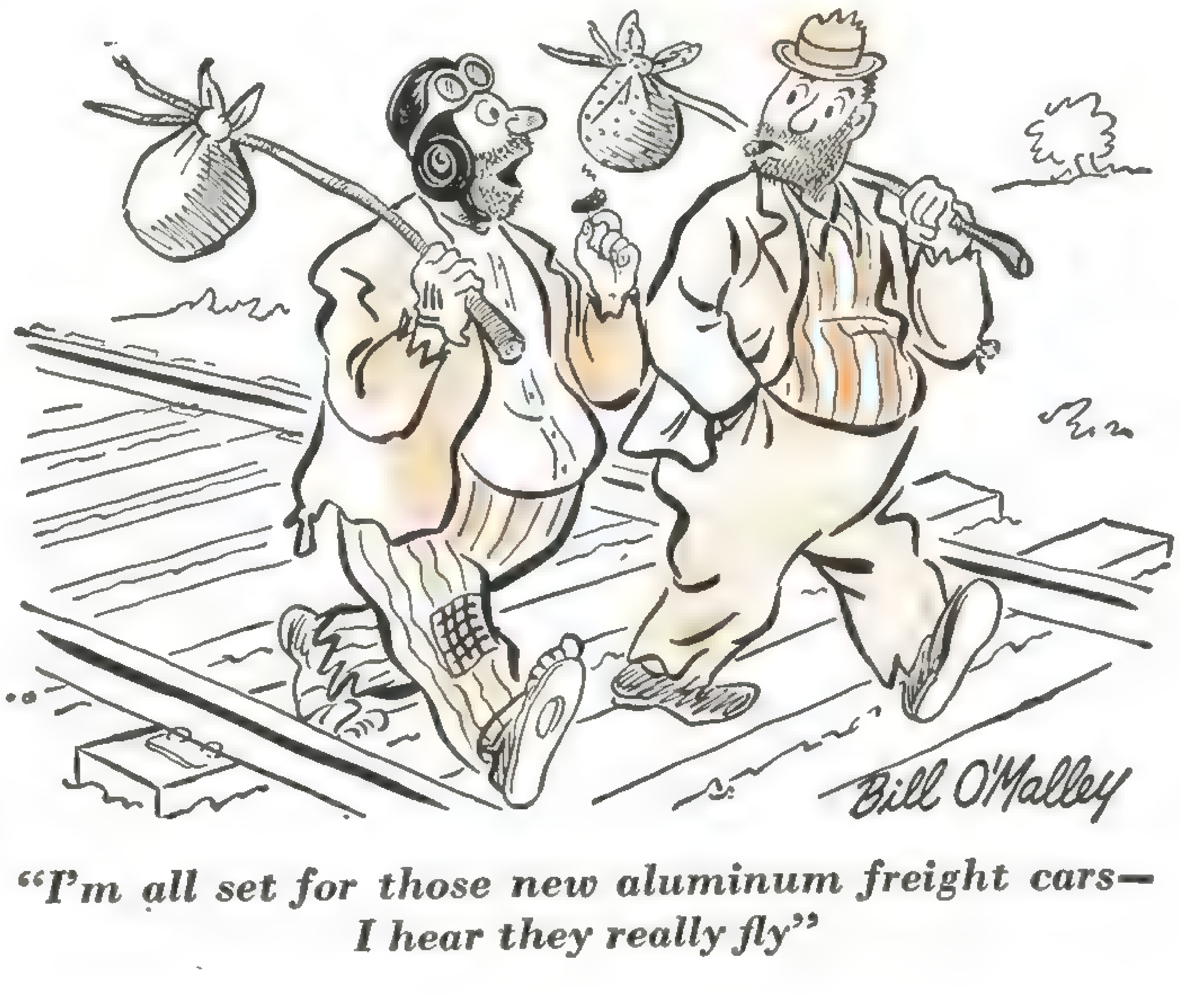
She laughed. Her spirits were high, like a girl who is being courted for the first time.

"Good-bye," I said.

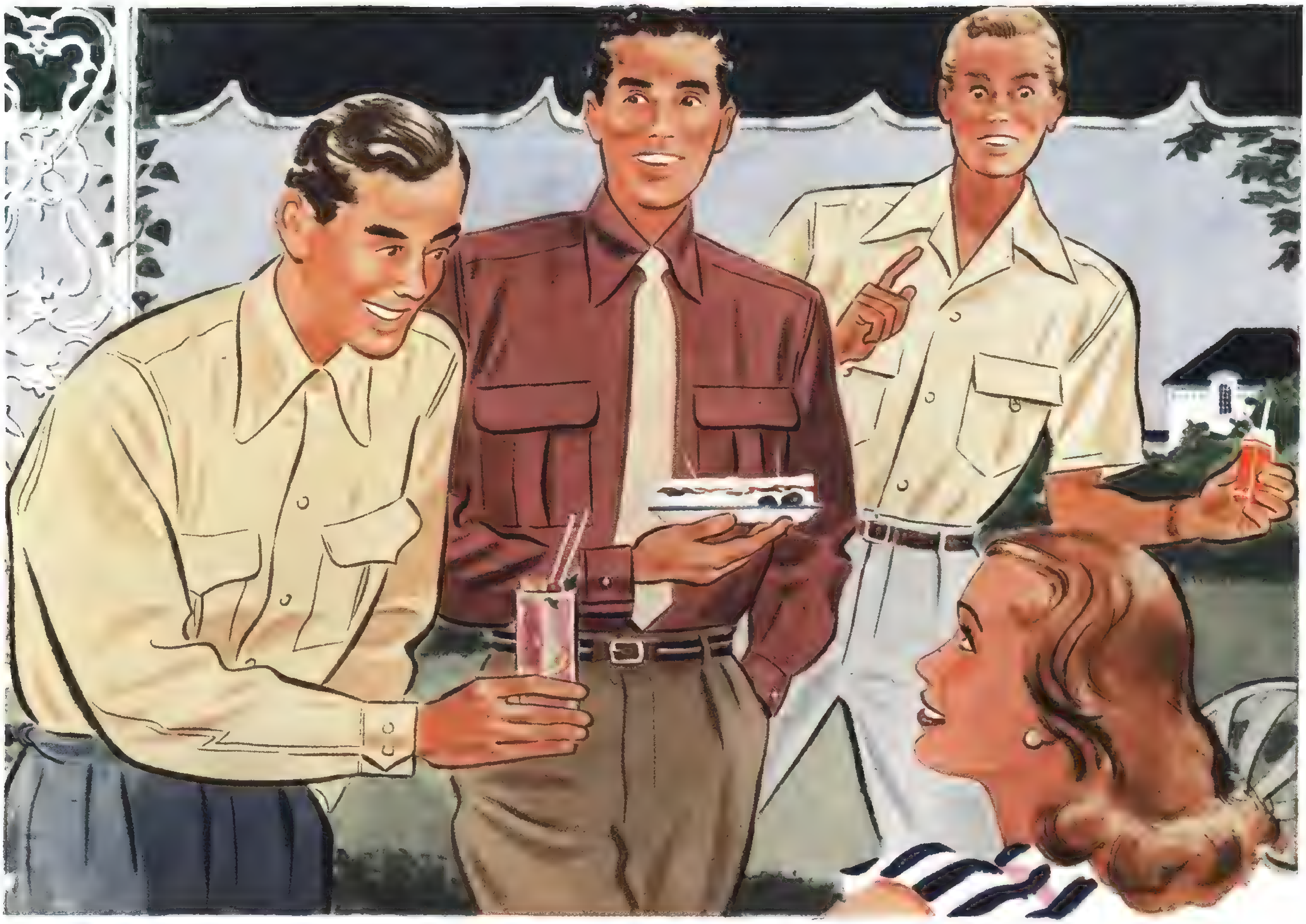
"Good-bye," Pierre said. "Beware of all women."

I went to another café, spread my papers on the table, and prepared to entangle my manicurist still further with her lover. Taxis hooted, buses collided with each other. They did not disturb me. I was at peace with the world. There was only a tiny fragment of anxiety in my mind. Perhaps one day Pierre and Anna would quarrel irreconcilably. What then, would become of their wardrobe? It was the size of a house, quite grotesque.

That, indeed, was a problem. I decided finally, "It is for them to settle," and began to write. ##



"I'm all set for those new aluminum freight cars—I hear they really fly"



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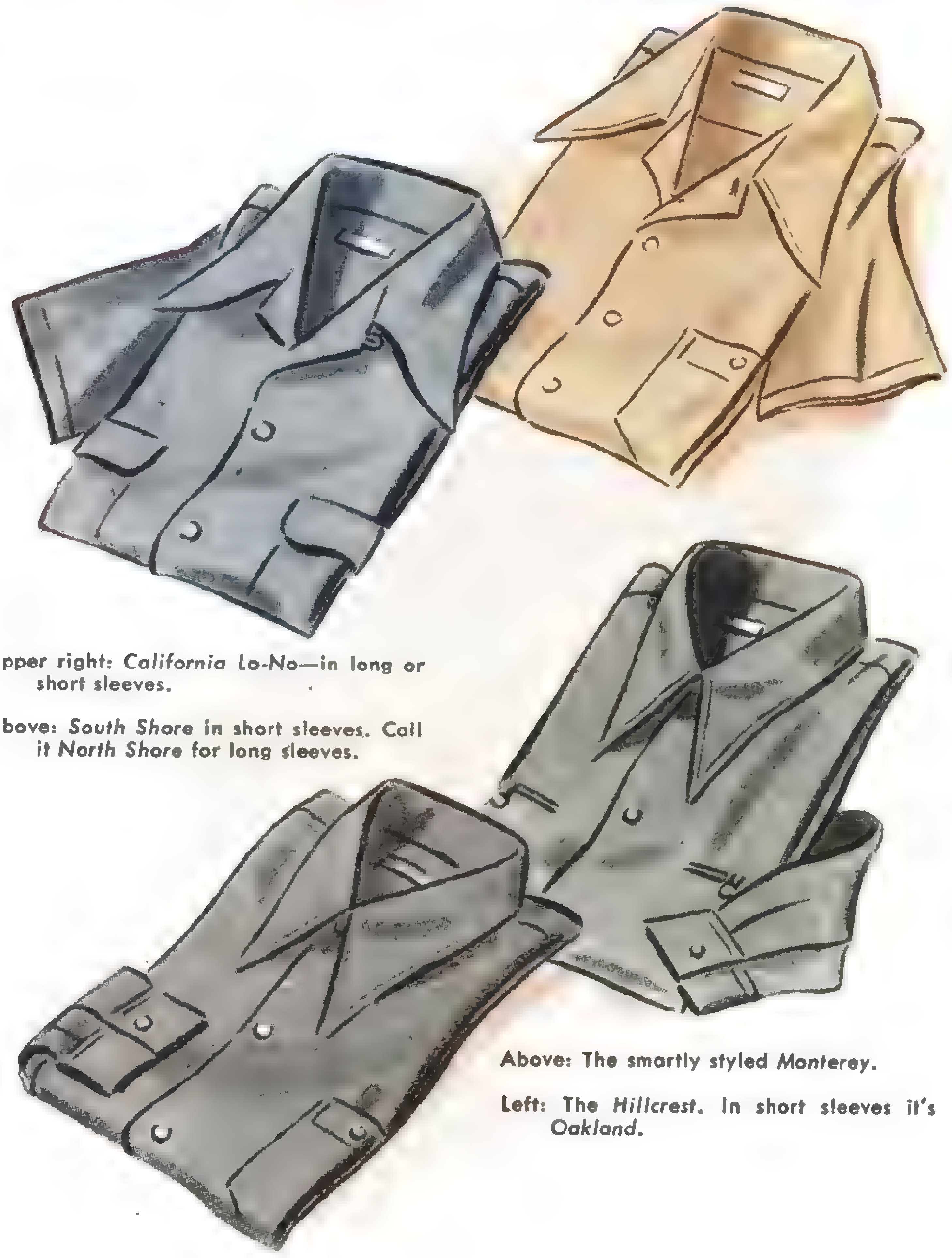


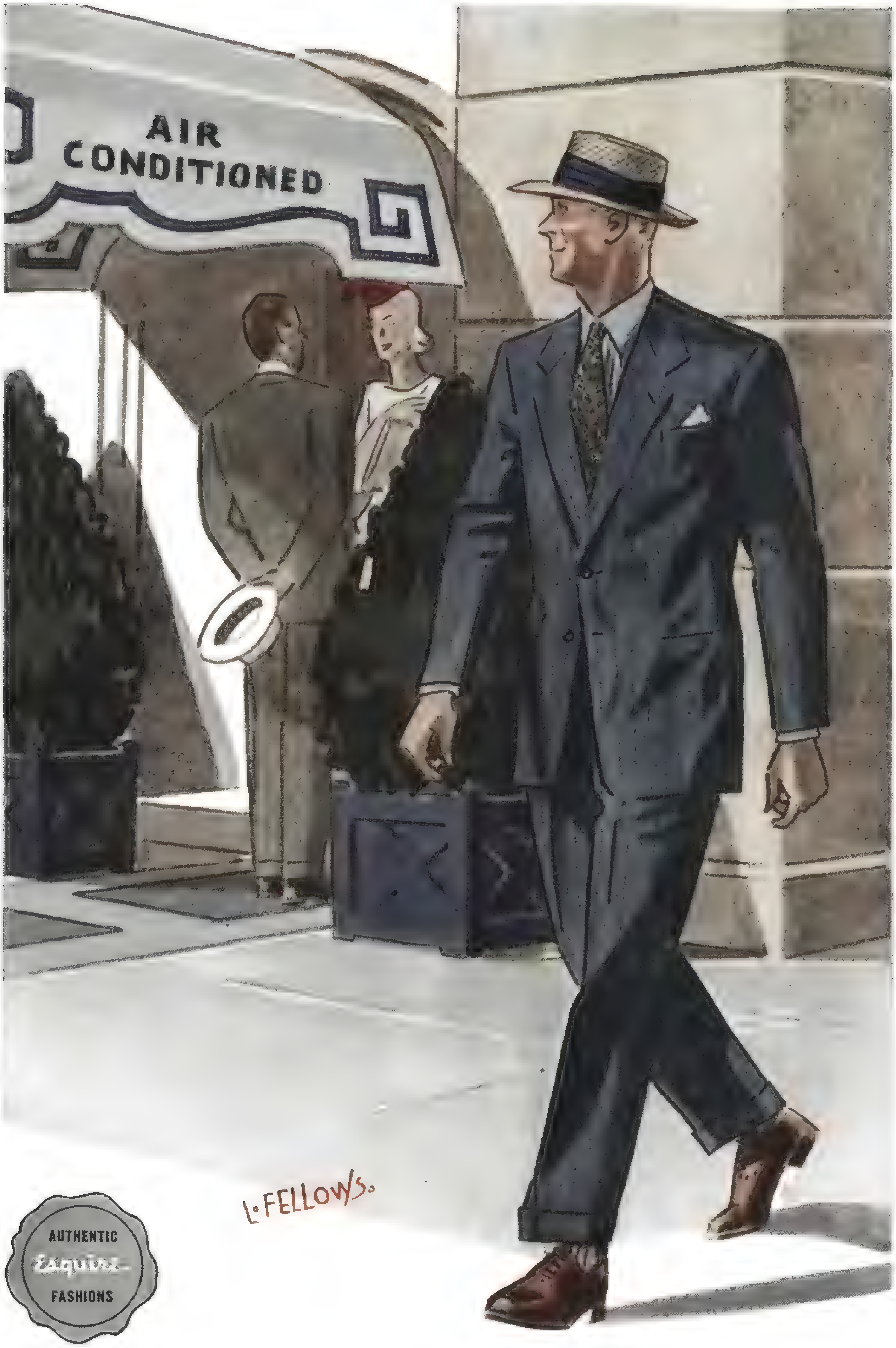
Upper right: *California Lo-No*—in long or short sleeves.

Above: *South Shore* in short sleeves. Call it *North Shore* for long sleeves.

Above: The smartly styled *Monterey.*

Left: The *Hillcrest.* In short sleeves it's *Oakland.*

Van Heusen SPORT SHIRTS



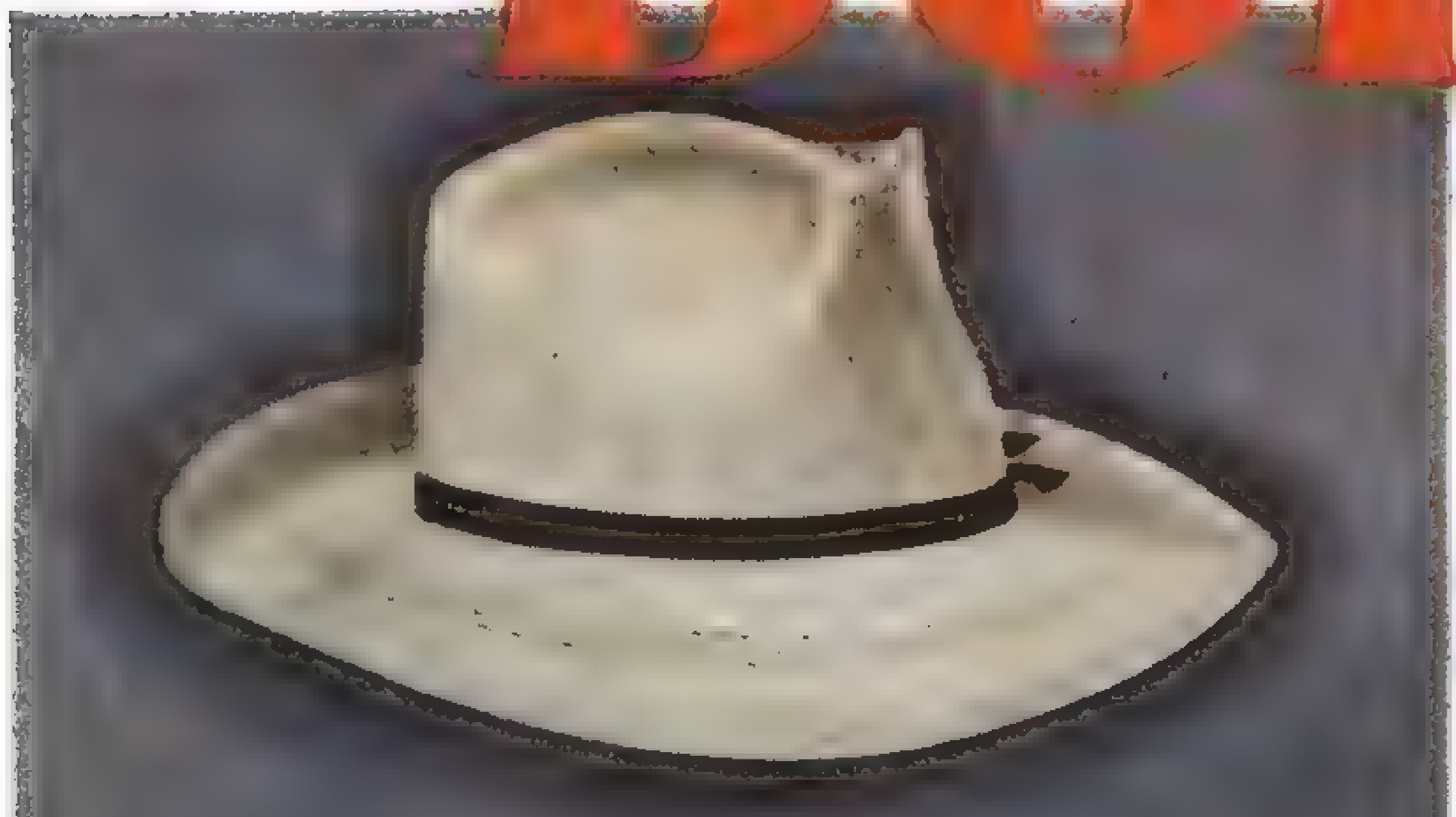
TEMPTATION

Drawing by L. Fellows

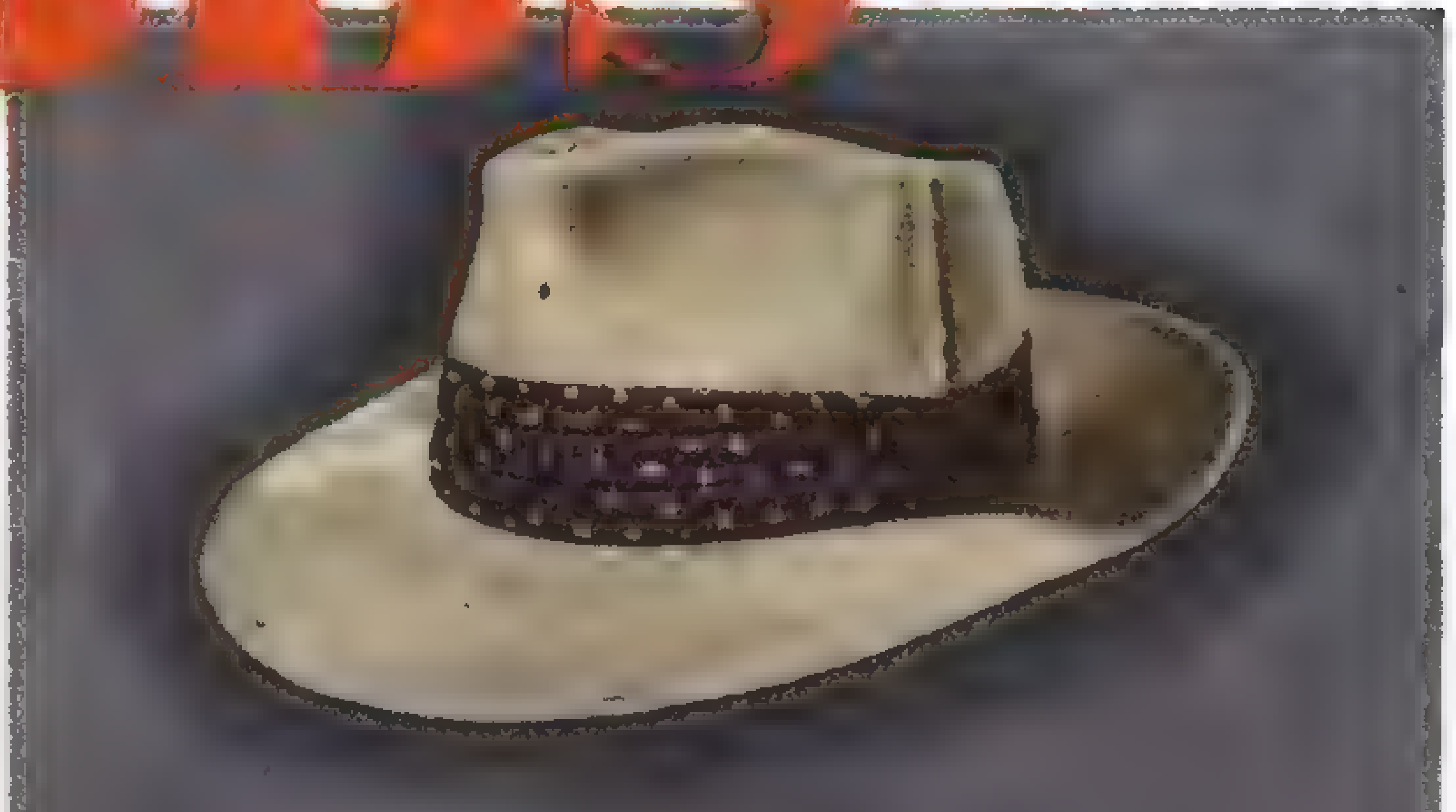
It's signs like that which can distract a guy on his appointed rounds and rounds of appointments during summer in the city. However, this stalwart chap—who looks longingly but doesn't waver—is about as comfortable as a man can be without a pocket refrigeration unit. He's done up in the grey tones you're seeing everywhere this season. Besides grey for his two-button single-breasted suit, he has a grey background to his yellow figured tie. The blue and white striped shirt and the blue pugree on his mesh Panama hat are other cool notes. And his feet are making the best of the hot pavement situation in lightweight brown shoes. (Incidentally, brown, grey and blue are very good indeed.) It all adds to modern living in a lightweight way.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

DOBBS



MONTEREY
Snap-brim, natural color Panaire*
$7.50 to $25



WILSHIRE
Panaire* in cocoa color.
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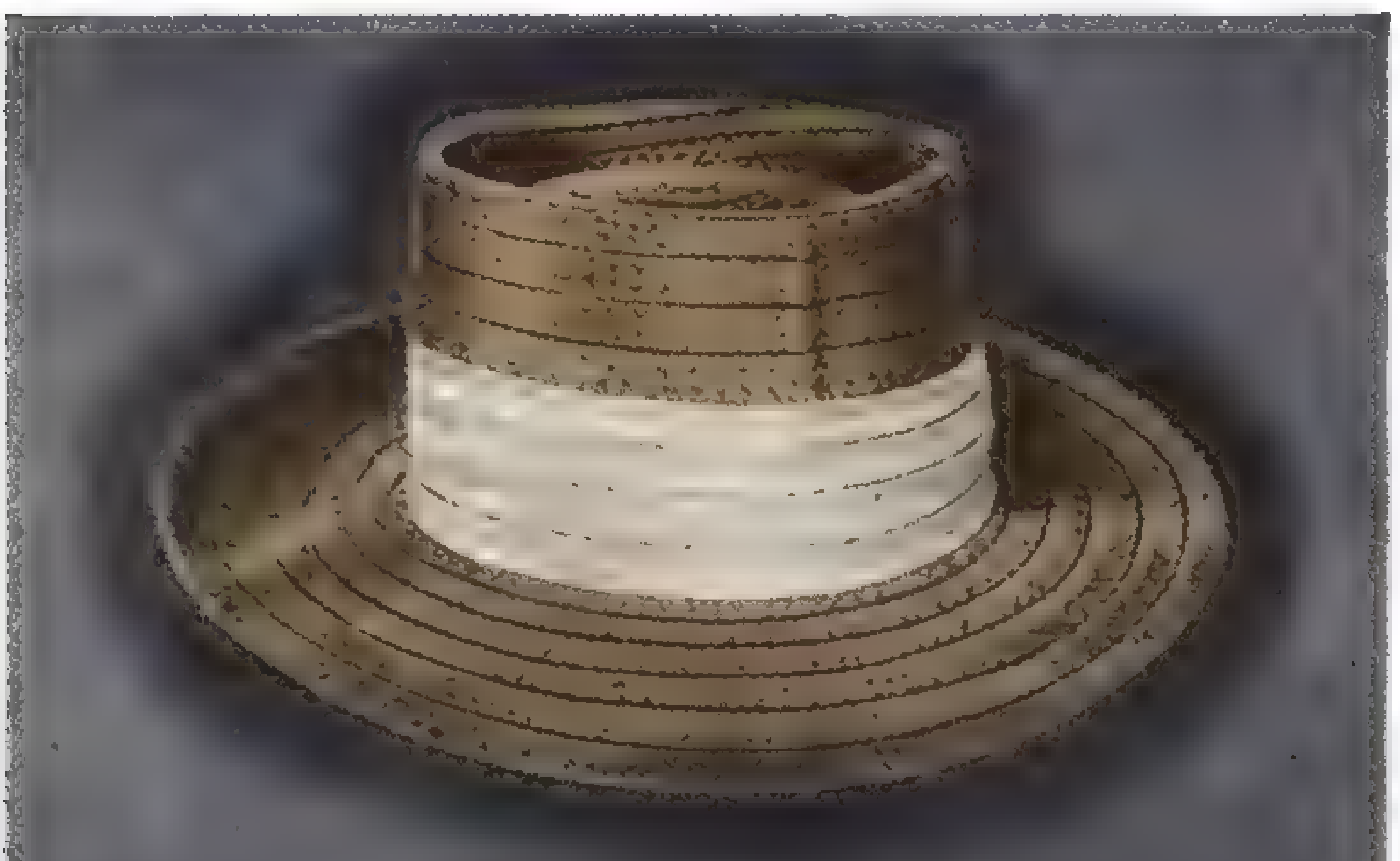
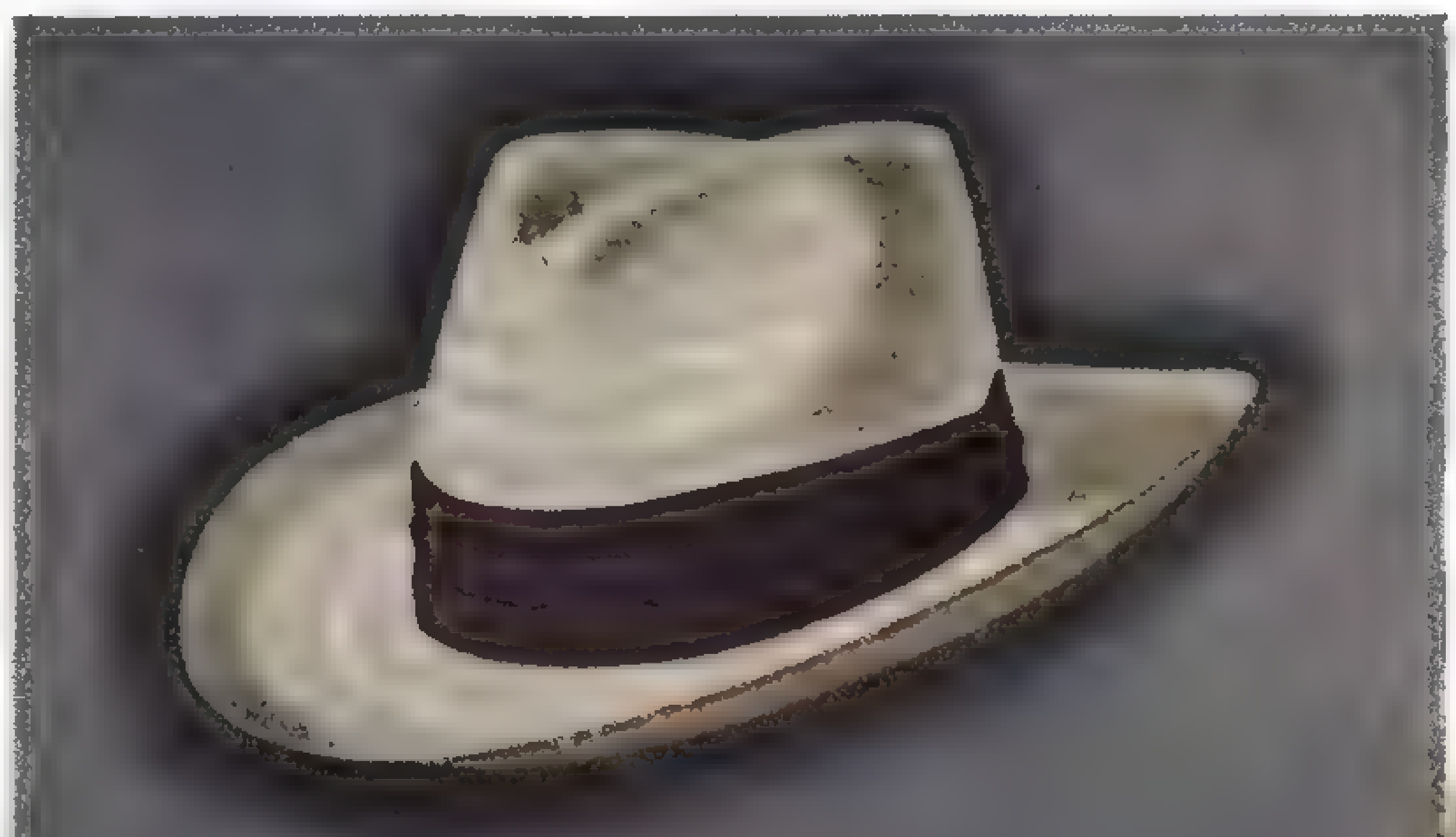
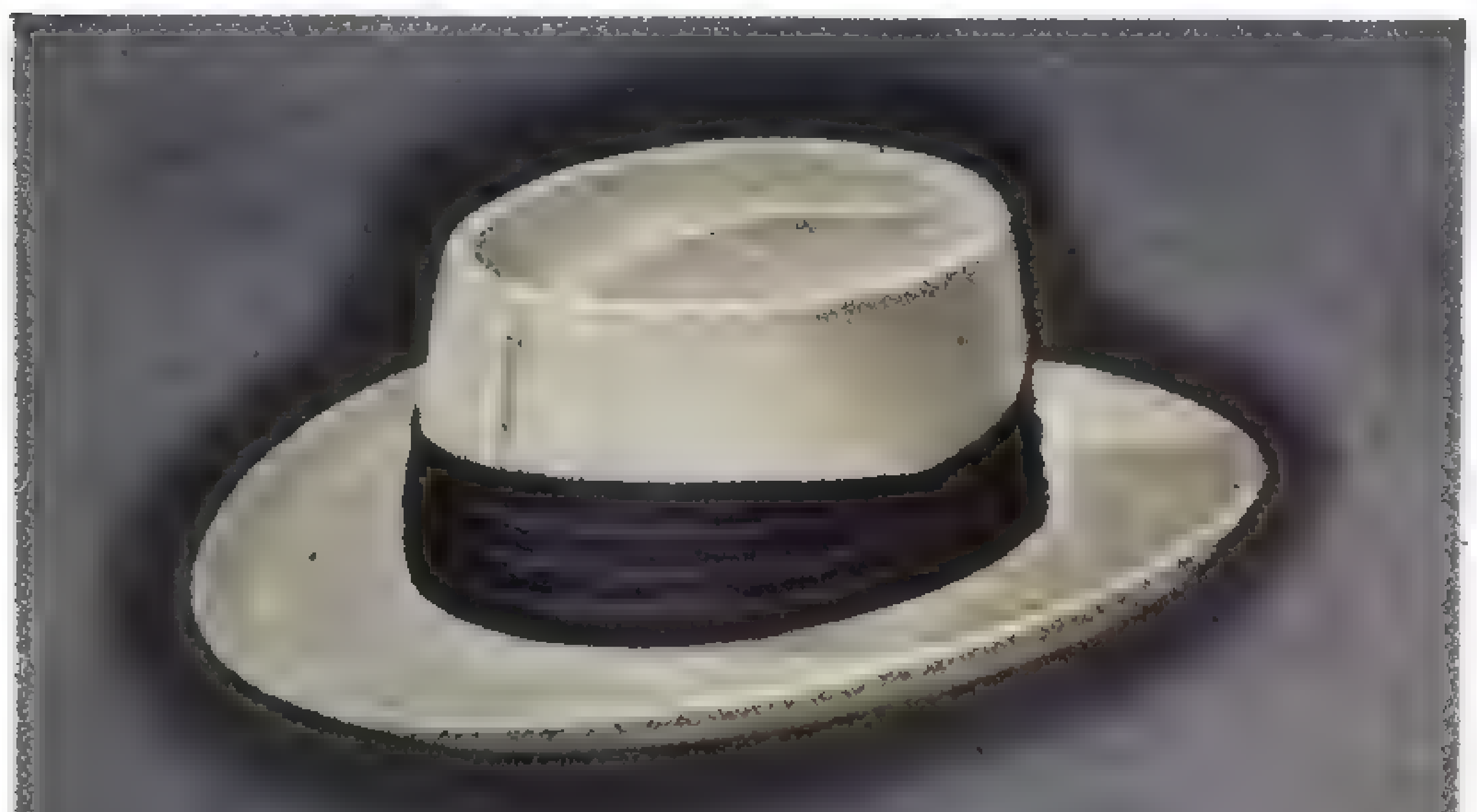


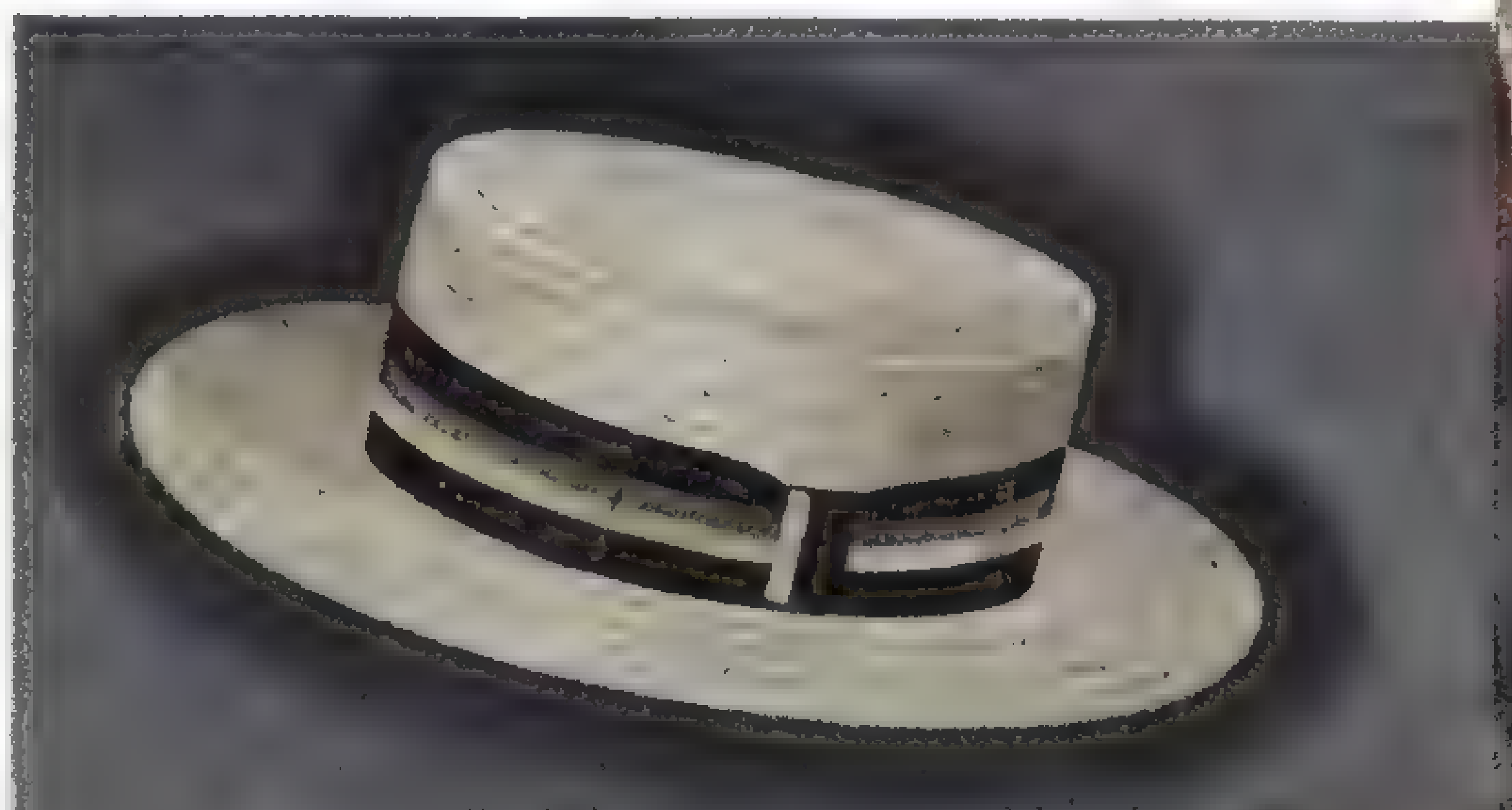
NASSAU CLUB
New cocoanut with wide white band. $5



PLANTER'S PUNCH
Broad brim El Rancho Panaire*
$7.50 to $25



LINCOLN ROAD
Set-up brim Panaire*, with
new wide band.
$7.50 to $25



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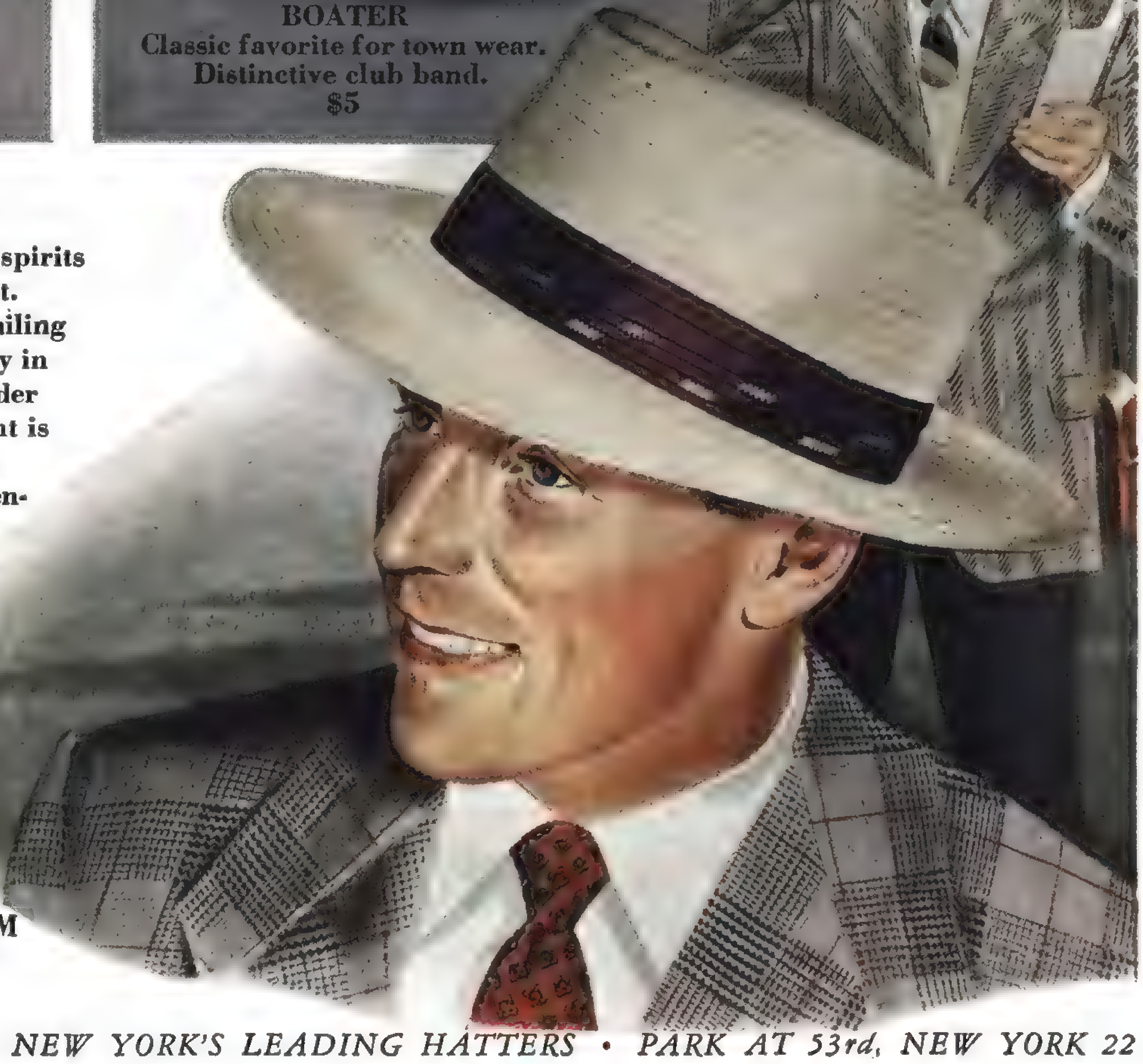
Classic favorite for town wear.
Distinctive club band.
$5

Your new Dobbs straw or Panaire* spirits you away from summer's discomfort. No other hats are quite so lusty in hailing every passing breeze—nor so haughty in ignoring Old Sol's rays. Small wonder that the gentleman illustrated at right is untroubled by climate in his Dobbs famous Orange Blossom. It's an open-weave Panaire* with a graceful taper to crater-crown . . . as distinguished as it is comfortable.

Dobbs Quality Straws, $5 to $50.



ORANGE BLOSSOM
$7.50 to $25

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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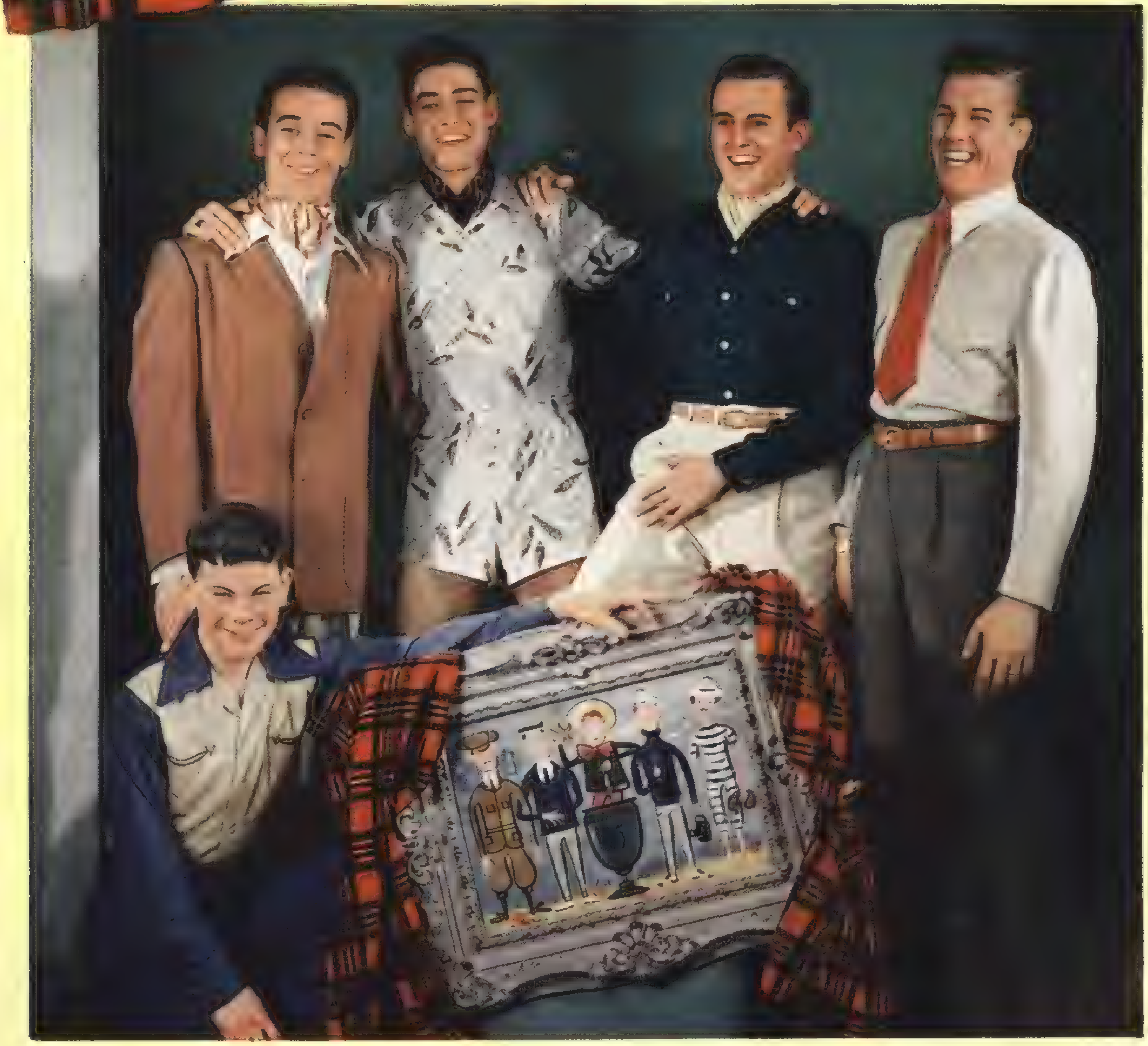
Anniversary Party

. . . and everyone's turned out to compare their modern, colorful, comfortable McGregor Leisure Wear with the staid styles of a quarter-century ago. But one thing has not changed . . . McGregor led the sportswear field a quarter-century ago. And McGregor sets the pace today.



Tommy . . . wants to wear his prep McGregor Two-Tone Texan ensemble and be a cowboy . . .

Designed and tailored by McGregor, the Two-Tone Texan is in the true tradition of the old West. Note the 3-button cuffs, the darted half-moon pockets, the bright, eye-catching buttons. Fabric is McGregor's famous *Elbahsaw* . . . spells *Washable* backwards! Sizes 8 to 20.

Mac . . . picked this Shamrock outfit in fabrics by Everfast because he leans to the luxury of that linen feel...

The Collarless Coat, trim Slacks and good-looking Shirt are all tailored by McGregor of Shamrock linen-weave rayon, a crease-resistant fabric by Everfast. Unconditionally washable with colors guaranteed by Everfast.

Everfast Slacks..$7.95; *Shirt* (Long Sleeve) $5.50; (Short Sleeve)..$3.95

Guy . . . carried his love of fishing into his Imperial Pluglure shirt and short of Ameritex Fabric . . .

The Short is the boxer type, with elastic waistband and built-in elastic support. Fabric is Crown-Tested, Norane - treated Ameritex, water-repellent and completely washable. The matching shirt is ideal for the beach, and is of Norane-treated Ameritex fabric. Washable. *Short*.. $3.95; *Shirt*..$4.50

Jerry . . . McGregor's skillful color Pre-Blending fascinates him so he went for this shirt and slacks . . .

The Sport Shirt is the Southampton, tailored of Milliken rayon developed by Oscar Hayman. It's cool, washable and color-fast. The Slacks are McGregor Macord Slacks, of CORD U REX, a smart, washable, Crompton corduroy. *Southampton Shirt*..$5.95; *Macord Slacks*..$8.50

Al . . . likes to be formal, likes comfort . . . naturally he likes a McGregor Shirt Suit . . .

It's the Suit That Needs No Jacket. The fine tailoring details are all in the shirt. The McGregor Shirt Suit comes in a wide variety of crisp cool rayons and porous, light weight woolens. *Rayon Shirt Suits and Tropical Woolen Shirt Suits*..$16.50 to $25.00

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Spokesman for American Art

Continued from page 70

the Fine Arts. When he was twenty-seven, he was elected an associate member of the National Academy, the youngest man ever to attain that position.

He was big and amiable and open-minded in everything, but he had a way of knowing what he wanted, of doing exactly what he wanted to do against the advice of others. When he had become the most popular of American painters he decided to make some lithographs. The dealers argued: Why give up a good thing? Why turn to the crayon when his paintings were selling so well? Didn't he know the lithograph as an art form had died with Daumier and the only people still using it were the commercial artists? And if it was printmaking he was interested in, didn't he know the only thing on the market that had any cash value these days was an etching?

Bellows heard them out, and said, well—he'd still like to try his hand at some lithographs. So he made a number of lithographs, and they sold in enormous quantities, and very shortly his allies in the American vanguard were making lithographs too—instead of etchings.

He did what he wanted to do. If his portraits suddenly became popular, he turned to painting pictures of scenes at the prize ring. If the public proceeded to fall in love with the ringside stuff, he made pictures of people playing polo. He painted people on the docks, and boats chugging up the Hudson, and Christ on the Cross, and circus carnivals, and children in the park. Never in his forty-two years did he leave the United States, but he sent his imagination on tourist trips, and he made pictures of county fairs in Ireland.

He changed, but he never swerved. He knew where he was going. In the twenties, the big new thing in art was French

-ALI-
MARRIAGE LICENSE BUREAU

Continued on page 164

FATHER'S DAY · JUNE 16TH

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FOOTS THE BILLS

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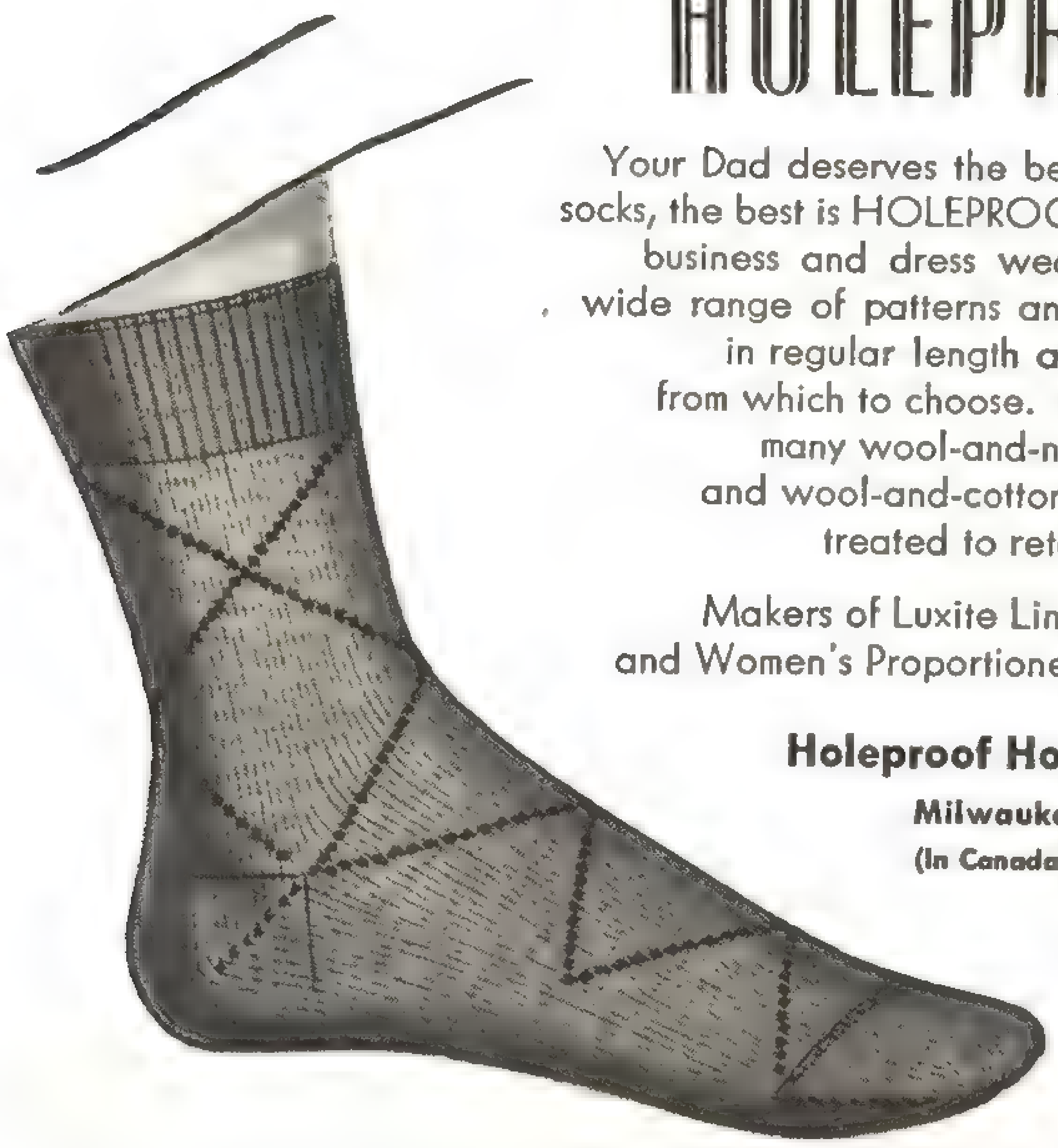

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Spokesman for American Art

Continued from page 163

modern. Suddenly the mumbo-jumbo of art was filled with such words as "cubist" and "Picasso." Whole regiments of the American vanguard forgot one revolution for another: they dropped the crusade for The American Scene and plunged themselves into the new gospels from France. Bellows carefully examined the new doctrines and the new painting from abroad. He was a rocking man, was Bellows, and a smoking man. He rocked it out and smoked it out and finally decided that the new generation of painters over the sea had a lot of stuff. But as for himself, he'd have to keep on doing what he had been doing. He'd have to keep on painting America.

Yet, in his own confines, he always kept shifting his ground. Always the experts, the dealers, tried to discourage him—on practical grounds. They told him that art was, after all, a business. They told him that once he discovered a successful formula he must stick to it. Bellows thought that one over and opined, well—he'd like to try something new for a change. So he switched from tough kids and dock workers to lyrical summer nights, from stags at Sharkeys to seascapes, from portraits of grizzled old men to pictures of stylist ladies whose skin he made like bisque and whose fingers were like the glazed fingers on porcelain figurines. Then he drew pictures in a madhouse, and Billy Sunday lecturing, and then landscapes that look like the lyrical dreams of pure young ladies, and then back to prize fights. And always, every time, he was right—in a practical way. He always fascinated the buying public. Bellows always "sold." His sales always vindicated his restlessness; his integrity always paid off. When he died he left an estate of a hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and a Bellows lithograph which sold then for a hundred dollars sells today for a thousand, or two. The paintings, of course, are pearls of great price.

So, somehow or other he fooled them all, by adventuring into the impossible and turning out to be invariably right. And somehow or other he goes on fooling them today, in quite another way. It is now twenty-one years since he died, and still they call him a great realist.

He painted approximately two realistic pictures in his life. For the rest, he painted romantic posturings and stage-sets. (His *Edith Cavell* is one of the greatest stage designs ever devised, and his *County Fair in Ireland*, when you come upon it in the collected

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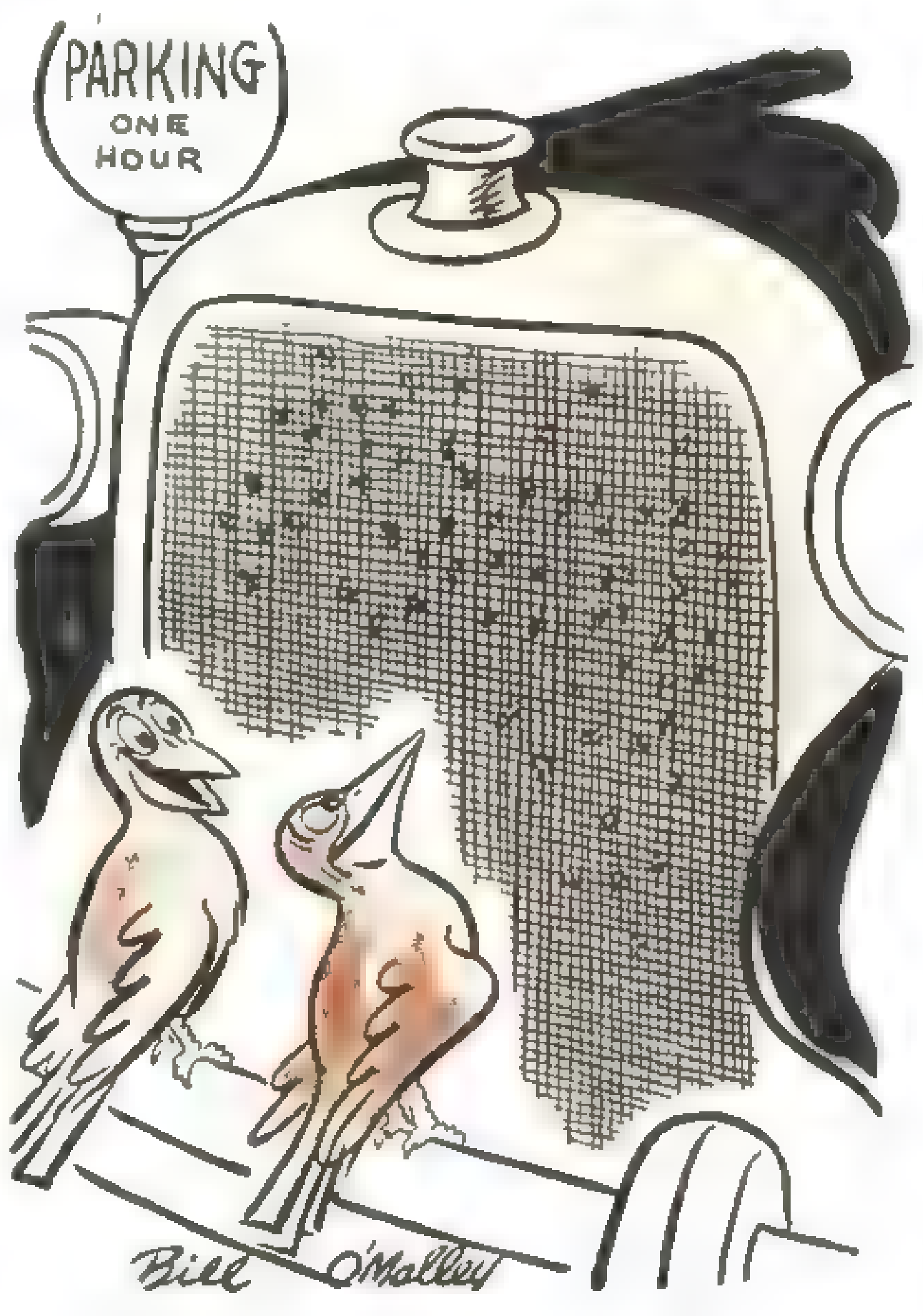
works, gives you the breathless feeling of the curtain just going up, of the actors beginning to trip across the stage. Notice, even, how some of his Irish actors look directly at you, in the impertinent way of actors who count the house. Only the footlights are missing from *County Fair in Ireland.*) But—realism? Bellows a great realistic painter? I submit that even his celebrated *Stag at Sharkey's* is a travesty on realism. I found that out once when I asked a gentleman with a cauliflower ear to pass judgment on the respective poses of the combatants in the ring. "The gent on the left," was his verdict, "is gonna get hisself paralyzed in the solar plexus if he waltzes around like that. And the mug on the right—whoever heard of a smart boy hikin' up his right foot when he's gonna hit with the right? That ain't footwoik. That's foolish."



"Life's a lot easier in the big city"

But my friend with the ear studies the painting for a while, and then with an admiring smile he said, "But it's a helluva pitcha, ain't it?"

He was right, of course. It's a hell of a picture, but it ain't realism. Bellows was a romanticist, perfectionist stage director who gave the essence of reality to everything he touched with that slick hand and that singing heart.

He liked to laugh and he liked good invigorating company, and he liked a good fight. For him the Ivory Tower was not an artist's sanctuary; it was an artistic myth. If the critics criticized him, he criticized back. Once he read something about his work that sounded unfair to him. He rocked it out, and smoked it out, and then he sat down and wrote a letter to the critic. He told him to try his hand at putting paint on canvas someday to find out exactly how much he didn't know about paintings, and then he told him to go to hell. He was always tilting at the windbags. After they told him that his lithograph of Billy Sunday was a wonderful piece of work, he said, "You

Continued on page 166

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Spokesman for American Art

Continued from page 165

know, I think Billy Sunday is the worst thing that's ever happened to America." After his painting of Edith Cavell being led to her execution had caused a sensation, he was reprimanded by Joseph Pennell. Pennell told Bellows that he must stop trying to depict things he had never seen. Bellows' answer will serve as the classic retort to that insular concept of painting until a better one comes along. He told Pennell he had received no invitation to the execution of Edith Cavell—no more than Da Vinci had been summoned to The Last Supper.

He was a great one for causes. "I am a patriot for beauty," he said. "I would enlist in an army to make the world more beautiful. I would go to war for an ideal—far more easily than I could for a country." He listened to the notion that America was great because she was rich. He said, "It is not because America has great wealth, great opportunities, and what is blandly termed 'great educational facilities' that she has any claim to the attention of the world's culture. It must someday be because of the fact that, among the vast sum of her population, there appears now and then a man who can create things of wonder and beauty." They called him a revolutionist. He answered, "If I am, I don't know it. First of all, I am a painter, and a painter gets hold of life—gets hold of something real, of many real things. That makes him think, and if he thinks out loud he is called a revolutionist."

When they asked him to philosophize about art, he put it in rocking-chair language: "Art isn't made in Bohemia," he told his students, "neither is it *not* made in Bohemia. It is wherever life exists and expresses dignity, humor, humanity, kindness, order." They asked him why he seemed to have so little respect for classical art. He answered, "I am deeply

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moved by the great works of former times, but I refuse to be limited by them. Convention is a very shallow thing. I am perfectly willing to override it if by so doing I am driving at a hidden truth."

And then, in one of his asides, the key to his own omnivorous tastes: "I am always very much amused with people who talk about the lack of subject matter for painting. The great difficulty is that you cannot stop to sort them out enough. Wherever you go, they are waiting for you. The men of the docks, the children at the river edge, polo crowds, prize fights, summer evenings and romance, village folk, young people, old people, the beautiful, the ugly . . . It seems to me that an artist must be a spectator of life; a reverential, enthusiastic, emotional spectator, and then the great drama of human nature will surge through his mind."

Bellows didn't know any rules. He was an impatient scholar. He was too prolific to have true patience. A man who has so much to tell and to teach never has quite enough time to learn. Some critics say his anatomy is bad. "Bad" is another word for careless. "Careless" is another word for facile. An artist so fluent, whose fingertips so easily trace the sure sharp line with no agonized aforethought, can't bother to be delayed in the rush to get it down, to be stymied by the problem of the true position of the gluteal muscles to the sacrospinal group when the backside is in position A. His muscles may sometimes seem peculiar to purist anatomists. But where in modern art are there drawings of nudes so fresh, so sure—so deliberately careless? Bellows didn't have to care about anatomy; he knew too much about drawing.

They have tried to classify him. They have called him the Man's Painter, the Painter of Youth, the Painter of Energy, the Great Limner of Burgeoning Industrial

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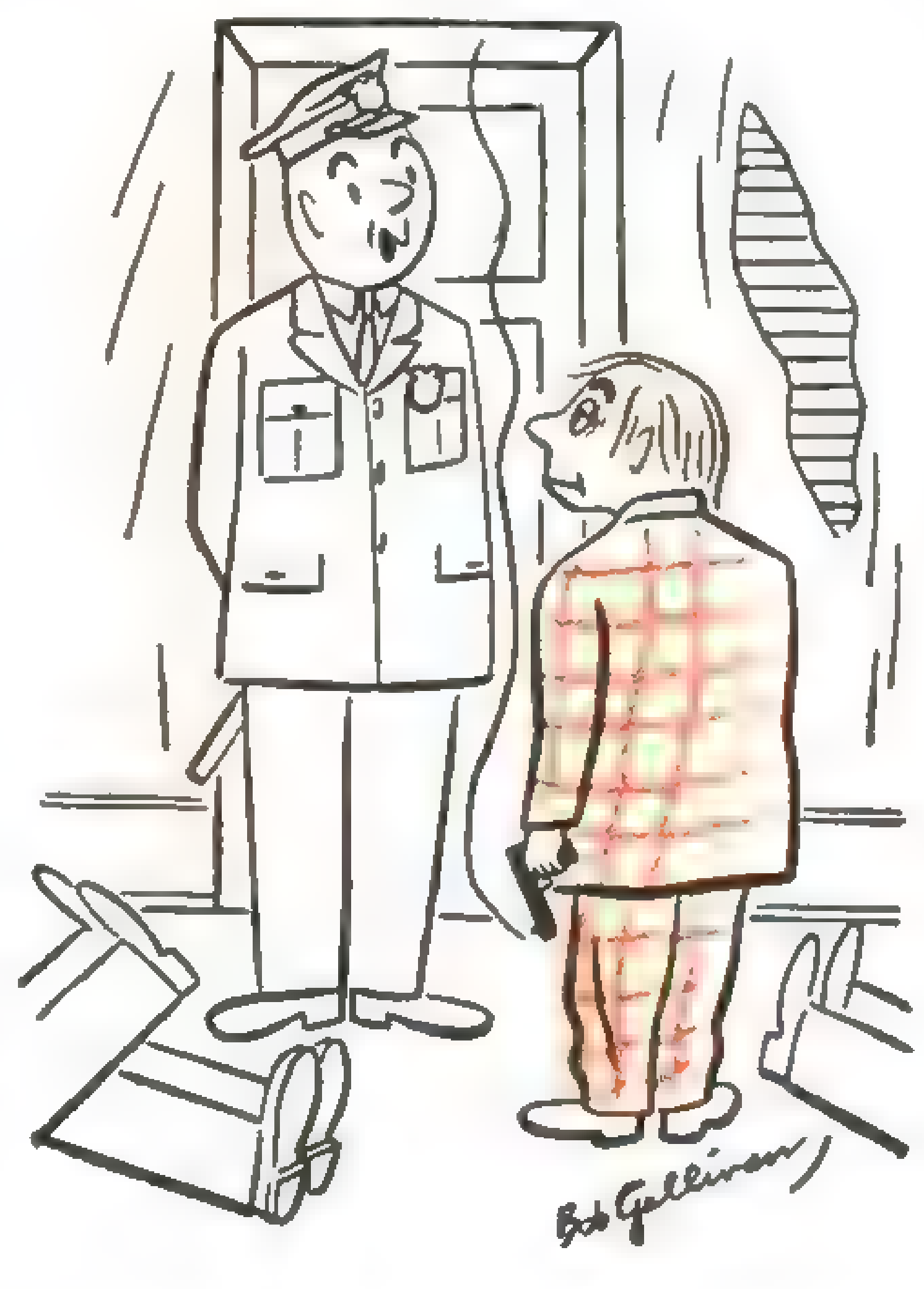

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Spokesman for American Art

Continued from page 167

America, the Whitman of the Palette, the Athletic Painter, the Muscle Man, the Realist, the Sentimentalist. He was all of them, of course, and being all of them he can never be classified. If you go over the titles in one of Bellows' catalogues you begin to see from what Olympian heights he looked over his America, how broad was his plan, and how enormous his accomplishment. And the sheer bulk of it seems like a miracle when you remember that he died in the prime of life, at the height of his powers, at the moment when his vision was being tinged with some kind of mysticism—that infrequent sign of the highest artistic maturity. He was wept for; he is still being wept for, because we never leave off lamenting genius cut down in prime of life—Raphael, Keats, Gershwin. What might they have accomplished if allotted the full three score and ten! To what heights their spirits could have soared! To the funereal beat of such lamentations we mourn the early passing of Bellows.

Spicy
OBRIEN

Lamenting—we forget that a genius is usually an energist. The capacity for work matches the talent—in your true genius. The one who dies young usually leaves manifold proof of his powers. Prodigious output is one more proof of his genius. Consider Raphael, Keats, Gershwin. And Bellows.

In his twenty years of painting, Bellows bequeathed us, in terms of sheer output, quantities of art worthy of the steady hand of an artist twice his age. The paintings are numerous, the lithographs and the drawings are countless. Weep not for Bellows—the Man's artist, the Children's artist, the Athletic, Brawling, Poetic artist. He was a happy man, a laughing man, and a lucky man. Weep not for Bellows, for the titan struck down by lightning. He accomplished, he achieved, he soared, he won. ⧺

Continued from page 70

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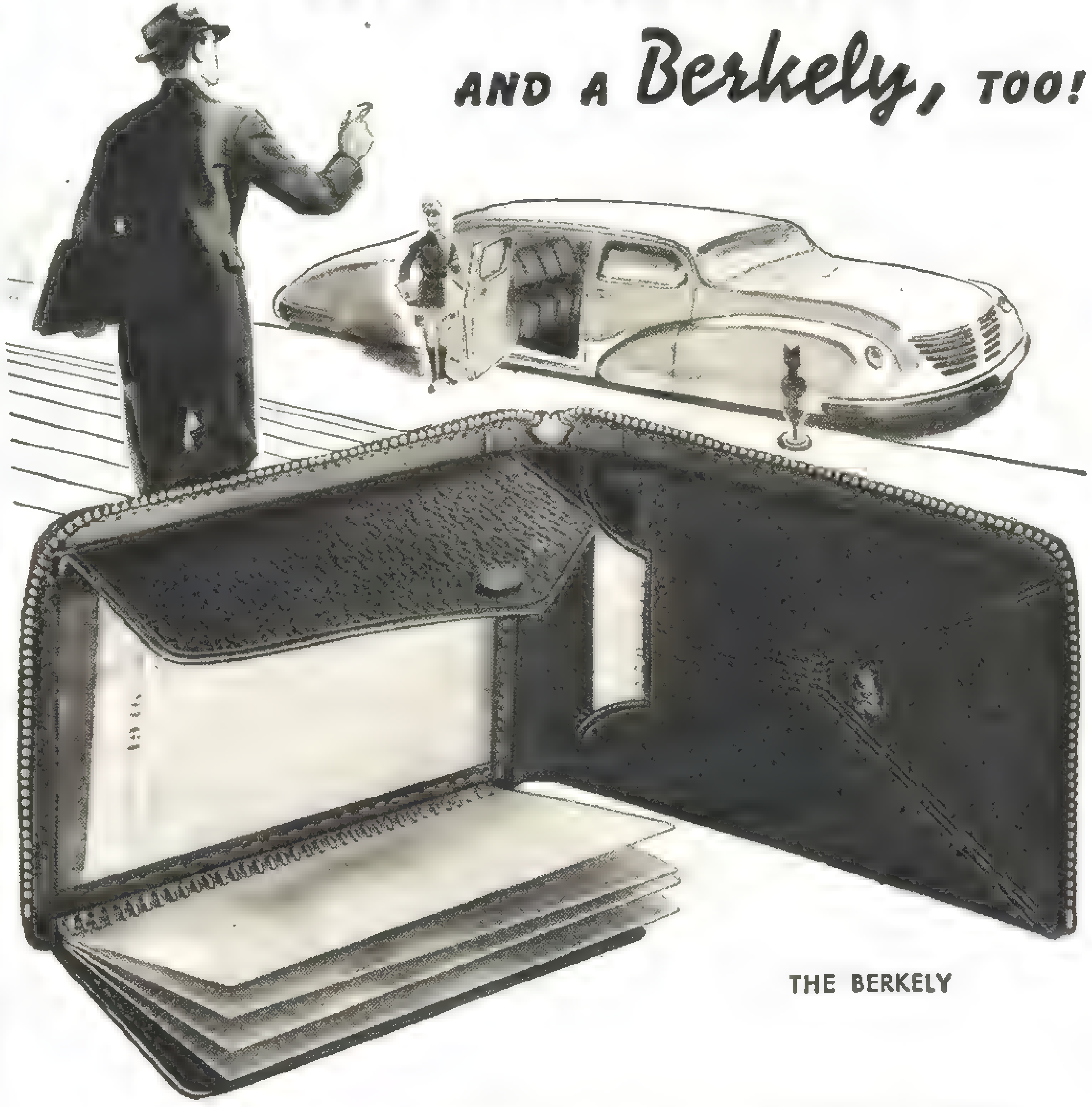

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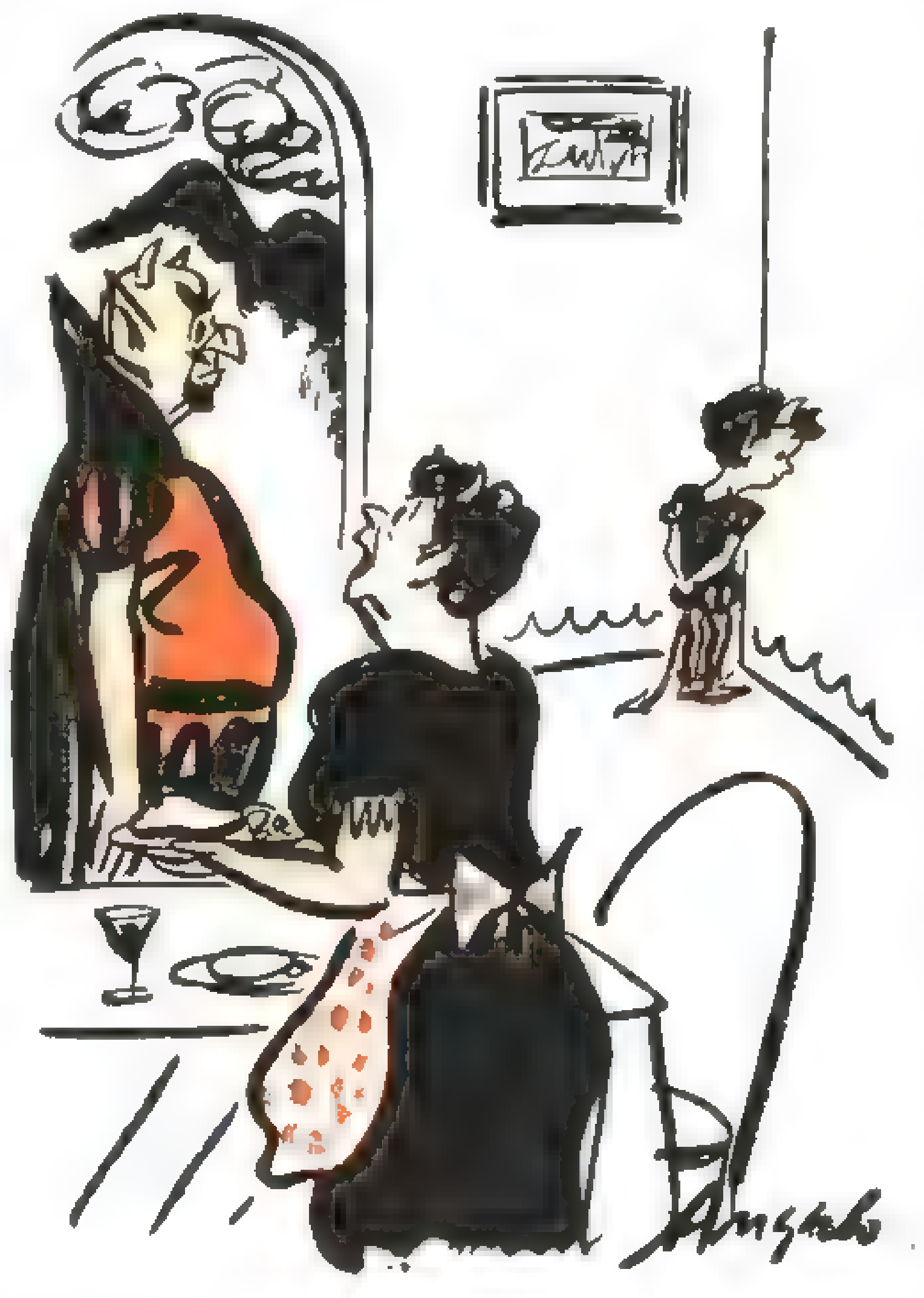
Onions Bring Tears

Continued from page 93

laughed at my quick sketch of her, but she tucked it into her purse. I thought maybe Sally was for me, but I never had a chance. Job knew Danville; he knew everything. Photography? He had a position for her in New York with easy hours, plenty of pay, entertainment, and extras. Why, one lingerie concern always leaves the samples with the model. He had a way with waiters, too, and a few whispered words brought out a special treat. Scallions (my pet aversion). Their aroma placed me in an isolated world. Synonymous, I thought ironically, like the vapor of a breath. I thought of a joke—"Eat onions and enjoy a wide circle of friends."



"He's been a good boy all day"

"The club car is only a few cars back. How about a nightcap?" I surprised myself into acquiescence. The corks popped, and the ice tinkled on into the night. Too often my friend turned a barrage of onions my way, accompanied by his pet remark, "If it's worth a dollar it's worth a scent. Ha! Ha! Ha!" I finally said, caustically, "Not for me, it's my bedtime," and withdrew. The sacred letters had disappeared hours before. "Hypocrite," I said bitterly, to myself.

The lights had long been dimmed when he climbed clumsily into the berth.

A little later I heard him sliding down. A slipper flapped my curtain, and I saw the striped pajamas. There were muffled footsteps down the aisle, the door slammed, and then there was silence.

* * *

The clickadee-clickadee-click of the spinning wheels seemed endless, but sleep finally took over, restless dreamy sleep. Why did I walk in a valley, green, sunny, and well watered? And those waving onion sprouts, thousands and tens of thousands of onion sprouts with deep-dug roots twisted

Continued on page 170

Remember Me!

I'm noted for taking kindly to harsh treatment. So is FIELDCLUB—that's why you'll find my picture on every pair of slacks or shirt or jacket made of this famous fabric. Look for me in your favorite store. Remember: just ask for FIELDCLUB.

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57 Worth St. N.Y.

GALEY & LORD'S
Fieldclub
Takes Kindly to Harsh Treatment
Wash it if you will
Dry clean it if you will
FAST VAT COLORS · SANFORIZED
PRODUCT OF CRAMERTON MILLS
CRAMERTON MILLS INC.

"This shoe's more like it!"

WALL-STREETER
FOOT PALS
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

YOU'VE tried on others . . . now try Foot Pals. "At last," you'll say. "That's just what I've been looking for."

For, once Foot Pals are on your feet, you instantly feel their finer fit . . . sense the skillful, careful craftsmanship behind them . . . wonder how such high quality shoes can sell at so moderate a figure.

And it's a fact: Everything about these popular shoes — their comfort, style and wear — is a good, *good* grade above their price. You, like others, will find Foot Pals no experiment, but a mighty welcome experience. . . . WALL-STREETER SHOE COMPANY, North Adams, Massachusetts.

SHOES WORTH WEARING

As Traditional of Scotland
as THE BAGPIPES

LONG AGO in ancient Scotland it was born—the famous old custom of calling together the clan by the skirl of the pipes! . . . Equally famous is another great Scotch tradition—Scotch Whisky. And *its* fame is carried on today by Dewar's, Highball of the Highlands. Wherever you are in all the world, enjoy this wee bit o' Scotland in a glass.

DEWAR'S Victoria Vat Blended Scotch Whisky John Dewar & Sons Ltd. PERTH
White Label Blended Scotch Whisky John Dewar & Sons Ltd. PERTH

CLAN MacGREGOR
This Clan claims Royal descent, as is witnessed by the motto, "Royal is my race." The famous Rob Roy, celebrated in song and story was a member of the MacGregors.

White Label
Medal Scotch for more than 80 years
Victoria Vat
"None Finer"—Liqueur Scotch

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE
Dewar's
"White Label"
and "Victoria Vat"
IMPORTED Schenley
THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD
Both 86.8 Proof • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. ©1946, Schenley Import Corp., New York

Onions Bring Tears

Continued from page 169

around the great stout ribs of the earth.

Why did I dream, "Great is the stability of the world," and then stoop and press my fingers into the soft, yielding soil, and pluck and press an onion bulb to my lips? Why did its virgin roundness make me glad, as though it were the smile of Heaven? Why?

Then, from nowhere, came a mass of chilling eyes, harsh, glaring eyes, that looked at me silently, tearfully, and then glided away, silent as they wept. My hands reached impulsively to my forehead. They were my eyes that wept.

Something was tugging fiercely at my heartstrings. No, it wasn't my heartstrings. Someone was pulling the sheets, the blanket. Could it be—?

I awakened to find the porter at my berth. He said:

"The man who was in the upper berth—where is he?" he asked in an anxious and urgent voice.

"How should I know? Why? Anything wrong?"

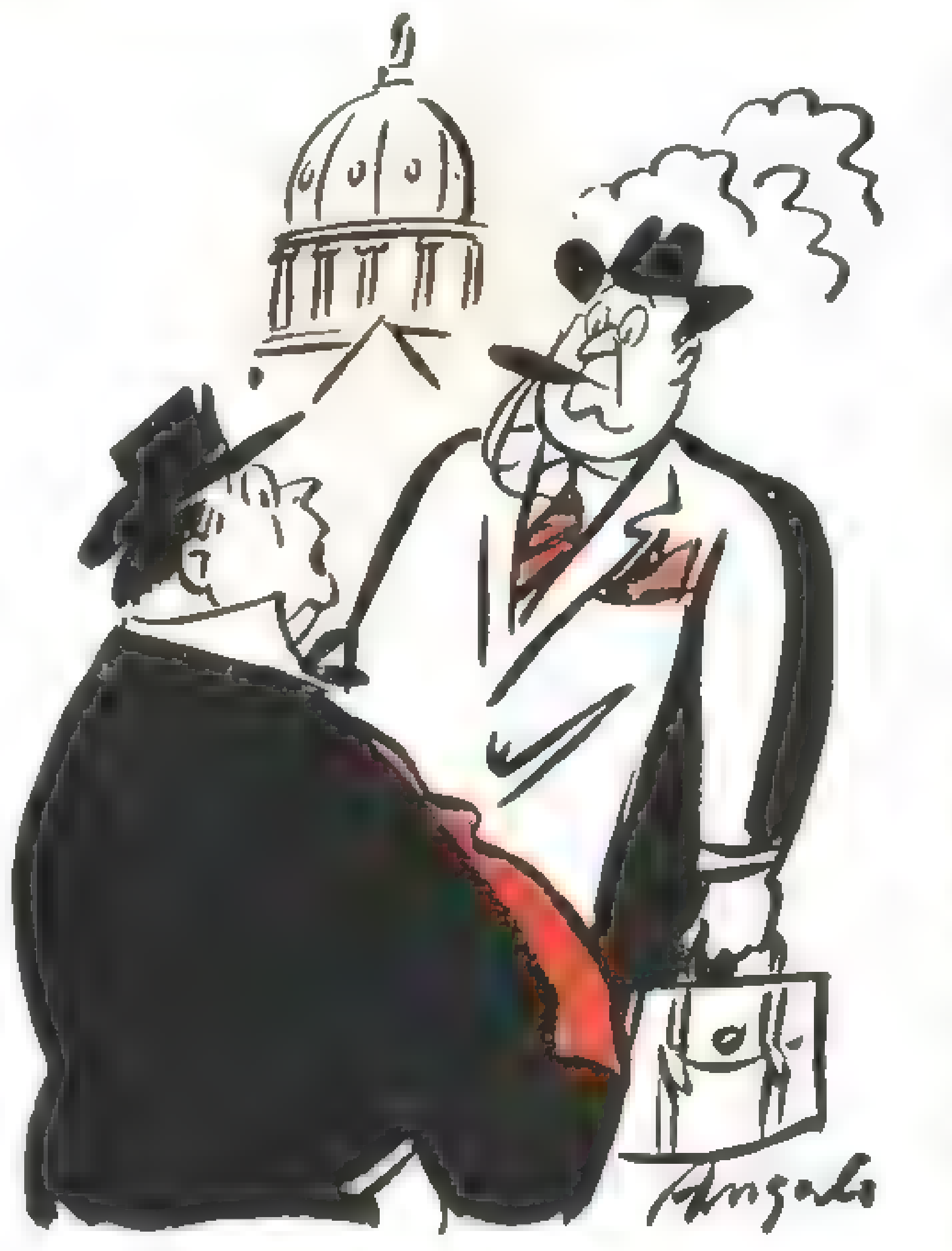
"Well, this gentleman wants to see him."

"His clothes are in his berth. His watch and wallet are under his pillow. He isn't on the train."

I sat up and opened the curtains and looked out. A tall, elderly man, with a bulging legal portfolio under his arm stood grimly by.

"Oh," I said, relieved of my own tension, and alert to the significance of the visit. "He was restless in the night and strolled into the car behind. Look in the Pullman smoker. Don't worry too much about him, he'll be back soon. After all, you can see that his clothes are still here."

"The car behind," gasped the porter. "If he went into the car behind last night, he sure has plenty of trouble in store for him right about now. We dropped it off at Albany." #


"Well, one way we could get a raise in pay—join a union"

Continued from page 93

GET HEP
TO PEP . . . IN Jog-Mocs

Get in the groove with new Jog-Mocs . . . they're *solid!* Inside — happy-soled comfort! Outside—right as "pin-ups"! Smartest shoes that ever cut a rug! Mansfield Shoes, Whitman, Massachusetts.

$7.50
Slightly higher in West

Mansfield Jog-Mocs

It's a Kuppenheimer

And it's cool. Skilfully woven lightweight fabrics let the breezes *in*, yet they are tailored with matchless Kuppenheimer craftsmanship to *fit* and *hold their shape*. Kuppenheimer Clothes for warm weather give worlds of cool comfort without sacrificing one bit of style

AN INVESTMENT IN GOOD APPEARANCE

Robert Goodman

JON STUDIOS

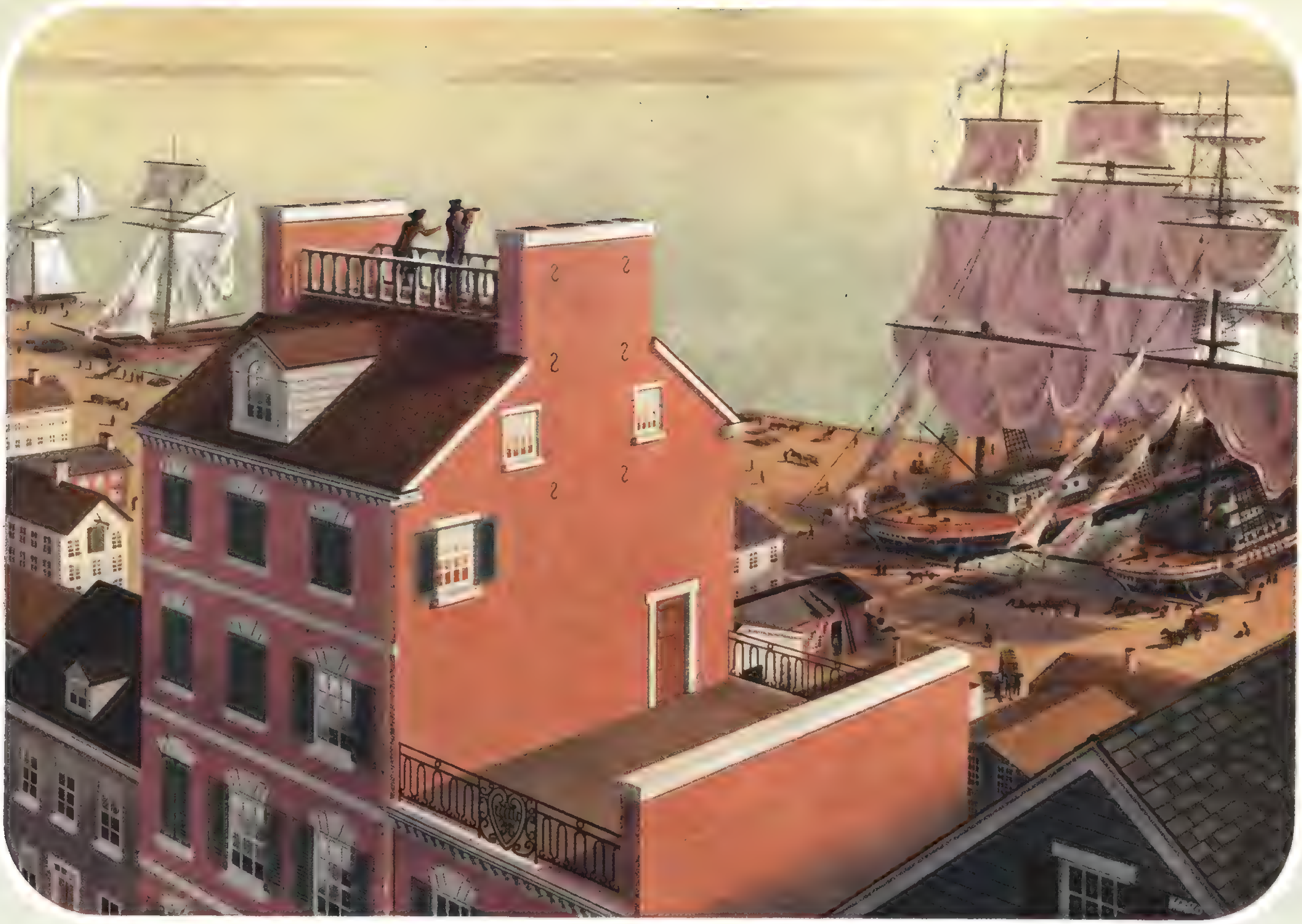
In every field there are those who rise above the others, acclaimed and honored as stars.
PIPES BY LEE are star marked for their rare beauty and quality. Each pipe has stamped on it as part of the name PIPE BY LEE either two, three, four, or five stars...the mark of honor assigned to it by Lee's master-craftsmen. The number of stars on every pipe is determined by the degree of excellence of the fine imported briar, the richness of natural grain, the perfection of workmanship. Connoisseurs will look to the STARS for the world's finest pipes.

STAR PERFORMER

PIPES BY Lee the stars mean quality

★★	FIVE DOLLARS
★★★	TEN DOLLARS
★★★★	FIFTEEN DOLLARS
★★★★★	TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS

PIPES BY LEE INC., NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.



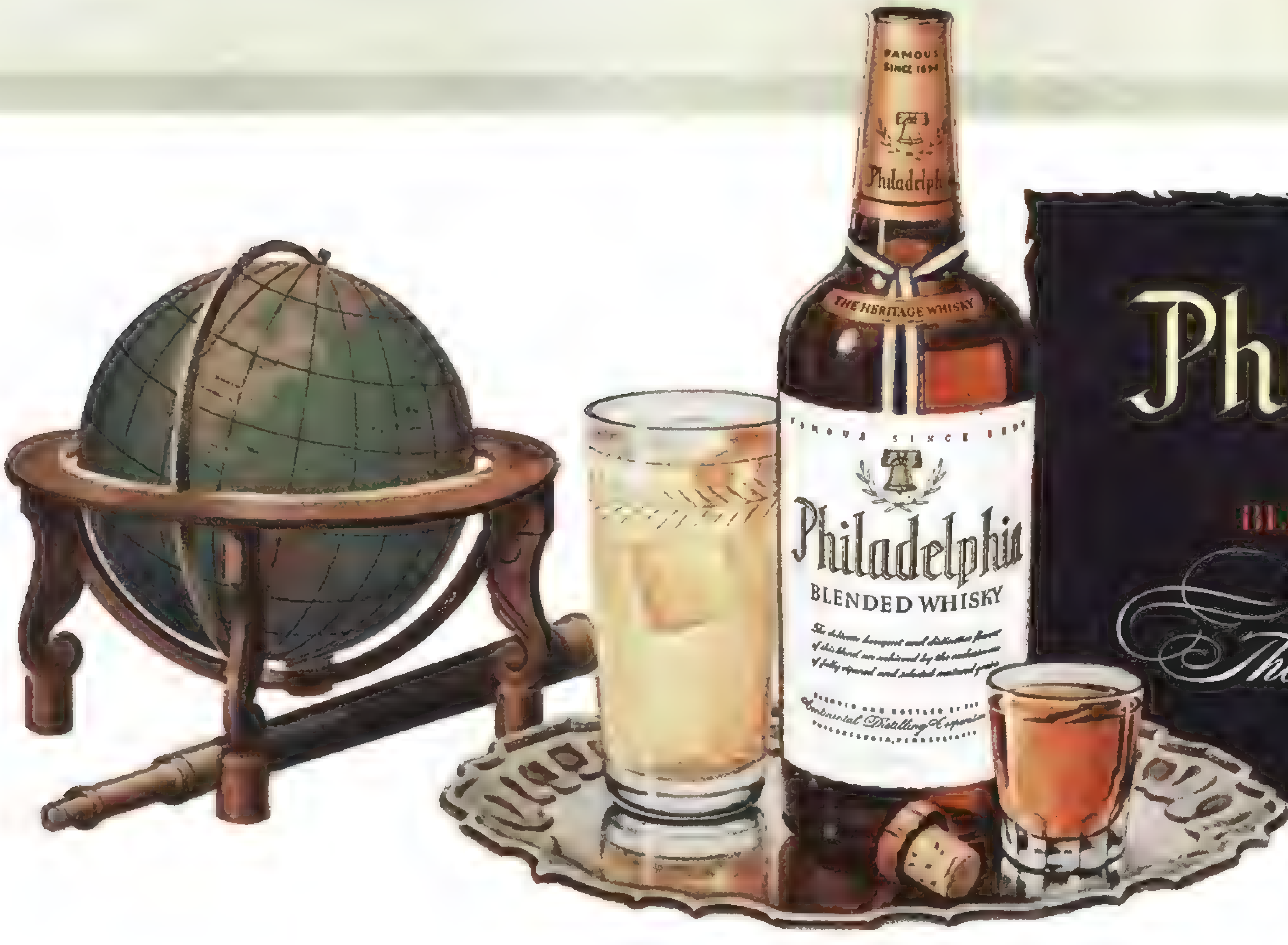
STEPHEN GIRARD SIGHTING ONE OF HIS INBOUND VESSELS FROM HIS HOME, PHILADELPHIA...CIRCA 1799*

A HERITAGE TO REMEMBER

"During the Revolution and for many years afterward Philadelphia continued to be the most splendid city of the country . . . the largest, the richest, and the most luxurious."

...HENRY L. NELSON..."THE CLUBS OF PHILADELPHIA"

Philadelphia's famed merchants and mariners saw to it that no other Colonial locality eclipsed their own great port in the manner of sumptuous living. A "heritage of hospitality" proudly sustained by Philadelphia Blend. A whisky worthy of its high traditions...rich, gratifying, yet delightfully mild. A whisky you might reserve for special occasions...yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia Blend...regularly and often.



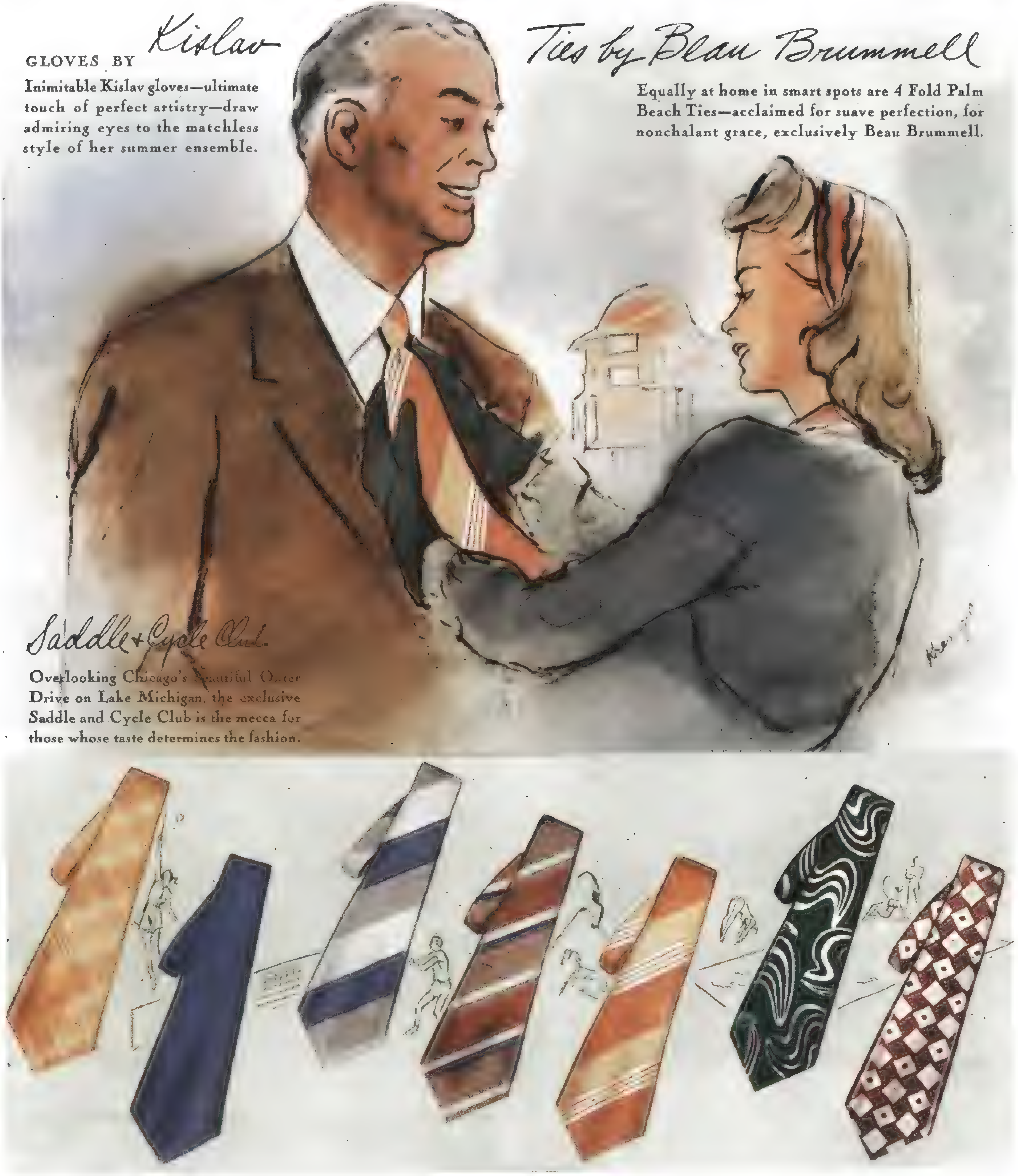
Philadelphia

BLENDED WHISKY

The Heritage Whisky

86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILA.

*From a Series of Historic Prints Designed for "Philadelphia"—*The Heritage Whisky*—Famous Since 1894



GLOVES BY *Kislav*

Inimitable Kislav gloves—ultimate touch of perfect artistry—draw admiring eyes to the matchless style of her summer ensemble.

Ties by Beau Brummell

Equally at home in smart spots are 4 Fold Palm Beach Ties—acclaimed for suave perfection, for nonchalant grace, exclusively Beau Brummell.

Saddle+Cycle Club

Overlooking Chicago's Beautiful Outer Drive on Lake Michigan, the exclusive Saddle and Cycle Club is the mecca for those whose taste determines the fashion.

4 Fold Palm Beach Ties for Father's Day! The season's gayest, happiest, most distinctive styling. Crisp and colorful, incredibly cool. For 1946, tailored in a new, more generous model—in the same famous, patented 4 Fold Construction. *One Dollar*

Other handsome Beau Brummell Ties . . . One to Six-fifty

Palm Beach
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
OWNED AND WOVEN BY
GOODALL-SANFORD, INC.
By BEAU BRUMMELL
FULL 4FOLD CONST. U.S. PAT. RE. 20942
NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS LABEL

ORIGINAL **4FOLD** NO LINING **PALM BEACH TIES**
by Beau Brummell

CHALK IT UP IN RED A DATE WITH DAD FATHER'S DAY, JUNE 16TH

Paul Bunyan on Saipan

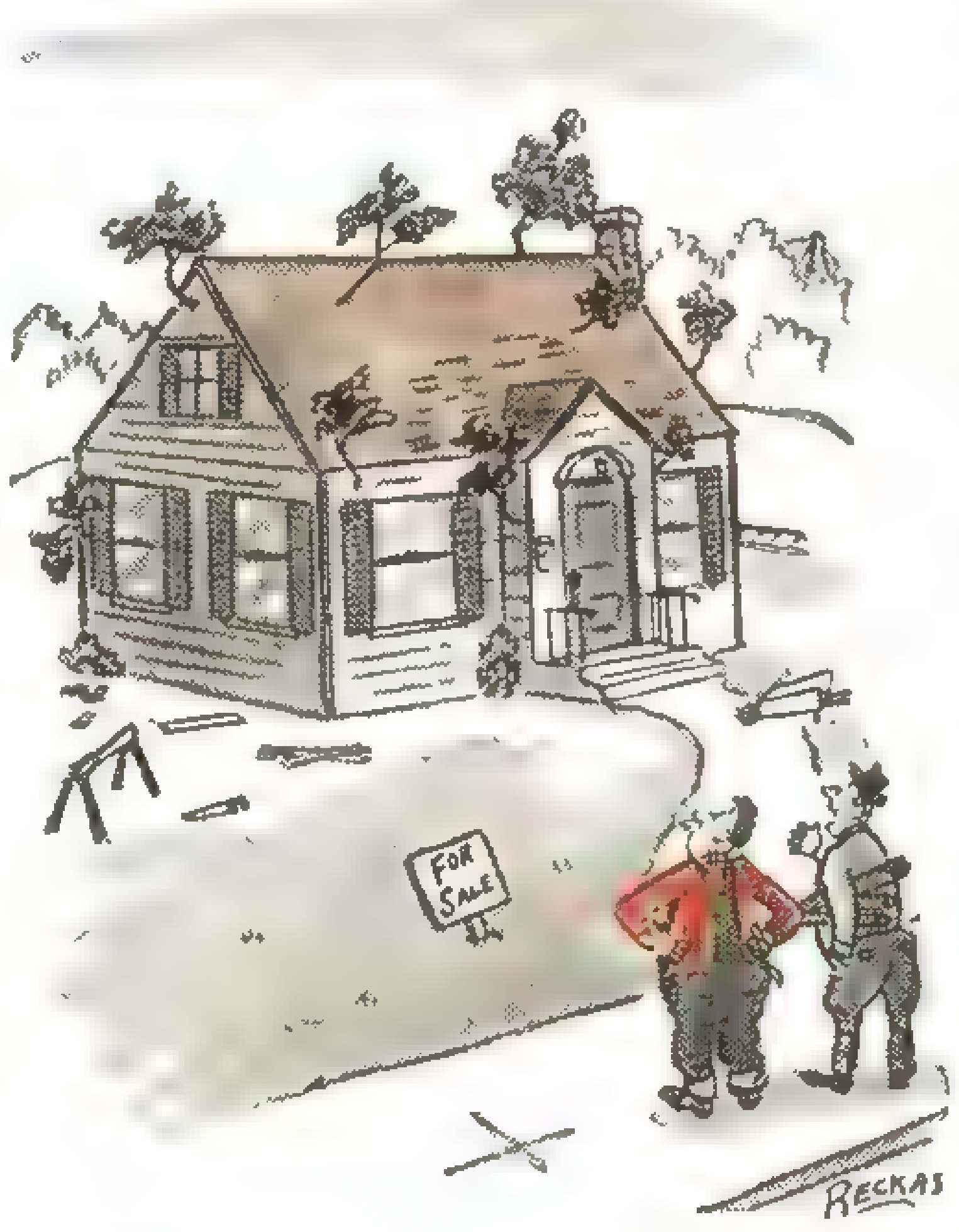
Continued from page 98

and Ole lived in the woods together and it was fifteen or sixteen years before either of them forgave Paul. But finally all three made up and Paul never got mad again.

This third story is the most unusual of all, because it tells why Paul left the United States. Most people thought he never would, since he was responsible for this country after having turned the flat planet into a sphere so that Columbus could sail around it and discover America.

Anyway, Paul was logging around Oregon or Washington and his men were mostly Scandinavians. A new man could not get a job with Paul unless his name was something like Ole Olsen, Hels Helsen, Jens Jensen or Yohny Yohnson. Well, a little man by the name of Murphy turned up one day, but his name was not Scandinavian, so he knew he was out of luck. Then he did the last thing any self-respecting Irishman will ever do: he claimed that he wasn't Irish. He said his name was Murph Murphyson. So Paul gave him a job in one of his camps. Later, Paul found out how Murphy had deceived him and he never forgave him, because one thing Paul hated was a liar.

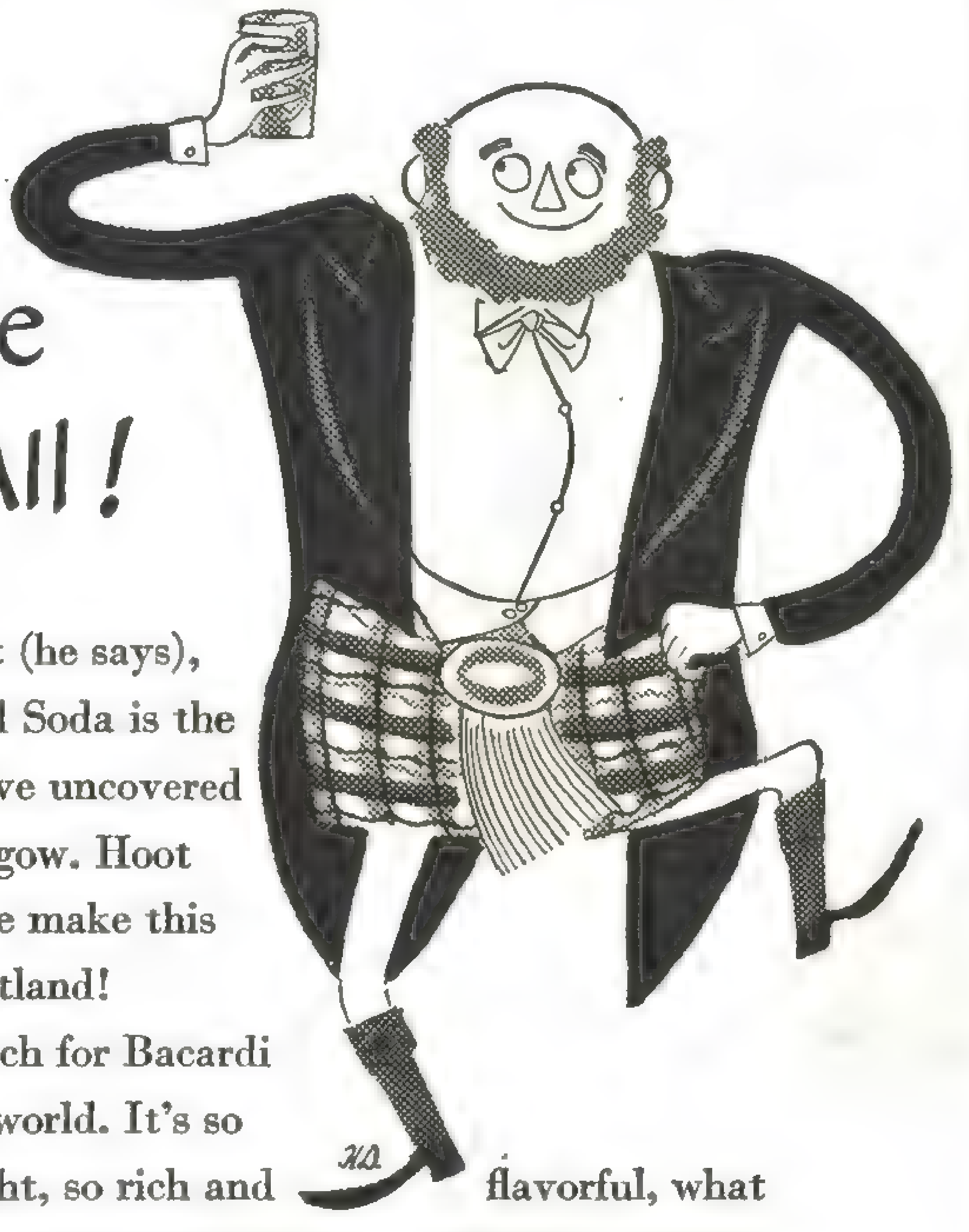
So Murph Murphyson went to work. But he was a little man, lost among Paul Bunyan's giants. They were all working like mad with unheard-of strength and courage. No matter how hard Murph tried, he just couldn't keep up. For one thing, the hours were too big and too long for him. So he did a terrible thing; he invented the clock. He divided the day into twenty-four hours. Even so, Paul's men got up before the day started. Many times, Murph found out through bitter experience, the only chance that a man had to talk to himself was gittin' up goin' to bed or goin' to bed gittin' up. The pace was



"Do you suppose the lumber was too green?"

Continued on page 176

Scotch Delegate Bares All!



I dinna deny it (he says), this Bacardi and Soda is the bonniest drink I've uncovered since I left Glasgow. Hoot Mon! Why don't we make this grrrand stuff in Scotland! You'll find no match for Bacardi anywhere in the world. It's so soft and light, so rich and flavorful, what it does to your favorite drink is a delight to behold! (Bacardi's secret 83-year-old formula is the reason for that.)

The Hon. Scotch Delegate is not whistling Annie Laurie when he says . . .

all nations agree—BACARDI

If someone tries to give you anything else but Bacardi, give him a Highland Fling. Why, such a rascal deserves to be kilt!

RUM . . . 89 Proof Bacardi Imports, Inc., New York

MEEKER MADE BILLFOLDS

FOR FATHERS' DAY AND GRADUATIONS

One for DAD—

—and one for GRAD

Both by MEEKER

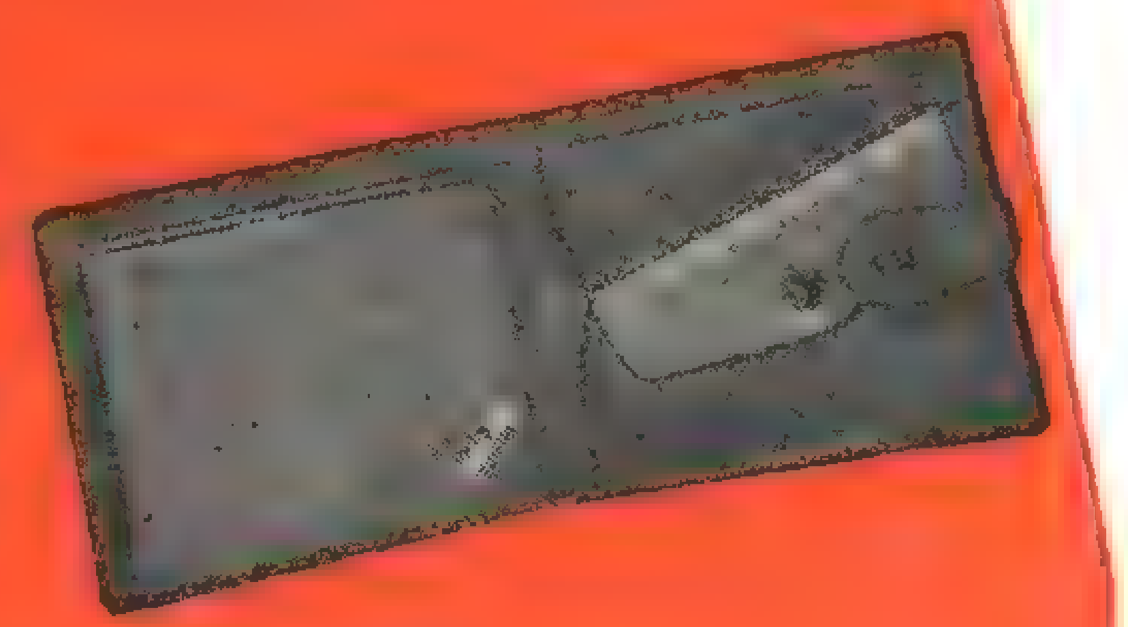
Men young and old will go for these two new MEEKER masterpieces in fine leather. Billfold at top—sleek, streamlined—is smartly fashioned in hand-boarded Calfskin, genuine Morocco, or Pigskin—black or brown.

Lower billfold is beautifully made of hand-colored brown Steerhide, hand-boarded Calfskin, or genuine Morocco. Rich, hand-tooled designs, and hand-laced edges. Very new and distinctive.

Both billfolds, while thin and compact, have plenty of room for bills, checks, etc., plus a Removable Pass Case that holds 8 cards, licenses, etc.

FOR THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE

Lovely MEEKER-MAID Billfold of fine Morocco Grain leather. Black, brown, blue or red. Has secret pocket, removable coin purse, and removable case to hold 4 standard size passes.



MEEKER-MADE Billfolds have Established Quality, Smart Styling, Expert Craftsmanship, Latest Features. Some with Zippers; also Zipper Keycases. Various Prices. At Dealers Everywhere.

MEEKER MADE Fine Leather Goods

THE MEEKER COMPANY, INC.
JOPLIN, MO.
NEW YORK: 347 5th AVE. • CHICAGO: 36 S. STATE ST.

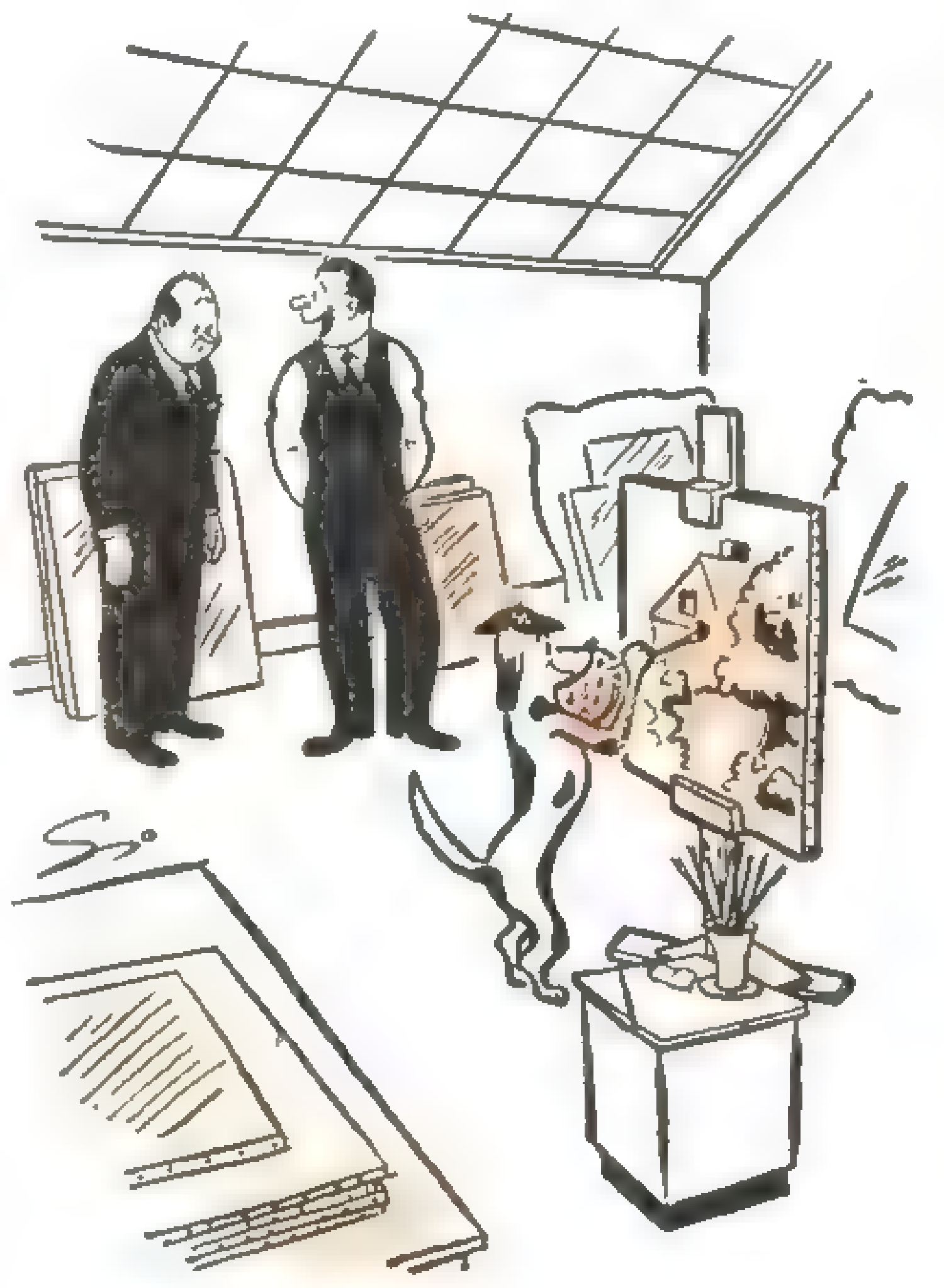
Paul Bunyan on Saipan

Continued from page 175

too rugged for Murph Murphyson. He quit. And he swore revenge on Paul Bunyan because Paul's work had made him feel almost as small as he actually was.

He went over to Seattle and worked on a sawmill. He scrabbled and he saved until he had enough to buy the sawmill, and before long he owned every sawmill on the Pacific coast. Every day Murphy demanded more timber from the woods, until at last Paul's men were working four eight-hour shifts a day, and were getting ready to start a working day of five eight-hour shifts when Paul decided to investigate. He went to Seattle, called on Murphy and demanded that he slow down the sawmills. Murphy, of course, refused and they had a long, fierce argument which ended with Paul's forcing Murphy to sell him stock in the sawmills. Then he had to slow down. After that, Paul's men returned to a normal work day and they were very, very happy to do simple monumental labor and not the unlikely amount of work they had done for Murphy.

But Paul wasn't satisfied. He went out in the woods and sat on top of a great mountain and began to think about the slavery imposed on man by Machinery and Industry. Paul never did arrive at any conclusion, but he sat there thinking for thirty-five years. He remembered all his hopes for America. At the end of the thirty-five years he got up and walked back to camp. He found that he'd lost his youth while he'd sat there on the mountain thinking. He felt old and tired.



"Of course, I have to mix his paints"

Well, he resigned from all his enterprises and took out for the Yukon. Somewhere between there and the North Pole, Paul Bunyan's living to this day. He promised that if America ever needs him, he will return. ⧺

Continued from page 98

Perma-lift
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BRASSIERES
THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN
Another "Hickory" Success

Your Style-line
starts at your Bust-line

Gentle, firming support is yours with a "Perma-lift"* Brassiere. It's young America's favorite . . . and you'll know why a few minutes after slipping into your "Perma-lift" Bra. The famous cushion insets at the base of the bra cups gently support your bust from below, retain that cool, comfortable support through countless washings and wear. Your favorite store has a wide selection of "Perma-lift" Bras 1.25 to 2.50, and beautiful styles.

And for a glamour combination that's hard to beat, there's a new "Perma-lift" Girdle to go with that "Perma-lift" Bra—No Bones About It—Stays Up Without Stays.

**Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—a product of A. Stein & Company, Chicago and New York*

TRUST THE TRADEMARKS THAT HAVE STOOD THE TEST OF TIME

14K Art-carved

SHE'S A LUCKY BRIDE who wears a ring by Wood, finest name in engagement and wedding rings. Your jeweler will show you in each ring the proud mark "Art-Carved."* Diamond rings from $75 to $5,000. Wedding rings from $9.

FREE! "The Bride's Silent Secretary." Write J. R. Wood & Sons, Inc., Dept. E3A, 216 East 45th St., New York 17, New York.

Art-carved Rings
by
1850 WOOD 1946

*Trade Mark Reg.

Beloved by brides for almost a century

A Lesson in the Manly Art

Continued from page 97

the baboons. They don't understand it any more than the guy who wrote it. But what they do understand is that Bertha is a swell looking gal and nice to be near. So I walk down to the beach and skim a couple dozen pebbles through the waves.

When I get back on the porch Poochy asks Bertha for a full explanation of plastic relationships and Bull follows up with his opinion of the perception of broken tones.

WEAR A
V.F.W.
"Buddy"
Poppy
WEAR A
BUDDY POPPY

I try to break up the happy threesome with a reminder to the boys that chow is at six o'clock, but they don't move. And when food doesn't stir them I know trouble is ahead.

"Are you guys coming home to supper or do I go alone?"

Bertha looks up innocent as a sunbeam. "Why don't you amuse yourself on the swing in the back yard until we finish the chapter, Steve?"

Of course I won't go around the back to the swing. Not rugged individualist Simmons. No sir. I bang a croquet ball around on the front lawn.

The chapter is finished and Bertha dismisses the boys. "Thank you for coming over," she says. And I don't like the way she says it. My little wrestler-uplifter is now throwing me an underhand pitch. And I am catching it—right between the eyes.

Poochy, Bull and I start walking back toward my house. Bull says, "Nice girl, your girl." Poochy says, "Yeah, and all this art stuff's pretty good, too."

Now I am not a swearing man generally speaking. But what I say to those guys in the next five minutes is hot enough to boil water.

"You see, Bull," Poochy says, "just like Bertha said. He's got no feelin' for it."

Bull shakes his head and says, "Is too bad. Maybe you come with us after supper, Steve?"

"Where to?" I ask.

"To finish the book," Poochy says.

So I spend the evening home

Continued on page 178

SUPER SIZE
ACTIVE OZONE
SHAVE-STICK
GOURIELLI
GOURIELLI AFTER SHAVE LOTION

Modern Knights
count on Gourielli Grooming
Preparations for the ultimate
in shaving satisfaction.

SUPER SIZE ACTIVE OZONE SHAVE-STICK works with cold, hard, or salt water . . . *without brush.* 2.00

GOURIELLI TALC "TANG" scent. 1.00*

GOURIELLI AFTER SHAVE LOTION, the fresh-scented bracer leaves the skin feeling clean and smooth. 2.50, 1.50*

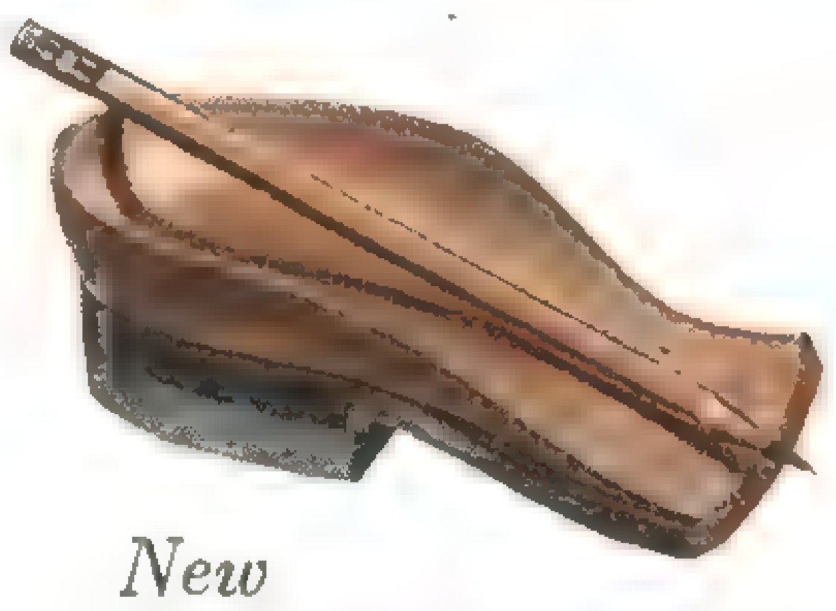
"TANG" COLOGNE FOR MEN. 3.50, 2.00*

*Plus 20% Fed. tax

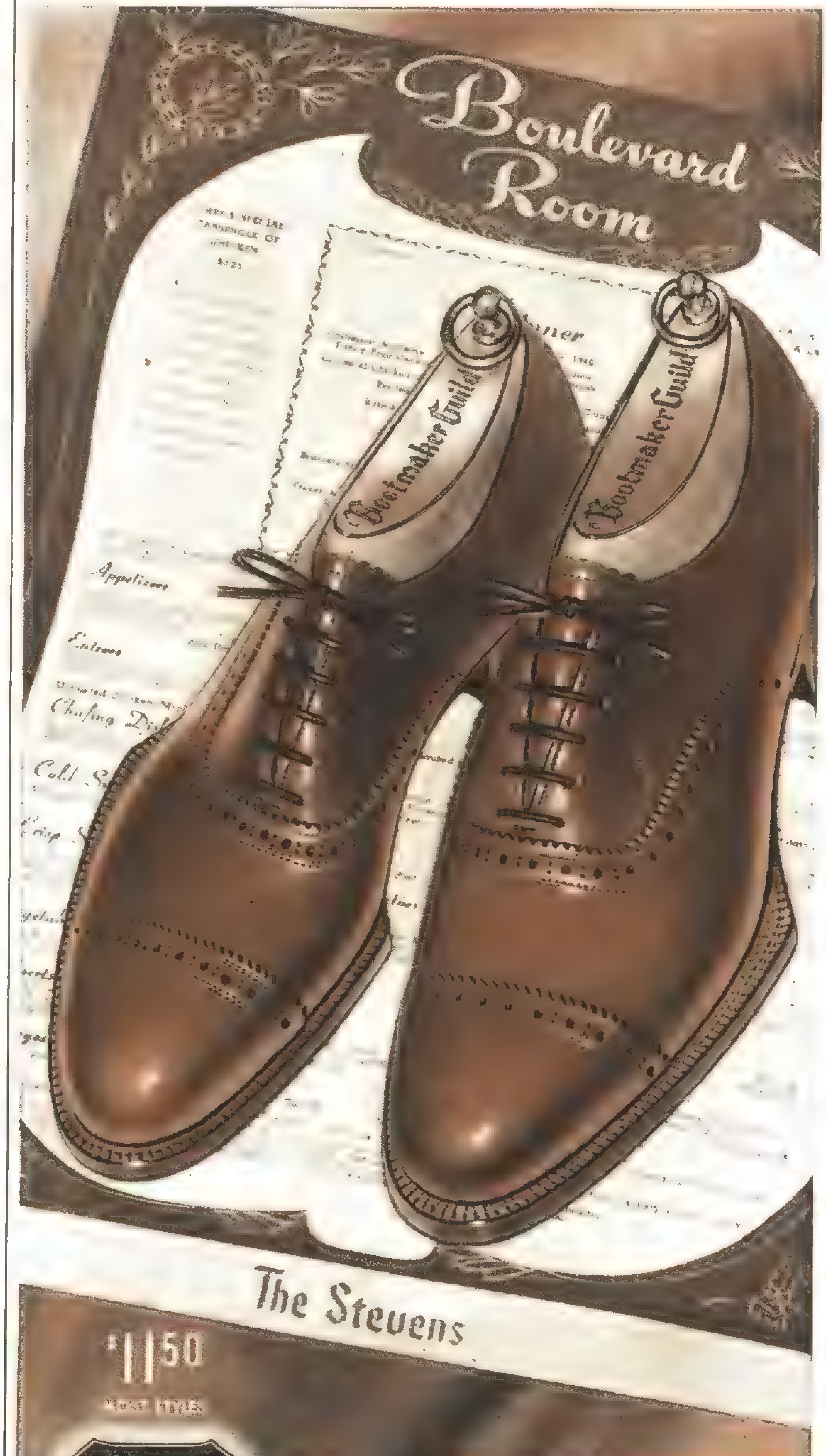
THE HOUSE OF GOURIELLI
16 East 55th Street, New York 22 . . . and all smart stores

FITS in the right places

Freeman Bootmaker Guilds step with pride through world-famous doors. We style these finer shoes to pace the fashion trend. But your satisfaction with Bootmaker Guilds goes deeper than the eye. Their exclusive Cradle Heel is molded to your foot's natural contours, to bring you the utmost in restful ease. For your dealer's name, write Freeman Shoe Corp., Beloit, Wis.



New
CRADLE HEEL
FOR GREATER COMFORT
MOLDED TO FIT WHERE YOU'VE NEVER FELT FITTED BEFORE



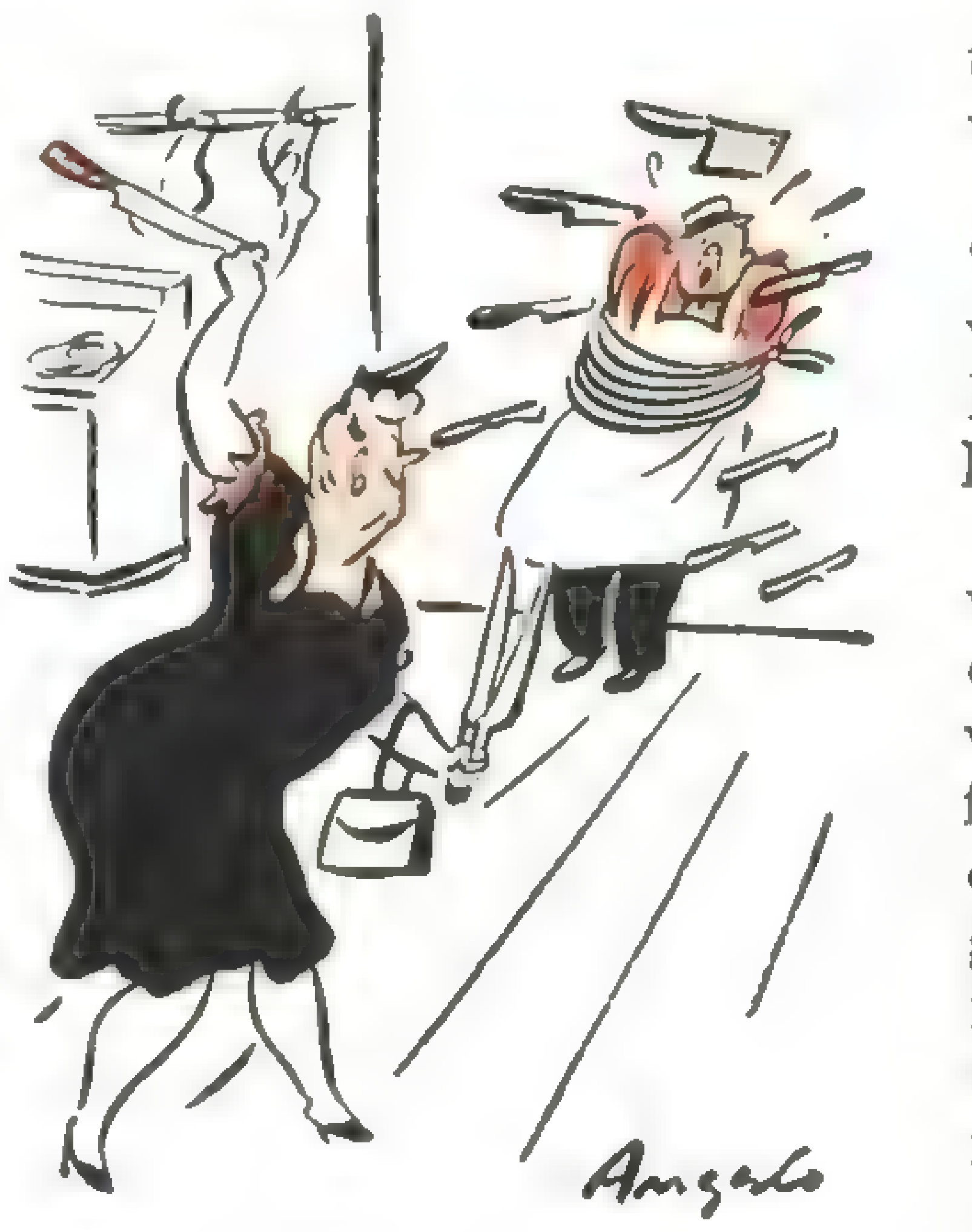
It's a FREEMAN Shoe
WORN WITH PRIDE BY MILLIONS

It's a **FREEMAN** *shoe*

A Lesson in the Manly Art

Continued from page 177

brooding. Also the next day and three days after that. Bertha is sabotaging me. As for the boys, I can do nothing with them. They have become artists. They buy easels, palettes, paint, brushes, books—and here's the payoff—berets. They attend Dudley Desmond Barr's classes.



And they turn Pop's cellar into a studio where they do their practicing.

I am down the cellar with them one morning as they slop paint around, the usual curlicues, splashes, dots and dashes. They are getting deep in this thing, I think, as I watch them. It's time I take the Bull by the horns and get him started in his wrestling career.

I walk over to him and slap him on the back. "This afternoon, kid," I begin, "you go into training. Five miles of road work, a one-mile swim and then an hour of sparring with Poochy."

He doesn't even look up. He keeps on painting. Poochy carefully sets down his tools and puts his arm across my shoulder.

"This," he says, "is gonna hurt me even more than it will hurt you. You see, Steve, it's this way. Bull and I are kinda sold on this paintin' racket."

"And you don't want to go through with our wrestling plans?"

"No," he says. "Bertha says we got talent." Bull nods and keeps on painting.

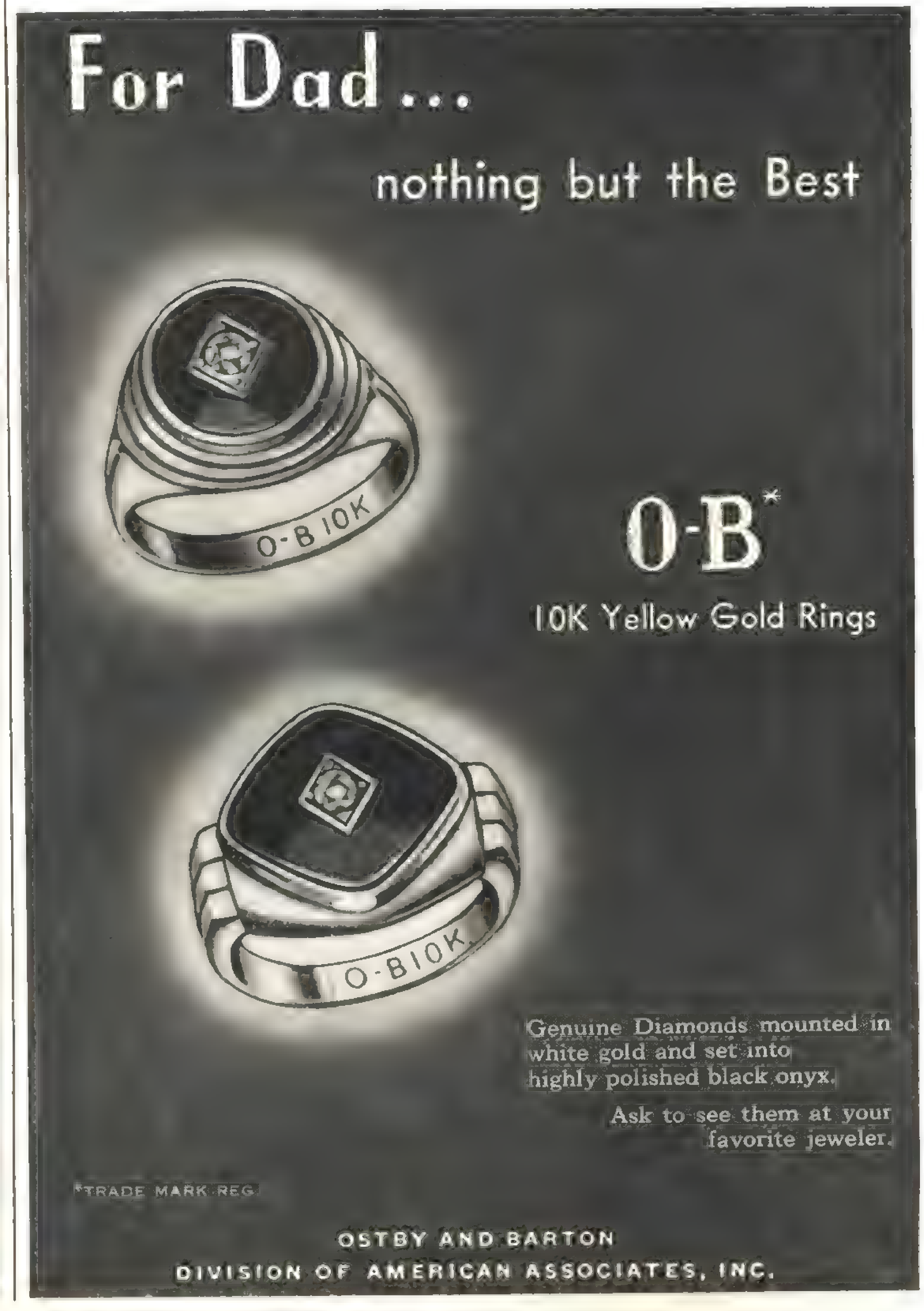
For four years we have dreamed of nothing but wrestling, waiting for the time we can get home and get going. Now, in less than a week, a girl—my girl—smashes everything into small pieces.

"What are you going to get out of this stuff?"

"Big dough," says Poochy. "Bertha's been tellin' us about all the big timers—up to ten grand a picture."

"But Poochy," I beg, "this gang never made any dough. Bertha has never sold a picture

"You're asking for a Good Sock"
Westminster
FAMOUS AMERICAN SOCKS


For Dad...
nothing but the Best

O-B*
10K Yellow Gold Rings

Genuine Diamonds mounted in white gold and set into highly polished black onyx.

Ask to see them at your favorite jeweler.

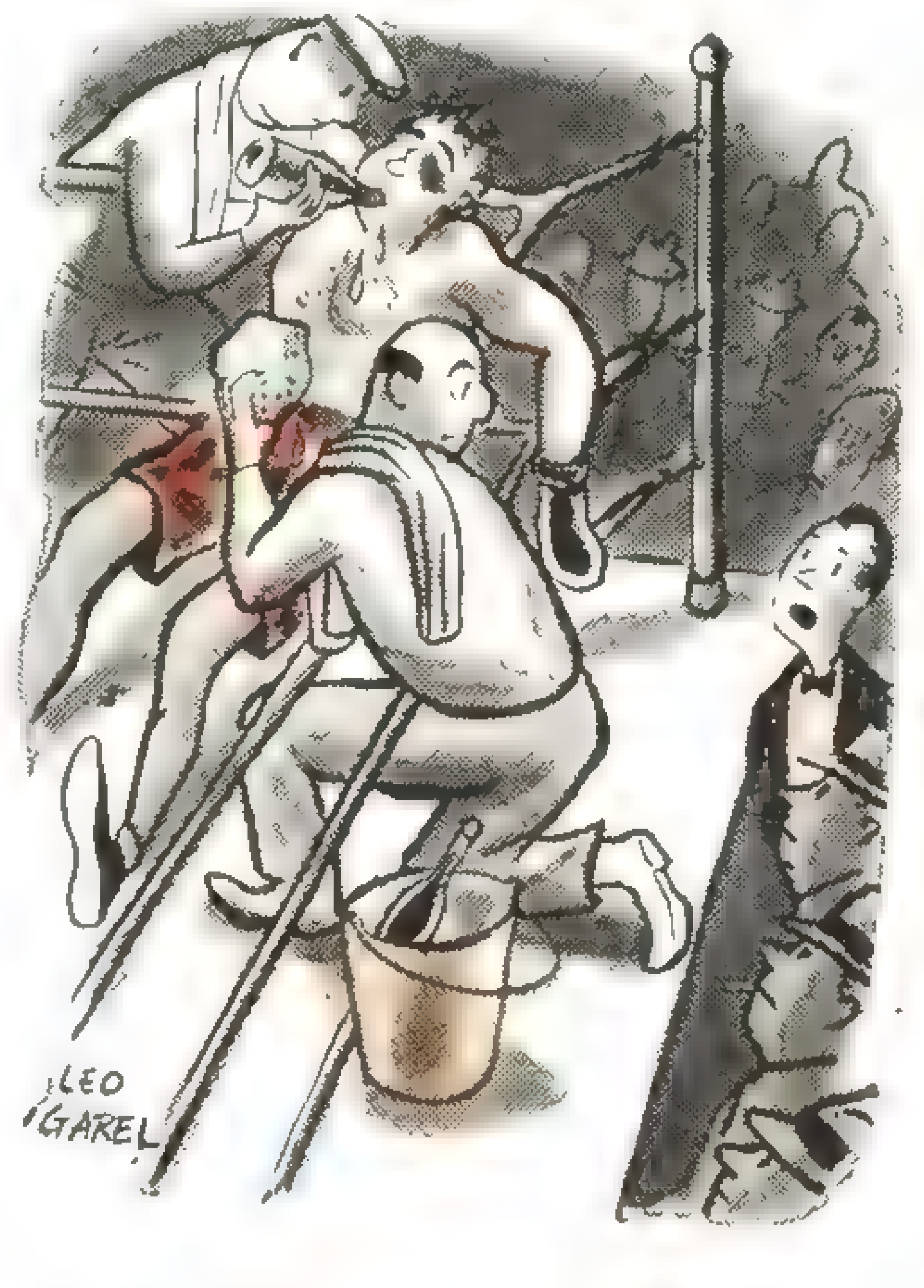
*TRADE MARK REG.

OSTBY AND BARTON
DIVISION OF AMERICAN ASSOCIATES, INC.

and probably she never will."

Nothing I can say will do any good, because Bertha has done a beautiful job. It looks like I will have to come to terms.

I find her in the back yard painting as usual. I give her a below-zero hello and promise myself to keep on being just as tough as I can.



"May I have a glass of water?"

"When are you going to turn Bull and Poochy loose so they can go into the wrestling business?" I ask her point blank.

If they want to paint, she says, that's their privilege, and she will help them. Dudley will help them. Picadali will help them. All God's chillun will help them. I'm the only mug who won't.

"Furthermore," she says, "Picadali is coming here tomorrow to look over the work of the class and Poochy and Bull will exhibit for him, too."

I drag myself back to my house. I am sure an expert like Picadali can never encourage the boys to stick to painting. Then I remember his book, the one Bertha read to Poochy and Bull. He's like the rest of them. Anything can happen in this painting racket.

I go down to the cellar. They are still splashing around and don't even know I am there, so I decide to spend the day alone on the beach.

After supper Poochy and Bull go below again, and it's after ten-thirty when they come upstairs. "We finish, Steve," says Bull. "Tomorrow we show you surprise that we are good artists."

While they go up to bed, I go down to the cellar and put on the light.

The two pictures stare me in the face. I don't know whose is which but one has more circles and the other one more squares. Otherwise they look alike. I go right to work. I drag up an easel and stick a hunk of canvas on it. Then I paint, trying to imitate the one with more circles. In about ten minutes I have a fair copy. Then I go after the one with more squares. Another ten minutes and I'm done. I take the

Continued on page 180

Fashion says...
"PULL IN YOUR BELT"

Figure going to "waist?" Better Reduce the Ry-Krisp Way!

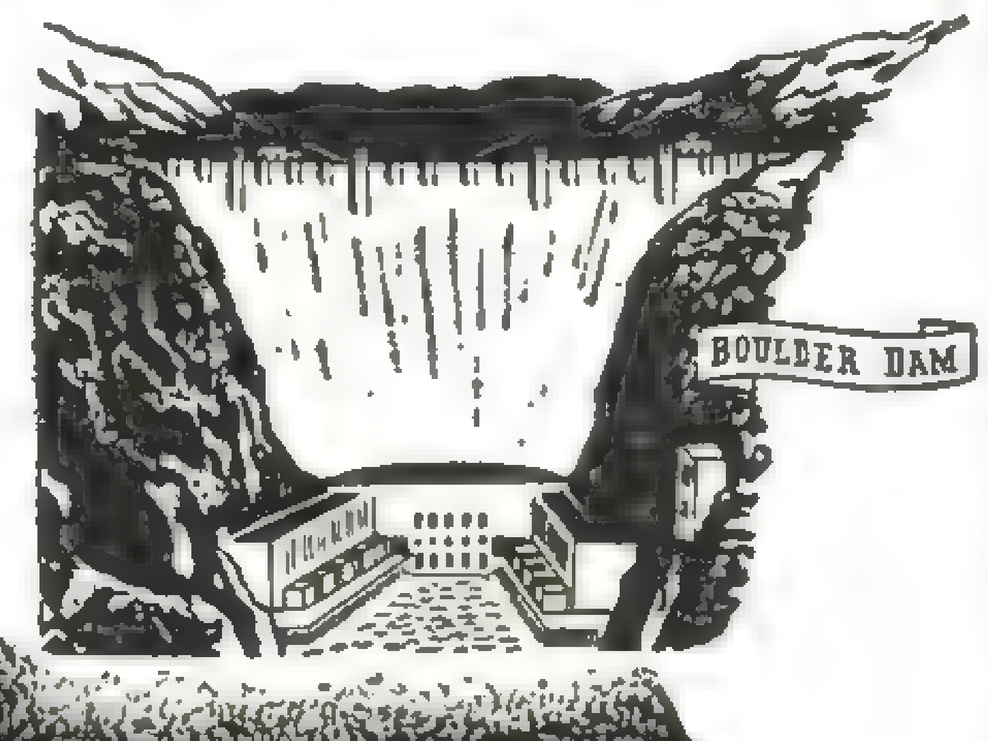
"Round numbers" are out of style! First step to a slim silhouette is to send for the Ry-Krisp plan. Then, choose what you *like* to eat from long lists of foods (in quantities given) . . . enjoy Ry-Krisp as bread . . . and any normal overweight can lose pounds!

And how much Ry-Krisp adds to any meal! It's delicious . . . wafer-thin, crisp, with a rich rye flavor. Supplies whole-rye minerals and vitamin B1 to tone you up. Only 23 calories per double-wafer.

DE-INCHING! DELICIOUS!
Broiled liver, crisp bacon, steamed rice, green beans, head lettuce with low-calorie dressing, Ry-Krisp, butter, skim milk, sponge cake.

FREE! NEW "DESIGN FOR REDUCING," gives reducing plans for men and women. WRITE RY-KRISP, 10 CHECKERBOARD SQUARE, ST. LOUIS 2, MISSOURI

ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT ENGINEERING FEATS


BOULDER DAM

ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT BEERS . . .

Van Merritt

VM
WITH ARTESIAN WELL WATER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
CONTENTS 12 FLUID OUNCES
Van Merritt
BRAND BEER
THIS BEER IS BREWED OF GRITS, CHOICE HOPS AND MALT
"One of the world's great Beers"
BREWED AND BOTTLED BY
BURLINGTON BREWING CO.
BURLINGTON, WIS.
Est. 1865
THIS BEER IS BREWED
FULLY PASTEURIZED
INTERNAL REVENUE TAX PAID

★When you first taste Van Merritt, you feel that some special genius must have gone into its creation. And there did. Choice barley malt, hops, grits and pure Wisconsin artesian water were blended by a secret, jealously guarded formula into a perfect whole. Then came longer aging than usual and bottling under rigid control. Yes, Van Merritt costs a little more —but you're *glad* to pay it. You can *taste* the difference.

Brewed and Bottled by
BURLINGTON BREWING COMPANY
Burlington, Wisconsin

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Calendograph
20th.
JANUARY
SATURDAY
10 O'CLOCK
8 MINUTES
29 SECONDS

In gold or steel.
The supply of these watches is limited.

MOVADO

WINNERS OF 165 OBSERVATORY AWARDS SOLD AND SERVICED BY LEADING JEWELERS ALL OVER THE WORLD

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A Lesson in the Manly Art

Continued from page 179

originals and chuck them in the furnace and put my stuff in their place. I go to bed feeling that Picadali will send my boys into the wrestling game on the double-quick.

After breakfast the boys go down the cellar. I hold my breath. But when they come up with the picture and don't say a word, I am able to finish my coffee.

They go out and I run down to check the furnace. Their pictures are there all right. So I head for Bertha's, whistling a little for the first time in a week.

The show is on. Not only the Dudley Desmond Barr class but relatives and friends—about fifty art lovers in all—are squinting at a couple of dozen abstractionist pictures which are located on easels very artistically all over the yard.

I spot Poochy and Bull over by the apple tree. They look like the hired help, or maybe a couple of bouncers.

Then Bertha and Dudley come out of the house together. With them is a side-show freak standing about six-feet-four, weighing about ninety pounds, with a square black beard and no mustache. He carries a cane and walks as though he's going to fall apart almost any day now.

Bertha, as the hostess, makes a short speech about the honor of having so distinguished a guest here to view their work, the great Picadali.

The folks applaud gently, Picadali bows and starts his tour of inspection. He spends a minute or two at the first few. Then he stops at one and really gives it a going over. To me it's no different from the others except that it specializes in triangles and forty or fifty purple ice cream cones.

"Excellent, excellent," says Picadali so that everyone hears. "Whose work is this?"

"Mine, sir," says a voice. Some pip-squeak I have never seen before comes forward, Picadali shakes his hand, Dudley comes over, shakes his hand and the three of them start whispering. Very mysterious.

Then the tour continues. My heart flops. Picadali is stopping at the job I did—the one with the circles. He looks, nods, scratches his beard and says out loud, "Very interesting, provocative. Whose is it?"

From under the apple tree come two voices—my boys'. As Poochy says, "I did it," Bull is saying, "is mine."

Picadali looks at them and so does everyone else. "Come, now, gentlemen," he says, "surely you

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can identify your own work."

"Sure," says Bull, "I do the circles. Poochy do the squares."

"Naw," says Pooch. "He's twisted. That one's mine."

Now the boys are looking at each other like strangers.

"Am not twisted," says Bull, determinedly. "You are dizzy."

"Lay off, Bull," Poochy says. "Don't try to muscle in on my art." He gives Bull a slight push.

Bull gives Poochy not such a slight push. The crowd backs away and the action starts. Poochy begins with his hidden knee trick which travels deep into Bull's stomach. The kid lets fly with his elbow to Poochy's eye, a dead shot. Poochy grabs his eye and Bull grabs Poochy's left leg. His attempts to pull it off fail when Poochy comes up with an uppercut to Bull's jaw, delivered by the top of Poochy's head.

For me to step in and try to break it up can result only in my immediate destruction so I stand by. Bertha, I notice, shows fire in her eyes, and some of the older ladies are leaving.

The boys continue the brawl with holds unknown to the wrestling world. Poochy is trying to make a muffler of Bull's leg. A finger to Poochy's right eye makes him drop the leg. And Bull rushes him up against the apple tree.

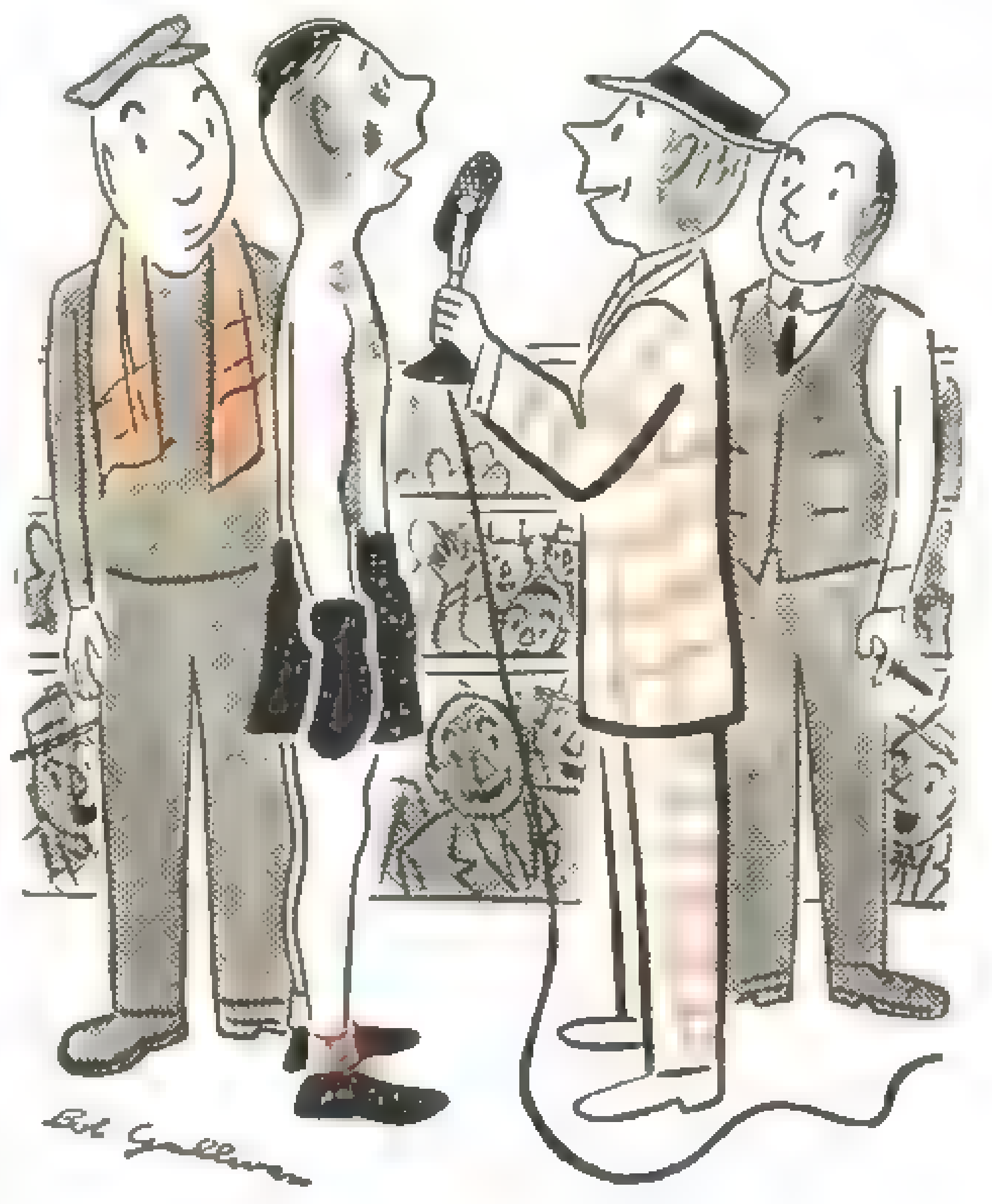
By now the art lovers are turning their heads in horror. I return my attention to the bashing at hand in time to see Poochy making a supreme effort to remove Bull's ear. Now that's not new in wrestling. But Poochy's method is. He is using his teeth.

When Bull and Poochy try butting each other with all their might, and their heads meet with a loud plop, I steal a look at Bertha. She is running up the walk.

So before I know it I am out of the yard and tearing after her, leaving the boys to work out their little problem by themselves.

I run into her house and call her. No one home. Up the street, neighbors' houses, she's nowhere

Continued on page 182



"It was a tough fight, but the winning of the championship more than compensates the loss of six teeth"

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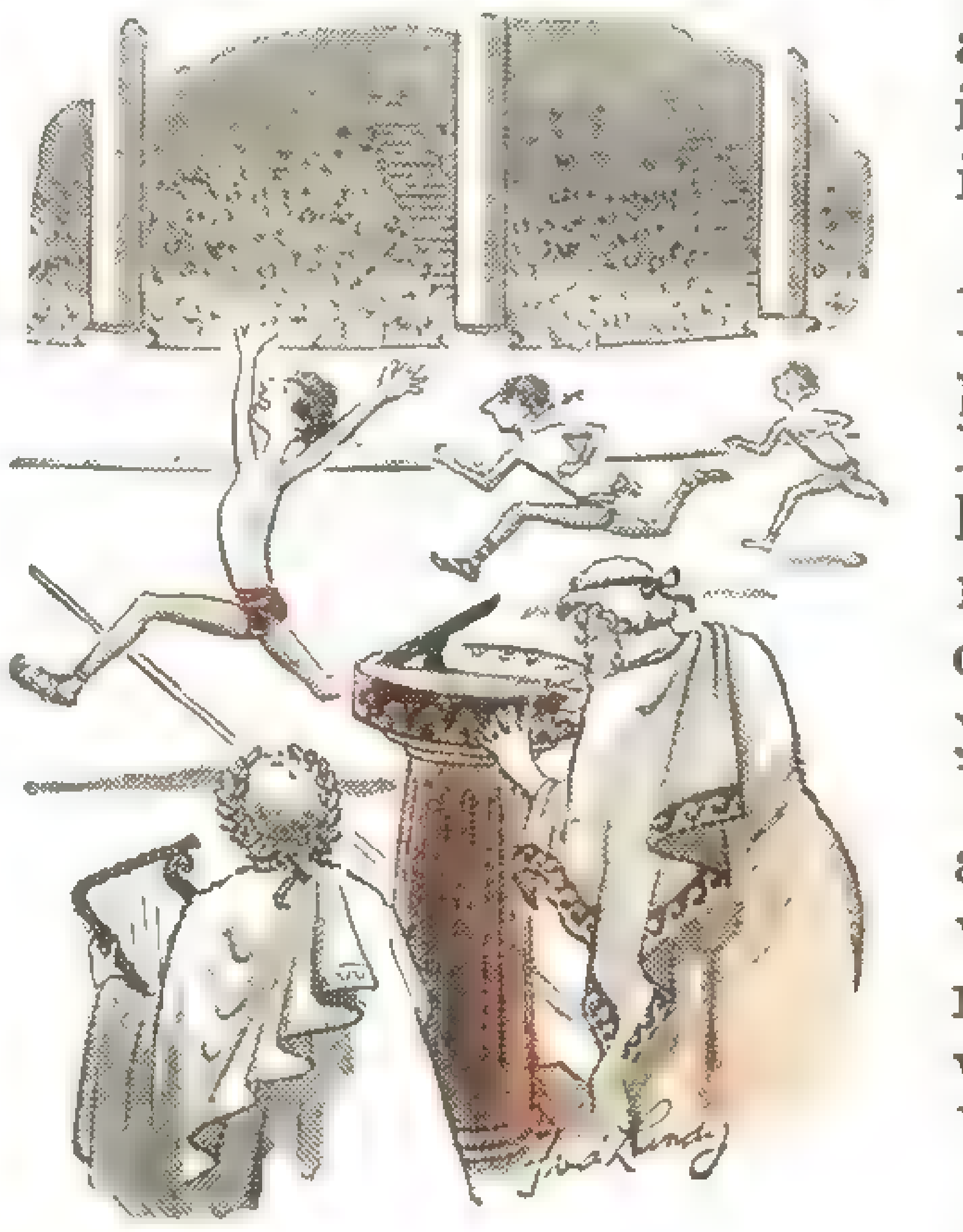
A Lesson in the Manly Art

Continued from page 181

to be found. Maybe a half hour has passed and by now I am ready even to accept abstractionism if it will make her happy. I walk by her house again, not even thinking about the result of the back-yard battle. I see a light in the cellar, go around to the side door and rush downstairs.



There stands Bertha—painting. No abstractionism, no squares, circles or triangles but men, two men facing each other, poised for a fight. It's only a sketch so far but the faces look like Poochy and Bull. Their physiques are simply magnificent, the pose is terrific—it's packed with zing, drama, life—in short, it's terribly good.

"Bertha." That's all I can say.

She turns around and is in my arms. "Steve, Steve, darling, how can I ever make it up to you? I have never been so inspired," she tells me. "Wrestling is wonderful, it's so masterful, so, so—expressive." She wants to keep babbling about wrestling but this is obviously no spot for talking.

After a while she goes back to her picture and I go upstairs to pick up what's left of Poochy and Bull.

I find them alone in the yard, clothes torn, eyes black and generally bruised. Bull has a good hold on Poochy's arm and Poochy is doing the arguing.

"You're rusty, Bull. You need plenty trainin'. Never grab a guy like that in the ring. He'll twist out easy and pin you in a jiffy. Y'know there's an art to this wrestlin' business. Now, when we get to New York . . ."

We do, too. The four of us. Bull the wrestler, Poochy the trainer, I the manager, and Bertha an up-and-coming portrait painter of he-men. The only thing that gets me is how come Picadali picks that circle job of mine. Maybe I do have painting talent. The last two pictures I paint—purely as a hobby, of course—look pretty good to me. ##

Continued from page 97

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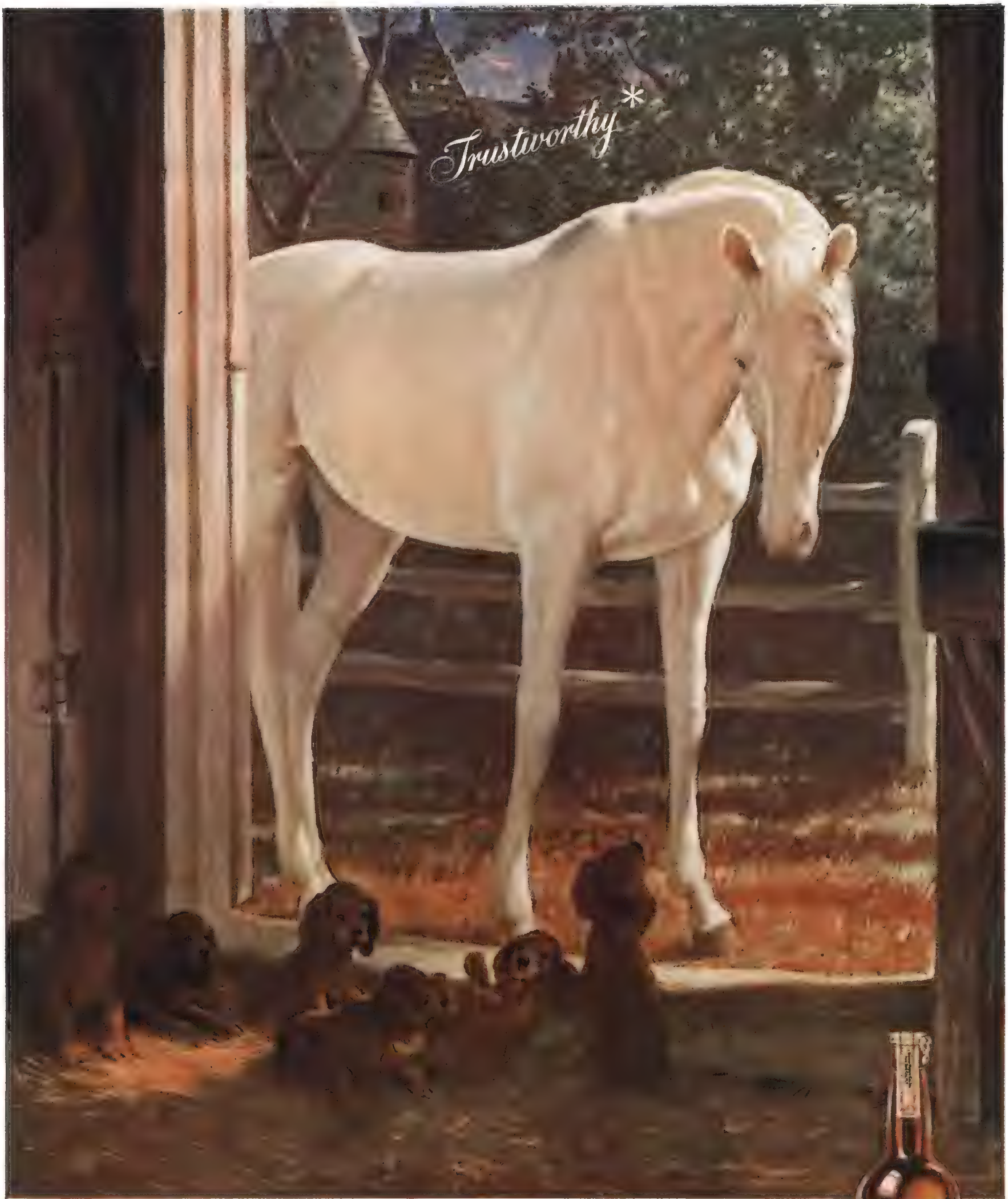

Down the long years, White Horse has won the respect and trust of connoisseurs the world over. For this noble Scotch is blended from the finest of whiskies, and its peerless flavor and smoothness appeal to those who appreciate the best... *White Horse stands alone.*

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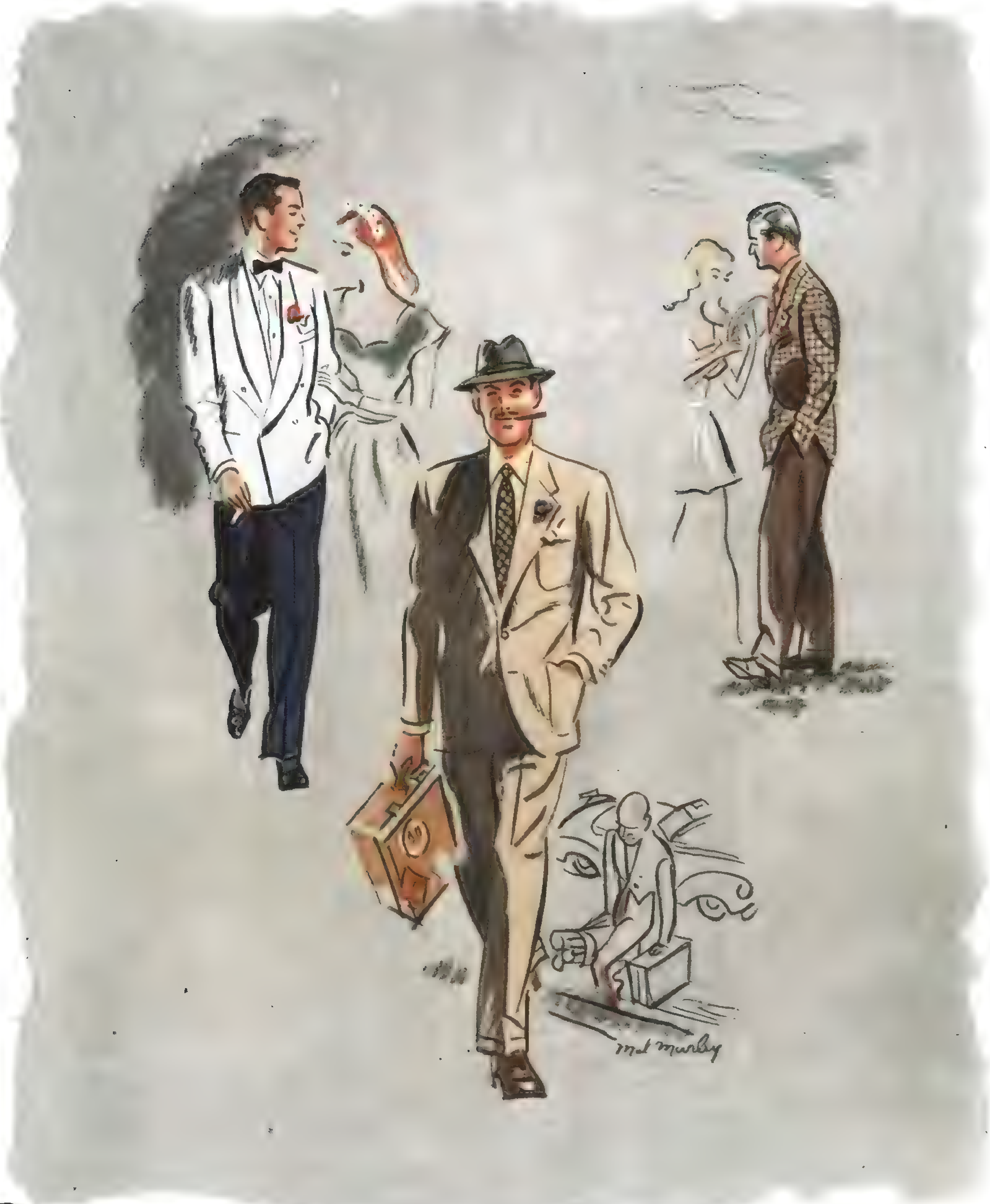

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TRIPLE-THREAT WEEK-ENDER

Drawing by M. Murley

With his suitcase in hand, this arriving guest has the situation well in hand for almost any occasion that will arise, as you can see by Murley's projections. He has motored up in a tan suit of lightweight fabric, made with two-button, patch pocket jacket. His semi-casual accessories of yellow shirt and foulard tie, and soft felt hat neatly bridge the jump from town to country. For moonlight-and-music hours he'll break out a summer dinner jacket of white Palm Beach or rayon blend, with midnight blue bow tie and dress trousers, and patent leather formal shoes. For more active daylight hours at the Tennis Club, a small-patterned brown jacket of lightweight tweed with a pair of brown gabardine or flannel slacks and a light tan Oxford shirt.

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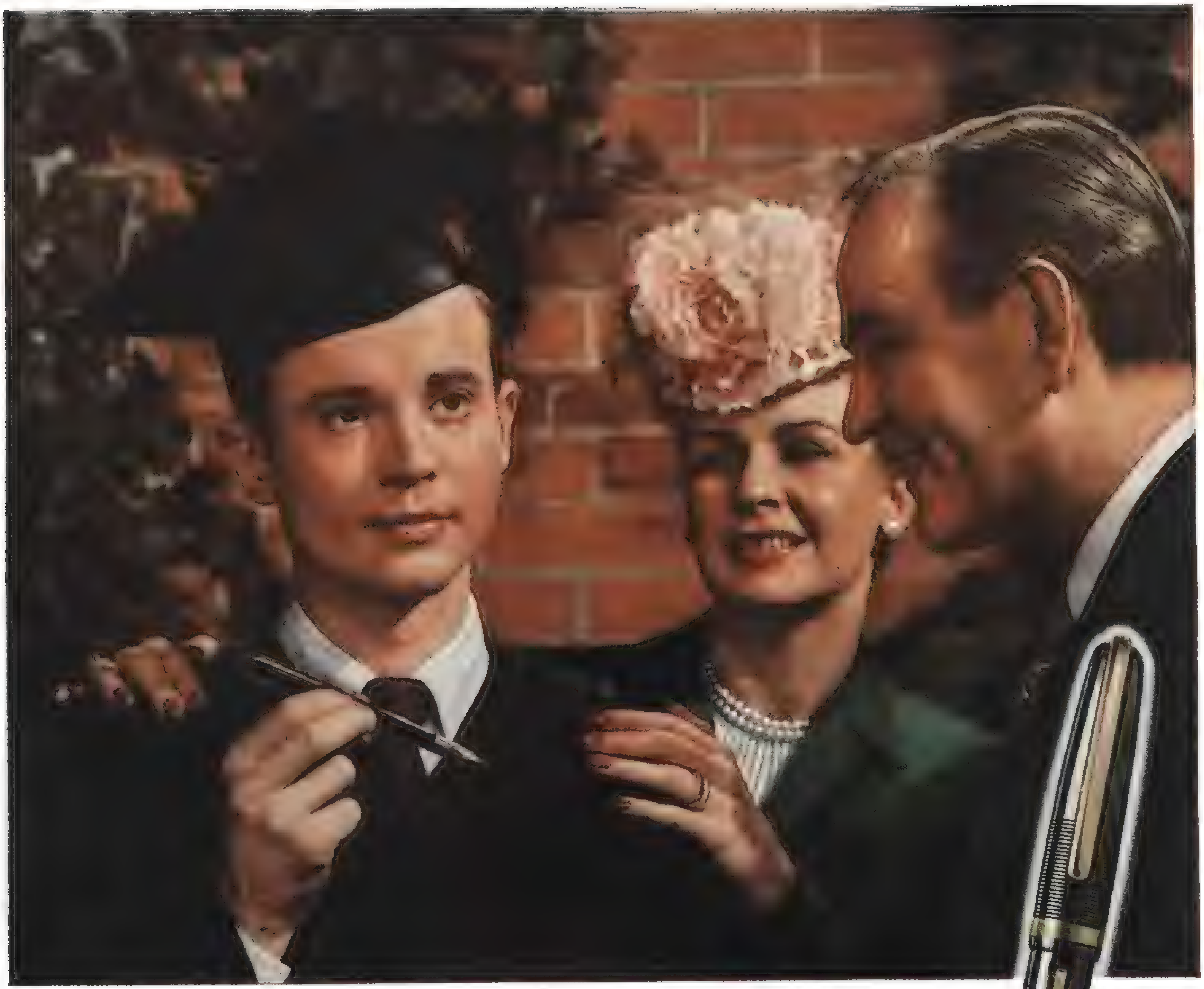

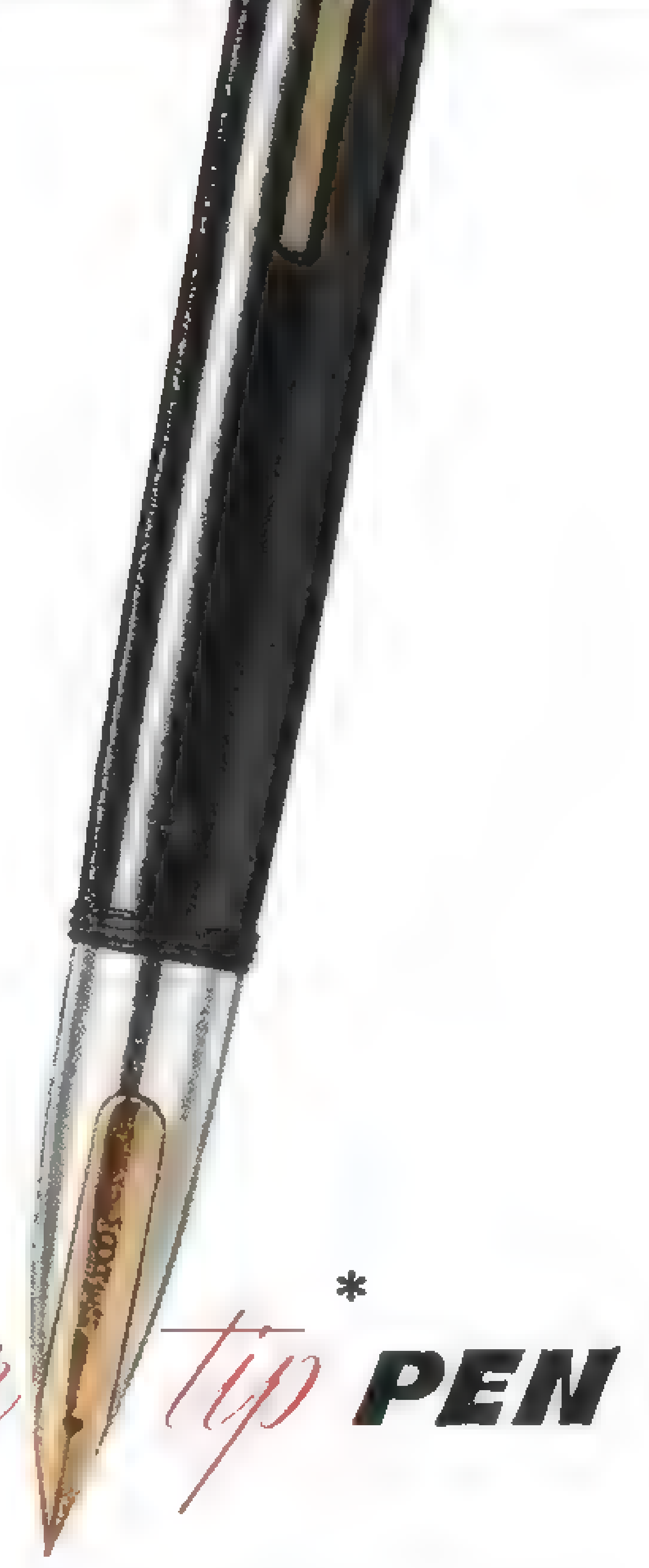

I SAW WORDS OF LOVE *in my boy's misty eyes*

Mixed feelings of pride . . . love . . . and fear gripped my heart. Must Tommy's graduation be so wonderfully complete and yet so cruel? Had our lovable little boy suddenly outgrown his boyishness? Would his mother's tender kisses be set aside for the false pride of manhood?

Disturbing thoughts I might well have spared myself. For when Dad and I gave him his graduation gift . . . a marvelous new Moore Fingertip Pen . . . I saw Tommy was still our "boy". There in his eyes were words of love and appreciation that made our hearts sing with joy.

That look in his eyes made me more grateful than ever that we had used such care in selecting a gift he, himself, would prefer. I'm glad now we compared all four leading pens and gave Tommy the finest . . . a Moore Fingertip Pen, of course.

AVAILABLE IN 8 HANDSOME COLORS. *Lustre Black, Sunset Red, Vintage Wine, Starlight Blue, Woodsman Green, Eiderdown White, Autumn Pearl, Seaspray Pearl*

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Compare all 4 . . . and you'll give a **MOORE**

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MOORE PEN COMPANY, Boston, Mass.,
Manufacturers of Fine Pens since 1900 *TRADE MARK REG.

The Postman Rings Four Times

Continued from page 64

a coonskin cap at Fox to appear in *Hudson's Bay*. The role permitted him the novelty of wearing a beard in the back; but, beyond that, the benefits were few.

Garfield has been handicapped by a similar tendency to didacticism. Most of his films have had "messages." The public grows tired of a hero who knows all the answers. But in *The Postman* his work shows a new humanity. Departing from his usual stereotyped aggressiveness, he manages to appear a trifle naïve—even when he's wolfish. Carey Wilson, the producer, has shrewdly tempered the violence of both characters with a mood of youthful blundering. You sympathize with this unfortunate couple—although they're murderers. That's why *The Postman* is a greater picture than Mr. Cain's previous hit, *Double Indemnity*.

The entire production is oriented toward Miss Turner. This is as it should be. These "all-for-love-and-the-world-well-lost" yarns often look silly in the theatres. The hero seems a jerk unless you have a four-bell alarm for a heroine. Some years ago, in *Parnell*, Clark Gable looked up from the floor of Parliament to see Myrna Loy smiling down on him from the gallery. The results were more devastating than a potato famine for Ireland. They also were disastrous for the screen play. Miss Loy, as the ravishing Kitty O'Shea, looked exactly as she did as the matronly Mrs. Nick Charles in *The Return of the Thin Man* on the second half of the program.

But in *The Postman*, you can believe that John Garfield would cease his wanderings to commit murder for Miss Turner. She has what it takes to make a man stop being foot loose. Under Tay Garnett's expert direction, she turns in a performance that should save her from spending any more lost week ends at the Waldorf. Mr. Garnett uses every trick of lighting and photography to make her dangerous and desirable. Since none of these shots are taken through wagon wheels or under clotheslines, he may get few raves in *Theater Arts*, or in any of the publications that encourage directors to compose their photographs so that they wreck the composition of their stories.

This movie can't miss. It's as hot as a Wichita phone booth in August. When *The Postman Always Rings Twice* plays in Memphis, they'll be frying eggs on the censor's collar. Any critic who recommends it will establish a reputation for widespread influence. Leadership usually consists of finding out where the public's

Continued on page 188

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There is another tradition that is fast growing into a new American selling policy. It began years ago, when ZIPPO lighters were first marketed. "ZIPPO is backed by an unconditional lifetime guarantee . . . *no one ever paid one cent to repair a ZIPPO.*" Now many manufacturers are making similar guarantees. We welcome this trend and if lived up to *completely* as here at ZIPPO, the great American purchasing public will materially benefit . . .

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FACT—With painstaking care for details, the makers of Royal Banquet imported a complete Scotch pot-still and set it up in Peoria under the supervision of an expert Scotch distiller. Here are produced the domestic malts which are combined with choice imported Scotch malts in making Royal Banquet.

FACT—We use a small quantity of imported Islay malts for their smoky flavor, just as is done in many imported brands. We use imported Highland malts for aroma. And we produce in America the equivalent of Lowland malts from barley dried over peat fires in the traditional Scotch manner.

FACT—In most popular brands made in Scotland, the malt whiskys are blended with grain whiskys softened in casks. Our malt whiskys are blended with grain neutral spirits softened in casks, to give the desired lightness and mildness to Royal Banquet.

FACT—Because it is thoroughly honest in quality and genuine in flavor, Royal Banquet has gained widespread, spontaneous acceptance in leading clubs, hotels and homes. We hope you'll make its acquaintance soon for we feel sure you will like it, too!

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35% Malt Whisky: 17½% Imported, 17½% Domestic 65% Grain Neutral Spirits—86 Proof *

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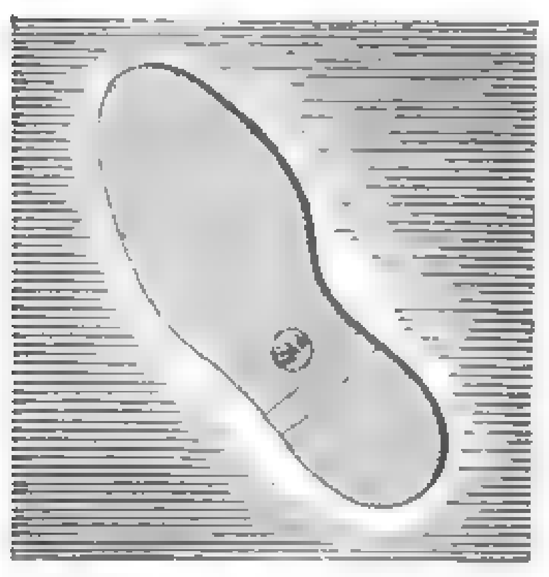

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The Postman Rings Four Times

Continued from page 187

going—and then running out in front of it.

Love and death also figure in *Sentimental Journey*. Honestly titled, this bonbon contains abundant sentiment for a round trip to the moon. Its theme of a bereaved husband, attempting to adjust to the loss of a well-loved wife, offers opportunities for honest dramatization. And the efforts of the wife to insure his solace after her death suggest equally touching material.

But the tear jerker Walter Morosco has produced for Fox is a bath of bathos. It stars Maureen O'Hara—though it is unfair to blame her for what happened, since she neither wrote, directed nor acted in the picture. Somebody should leave this lovely lady a lot of money, or elect her to Congress. Every time I review her films I hate myself in the morning. She is gracious and beautiful and one of the nicest girls in Hollywood, but she just can't act. When she was a baby, her mother probably couldn't get her to wave bye-bye unless she really was going some place.

On the other hand, John Payne, who is starred with her, acts incessantly, but it only makes matters worse. A literal-minded young man, he walks bowlegged when he is supposed to be carrying a heavy heart. He tells us, during one of the earlier sequences, that when a boy he didn't have the money to ride a swan boat in Central Park. Later, when the action shifts to the old family burying ground, we discover the reason. John's people believed in socking their dough into something solid like tombstones. There is enough monogrammed granite lying around to build a new post office for Bismarck, North Dakota. Doubtless this is the reason John wears smoked glasses while visiting his wife's lonely grave during the dismal days of autumn. As the heir to a tombstone fortune, he may have been afraid the sextons would pester him for autographs.

John is a hero who likes to have the heroine bring him breakfast in bed. What's more, he is accustomed to finding a full-blown rose tucked in the folds of his napkin. Fearing that death will interrupt this cute custom, Miss O'Hara adopts a good sturdy child (Connie Marshall) to keep up the standard of the room service after her demise.

The moral aspects of this might be worth considering. Has anyone the right to dedicate a young life to the comfort of an older one? The mortmain with which the wife seeks to fix her self-assumed obligations upon an orphan re-

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those few men in each community
who want a finer hat...
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HATTER
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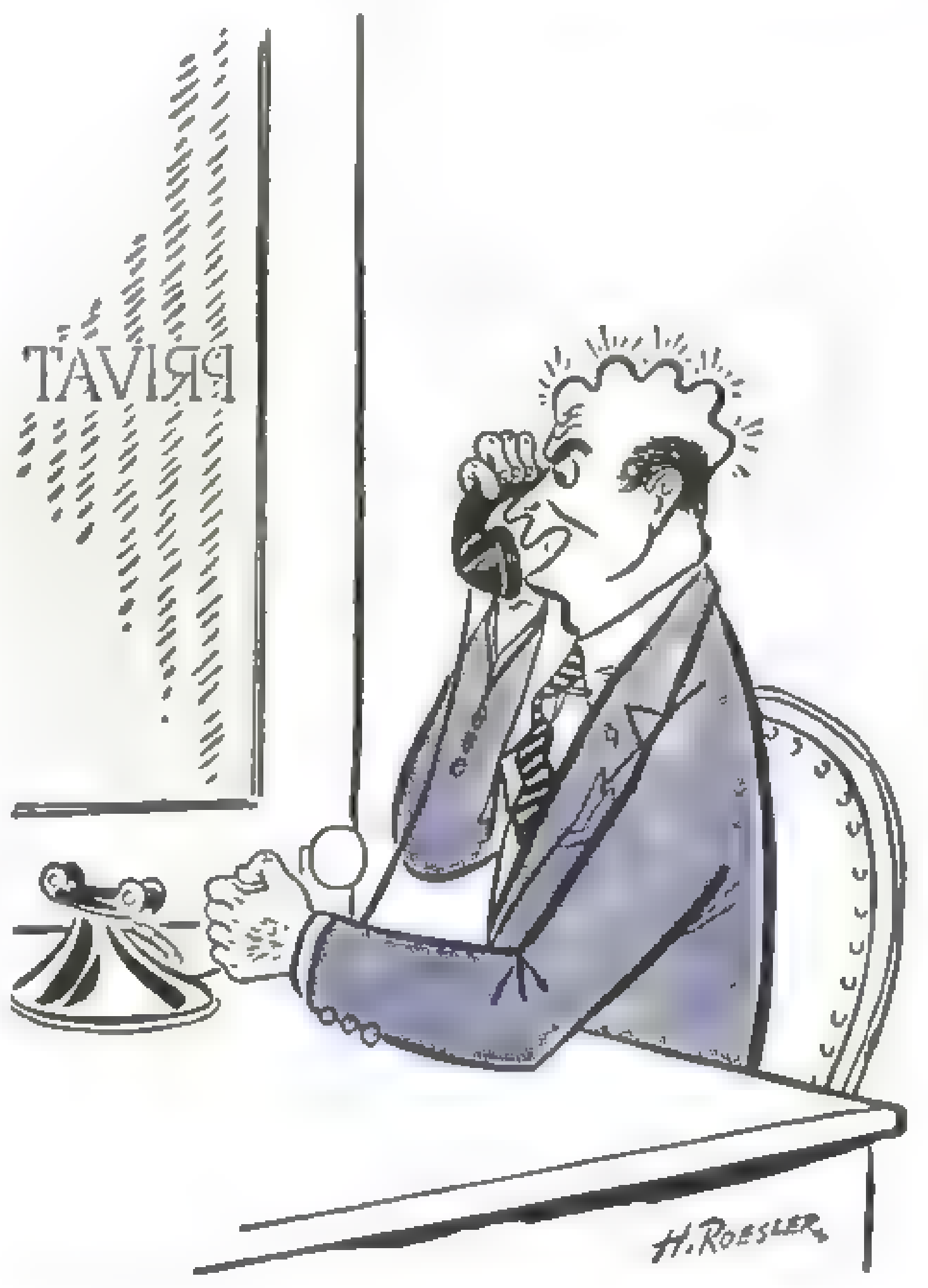
Disney, *Hatmaker since* 1885

minds one of the loving fireside chats which Torquemada preached to those whom he consigned to the flames. One of the most quietly tragic spectacles this country has to offer is the captured look on the faces of the young women who attend widowed mothers on the porches of summer hotels. It seems even more horrific for a dead hand to guide a little girl toward such sacrifice for the sake of an able-bodied man.



"Send me another secretary—and no more ex-riveters!"

If the orphan's role bore any resemblance to childhood, as it is known on this planet, the proceedings would be as grim as Macbeth's slumber party. But it's the phoniest characterization ever handed a young actress. Wee Miss Marshall couldn't have been naughty enough to justify this part as a punishment. Spanking would have been more humane. The unfortunate moppet is called upon to portray a youngster (presumably not a cretin) who mistakes Miss O'Hara for Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat, at their first meeting. The precocious tot has been so steeped in Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* at the orphanage that she also mistakes Mr. Payne, a run-of-the-mill theatrical producer, for Sir Launcelot. This confuses him, since cultural backgrounds of entrepreneurs are below those of foundlings.

Struggling to make her portrayal plausible, Miss Marshall employs the "I do love him! Oh, I do! I DO!" school of declamation, made famous by Margaret O'Brien. I hope this epidemic doesn't spread. Imitative elocution is a menace to the juvenile wildlife of this country. Some years ago, the kids started imitating Chester Morris in early gangster talkies. Whenever Chester was put on the spot he would swallow his palate and remonstrate: "Don't do it, Butch, don't do it—glug, glug—I want to live—glug—see—I want to take my girl out to Coney Island—glug—I want to take her on the scenic railway—I want to raise kids—glug—glug—See!"

Presently these gurglings were

Continued on page 190

the first pipe smoke!
the best pipe smoke!
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Sir Walter Raleigh's servant dashes water on his master, to "put out the fire." From an old print—*Bettman Archives.*

Sir Walter Raleigh, father of pipe smoking, never knew the pleasures of a Sterncrest pipe. Poor chap, he was born too soon to puff an LHS of genuine

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Why put up with flat drinks, when it's so easy to keep 'em sparkling with lively, tasty goodness? Canada Dry Water... unlike ordinary club sodas or carbonated tap waters... is scientifically made to *improve* your drinks. Original "Pin-Point Carbonation" insures a busy, bubbling life—to the last sip. And Canada Dry's exclusive formula *points up*—never drowns out—flavor.

Hereafter, don't just dilute your drinks with inferior mixers. Always use Canada Dry Water... and they'll sparkle longer, taste better.

MAKE DELICIOUS SOFT DRINKS AT HOME! Try mixing Canada Dry Water with fresh and canned fruit juices, and flavor extracts. Use it to make real Ice Cream Sodas, too!

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After Shave Lotion . . . Cologne Extraordinaire, dashing companions to his masculinity. So unobtrusive that he alone will enjoy them. Flask-type for traveling. At better stores everywhere.

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The Postman Rings Four Times

Continued from page 189

being echoed in every soda fountain in the country. Occasionally an esophagus got stuck, and this did much to end that wave of juvenile delinquency. Family life was restored as Junior writhed and bucked around the living room, while Mother fished down his throat with a buttonhook and Dad sat on his legs, reading the latest speech of Calvin Coolidge.

Eventually, Connie's existence in *Sentimental Journey* becomes further complicated when Miss O'Hara reappears as a ghost. Though her looks have been unimpaired by the grave, she is, if anything, a trifle dumber than she was in corporeal existence. She keeps giving the poor kid bum steers. These suggestions from the other world invariably get the child in bad with the widower. He's a little inclined to ham up his mourning anyway, and his dead wife sees to it that Time, the Great Healer, shall exert no calming influence on him. Whenever he shows signs of relaxing, the ghost sends Connie around with a rose in a napkin and he begins to moan and carry on again. Finally she gets the woebegone tot to stage a surprise party in their country place.

This is more than he can stand. For him the room is rich in memories. It will be for you, too. It's the same room in which Gene Tierney fell downstairs during her *enceinte terrible* in *Leave Her to All This and Heaven Too*. Vincent Price and Lynn Bari used it as a love nest in *Shock*. Ralph Bellamy carried his model up those very stairs in *Guest in the House*. Some say it's the same room in which Darryl Zanuck was born, but this undoubtedly is an exaggeration. If it were true, the windows would be obscured by a bronze tablet commemorating the event. If those old walls could talk—I wouldn't want to listen.

In this memory-filled bower, the surprise party is going rather badly when the ghost tells her small ally to flick on "our song" on the phonograph. Trade unions are getting stronger all the time, and the day isn't far off when the Screen Actors Guild will protect its members from appearing in plays with an "our song" in it. Listening to one requires too much wear and tear on the actor's emotion-tossed features. Mr. Payne's nose almost flies off as he listens to the melancholy chords. Pausing to snarl but briefly at the child, he slams out of the door. He just can't understand.

The only person who could explain matters to him is the family doctor, played by Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and he refuses to

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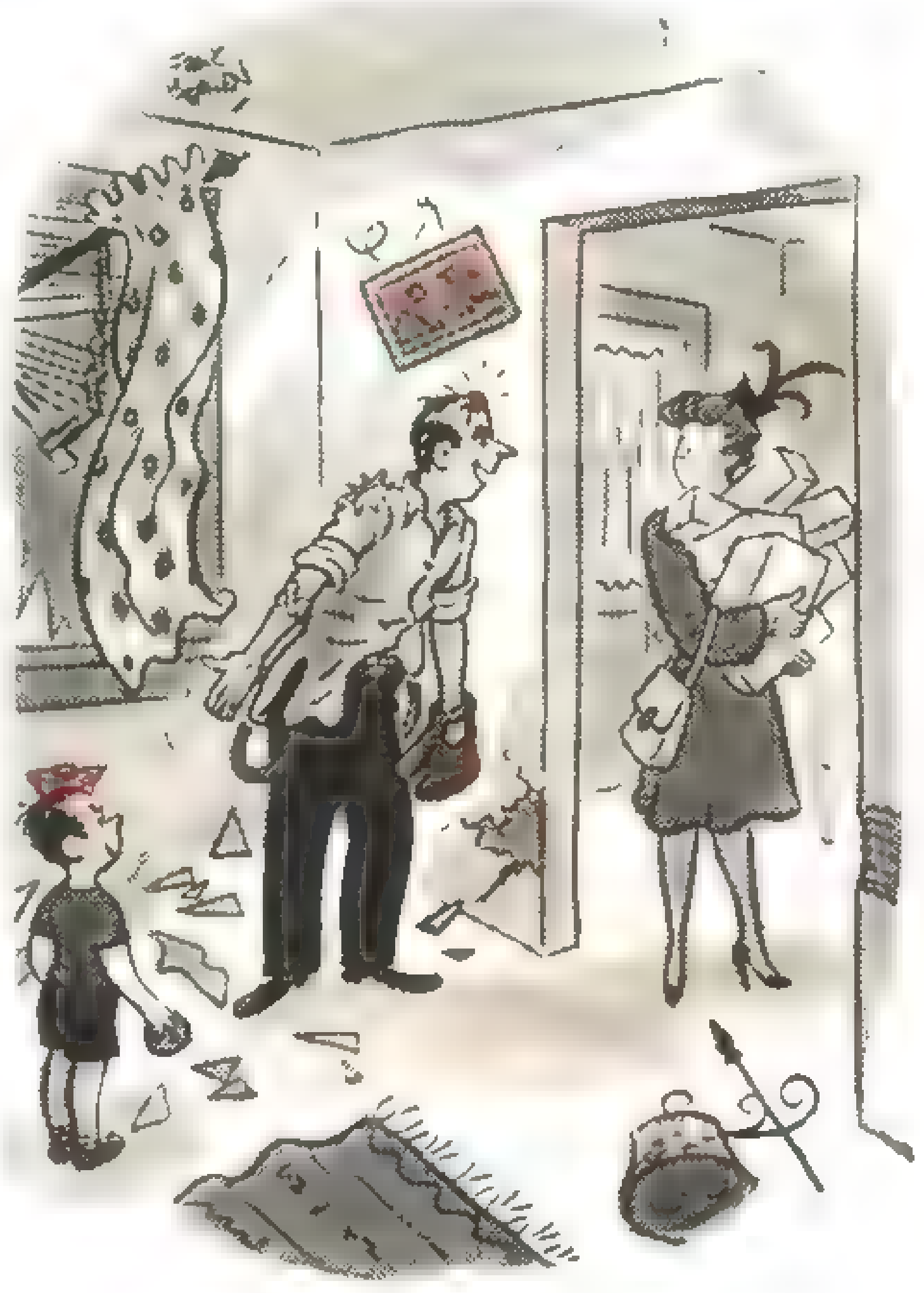
It *has* everything . . . it *holds* everything! Features a hand-turned edge . . . also a "pull out" billfold divider which doubles as an invisible safety pocket and can be used separately. Quality-crafted with that Swank touch of distinction you know so well. In Burgundy Cowhide, also black or brown Morocco.

come on. Sir Cedric has good reason. The make-up man who prepared the distinguished Britisher for this appearance evidently was trying to get even for the Boston massacre—by giving him a knotty pine complexion, ill-suited to Hardwicke's drawing room manner. Great circles are scattered amid Sir Cedric's features. He looks as though he'd passed out at a cocktail party, where careless guests parked wet glasses on his face.

So, despite his being the only one who knows what the ghost is up to, Sir Cedric absents himself from the remainder of the séance. This gives the wistful spirit a last crack at the child—and she makes the most of it. Her final interview with her adopted daughter occurs on a lonely beach while a storm is raging. This not only exposes Connie to the danger of croup, but it brings John Payne out in weather that is dreadfully inclement for a man who likes to eat breakfast in bed. Before the scene is over, both he and the little girl are damned near drowned. *Sentimental Journey* has a message for all of us. Ghosts should be barred from the Parent-Teacher Association. Hamlet was getting straight "A's" at Wittenberg till he started listening to the spook of his old man.



"Guess what, dear—Junior has developed a terrific hop on his fast ball"

The General Federation of Women's Clubs has endorsed *National Velvet* for child audiences, *Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe* for the family and *Hangover Square* for adults. To this instructive list, Esquire adds *Breakfast in Hollywood* as an educational film suitable for old men. It will teach them how to be charming to old women.

Any youth who has seen *Andy Hardy* knows that he can win the fairest bobbysoxer by sitting in a porch swing and talking about how great he is going to be someday. When hearts are young, love's old sweet song is keyed to promissory notes. And Edward Arnold has demonstrated that the mid-

Continued on page 192

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Middishade
BLUE SUITS

The Postman Rings Four Times

Continued from page 191

dle-aged heroine succumbs to a combination of *savoir-faire* and luxury. When a rare black pearl falls from his shirt front into a plate of oysters, the modern Diamond Jim Brady must remain nonchalant and eat it. This will delude his quarry into thinking he will not bellow too much over the grocery bill. So much for May and September.

But glamor for gaffers hasn't been charted. After three score and ten, the gastric juices can no longer cope with jewelry. And the guy who lolls around in a hammock at the Old People's Home is handicapped by the fact that ancient belles are apt to start snoring while he's daydreaming about his future. Other methods are needed to raise the octane of octogenarians.

It remained for Tom Breneman to supply them. And he did. He made a discovery that ranks with Galileo's. After infinite research, Tom learned that elderly ingénues invariably fall for the gay blade who becomes the life of the party by trying on women's hats. *Breakfast in Hollywood* shows him doing this. Tom will stick his head in anything. He even wears a hat of Hedda Hopper's—a test case for any cut-up. Hedda is the victim of a great frustration: she keeps buying wacky hats in the hope that, some day, her head will seem as silly as Louella Parsons'.

Of course, Tom didn't always consort with the great. There was a time when he couldn't have put his head into one of Hedda's cast-off shower caps. Like Edison and Columbus, he had his early struggles. He began his career as a West Coast radio announcer. With the unflinching joyfulness of his tribe, he achieved an undiscriminating ecstasy over corn flakes and soap chips, until an iron curtain rod fell upon the back of his neck—rendering him speechless. Specialists were baffled, unable to decide whether muteness in a broadcaster was an occupational disease or a national blessing. Tom and his wife set forth in their jalopy to consult an eastern clinic. Then, out in God's country, a miracle took place. Some quality in the scorching desert atmosphere restored the radio announcer's voice. Hot air does not desert its own advocates.

Destiny had saved him for better things. He fell in with an advertising genius named Ray Morgan. Mr. Morgan, who had combined sound psychology with shrewd salesmanship, to make Forest Lawn cemetery one of the most beautiful showplaces near Los Angeles. Grimness was am-

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IN THE HEART OF THE
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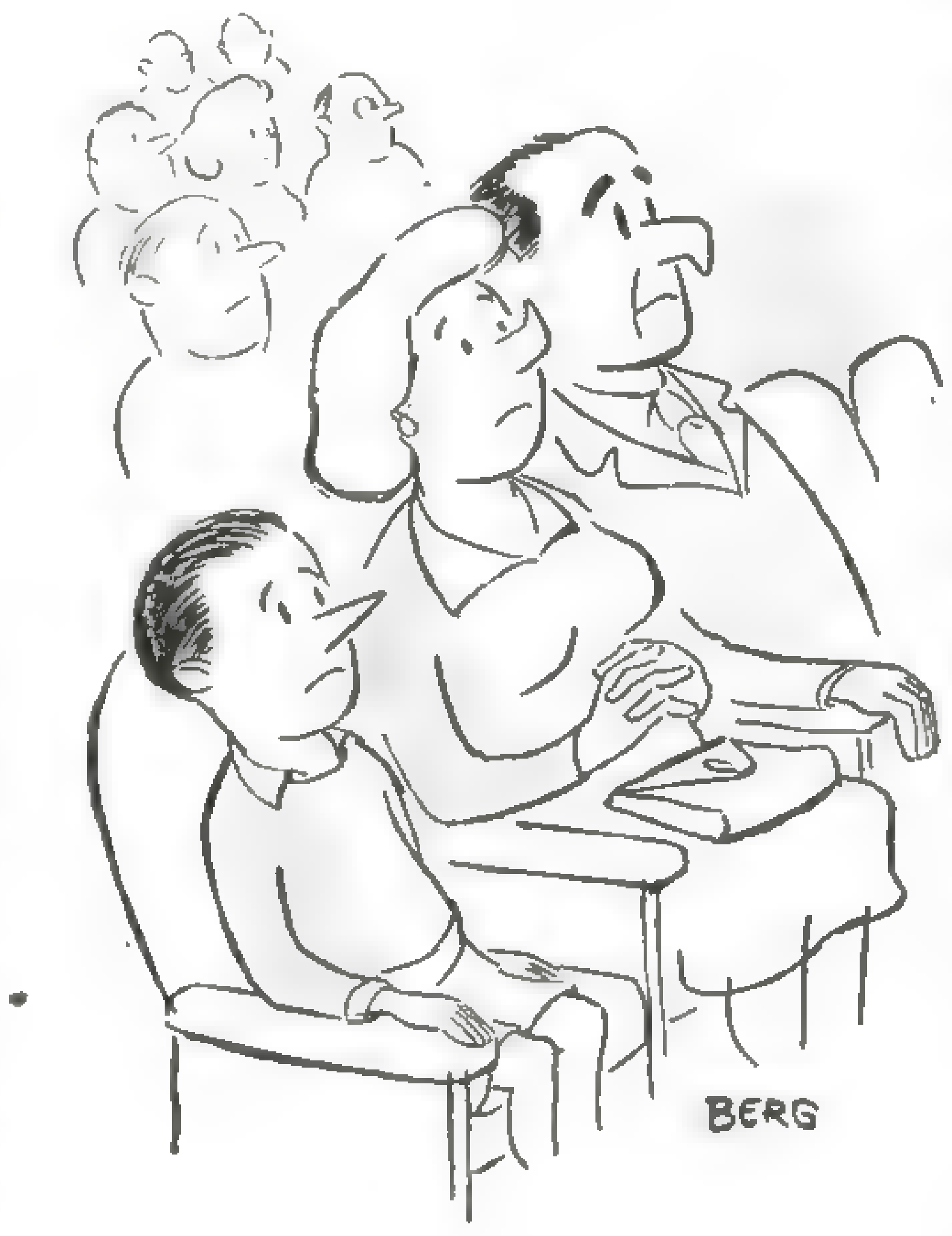
putated from the Grim Reaper. Headstones and the usual props of mortality were eliminated. Soon Forest Lawn became the biggest lot in Hollywood. Workers at Warners and Columbia cast longing eyes toward the tranquillity that prevailed there. Most people prefer a grave with a view.

With death thus put on a paying basis, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Breneman decided to see what they could do with old age—just the female half of it. Inviting some fifty "forgotten women" to be their studio audience, they started a radio program called *Breakfast at Sardi's*. The guests were treated to ham and eggs, but soon the old girls were acting as though they had been eating friskies.



From the first, the program featured schmaltz. The sentiment that oozed out from Tom's microphone was the sweetest syrup ever distilled from corn. Broadcasting while the nation's morning dishes were being washed, he knew just how hard he could make a woman laugh without causing her to break an egg cup. He geared his wit to a carpet sweeper pace. Kindliness seeped through the proceedings like splashed bath water through a dining room ceiling.

The female appetite for such high jinks was endless. Tom's broadcast became the biggest of the daytime radio programs. He changed the name to *Breakfast in Hollywood* and moved to a restaurant of his own. Located in the heart of Hollywood's smartest bowling alley district, it has become a sort of national shrine. Not only that—it provided the setting for one of the lousiest screenplays ever written.

Guy Fawkes would have sneered at the plot dreamed up by Earl Baldwin. Tom is introduced as a typical "Mr. Fix-it" who brings about the marriage of Edward Ryan and Bonita Granville. The young people play their parts with such flatness that this seems a favor to neither of them. Zasu Pitts, Raymond Walburn

Continued on page 194

Bring Talking Pictures Into Your Home

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See and hear what you want when you want it—through the new low-cost Amprosound "Premier 10" Projector. Right in your own living room you can put on professional quality performances—with brilliant pictures and superb tone quality. Ampro's centralized control system and many unusual features make it easy to set up—simple to operate. The large libraries of 16 mm. sound films assure you a continuous series of entertaining programs.

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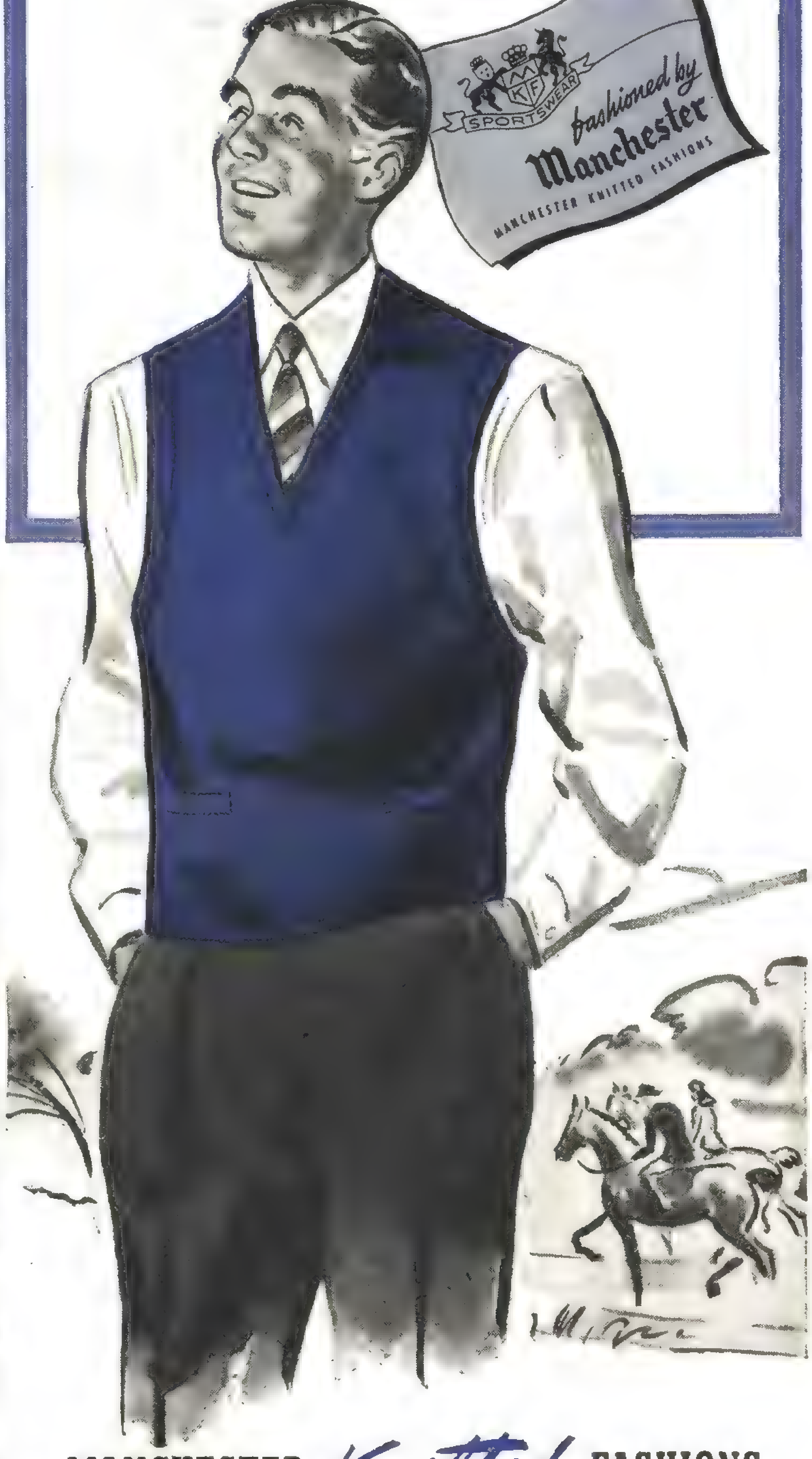

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Leading retailers now feature what thousands have waited for—the Rain Topcoat, of finely loomed super-fabrics that make one garment serve as two.

These fabrics in your favorite shade are soft-draping, rich to the touch, and retain their smartness for the life of the garment.

Moreover, they are showerproofed a unique way which permits the fabric, hence the body, to "breathe."

Men who want the distinction of fine tailoring, fine fabrics, and eminently correct style are selecting the Rain Topcoat by Rainfair. And they obtain full measure of utility in a garment that gives double duty rain or shine.

One for you is waiting at your retailer's. Ask for a Rainfair. Look for the label shown below.

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York . . . $12.50—(*at left*) Made from fine combed yarn gabardine. Trim fitting collar shaped to your neck line, raglan shoulders. Open-through pockets. Yoke and sleeve lining of strong, silky rayon. Colors: light olive and taupe.

Ziprain . . . $13.75—(*center*) Styled after the English manner. Softly draping gabardine of fine combed cotton yarn. Yoke and sleeve lining of strong silky rayon. Colors: bleached bone or light olive.

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The Postman Rings Four Times

Continued from page 193

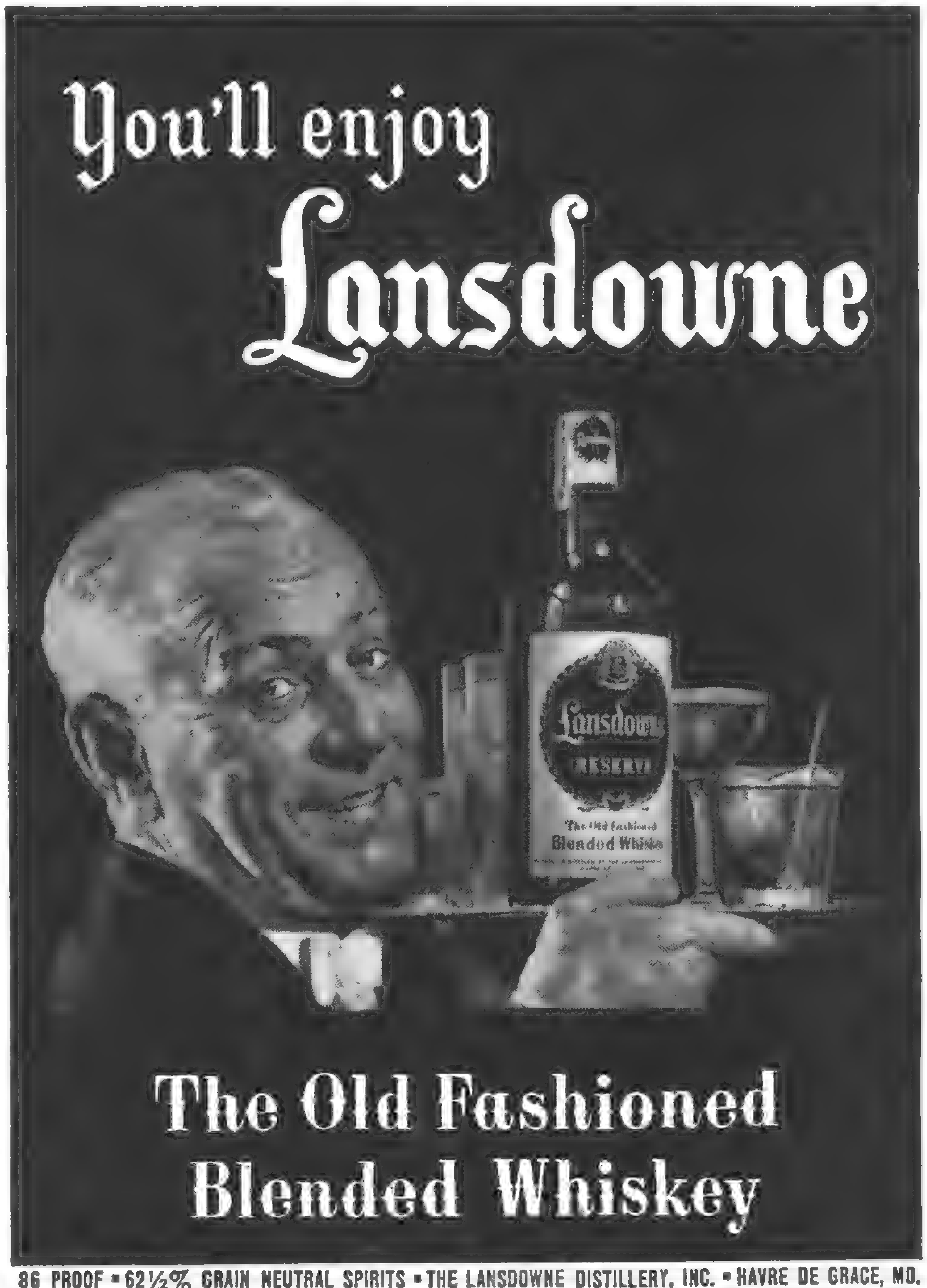
and Billie Burke should have performed for half-salary, since they weren't obliged to learn any new lines. All their comedy is warmed over from other pictures. From a dramatic standpoint, there isn't a mediocre scene in *Breakfast in Hollywood.* But, God—how the audience would welcome one!

However, as a study of an able comedian's technique with a vast and important audience, *Breakfast in Hollywood* has its fascinations. Beulah Bondi is excellent as a toil-worn Breneman fan. It's a lucky guy who has an aunt like Miss Bondi sitting in the shade of his family tree. Her beaming happiness makes the picture's broadcast as homey as a quilting bee. There's something appealing about a simple soul who is so easily pleased. The mama's boy quality in Andy Russell's singing makes him an ideal guest star. The King Cole Trio gives out with some good licks, even though their rhythms may be a little fast for a harpsichord audience. And, I'm afraid Beulah would take a hairbrush to Spike Jones and his brash City Slickers if the producer weren't paying her.

Films publicizing the table-d'hôte benevolence of restaurant proprietors are ordinarily hard to take. After you've paid hot cash for cold food, it's a trifle patronizing for the Earl Carroll girls to chant, "with Mr. Carroll's kind permission, we'll now give you a show." And Sherman Billingsley (portrayed by Bill Goodwin), isn't exactly lovable as he prowls the sets of *The Stork Club,* loudly and tactlessly presenting free perfume to visiting actresses. When that film's unhappy Marine hero remarks (and with good reason) "I've had my eyes opened," the aggressive Billingsley snarls back, "How would you like them closed?"

Robert Golden, who produced *Breakfast in Hollywood,* had the taste to keep Breneman from appearing more aristocratic than the late King Alfonso or more valiant than the United States Marine Corps. He shuns other Stork Club dexterities. Some months ago, truth seemed more amazing than fiction, when the real Billingsley illustrated in a *Life* layout how he signals to his hirelings which guests are to be favored, and which should be relegated to remote tables. Back on the Main Stem this may be great publicity, but it would get him lynched west of the Pecos.

Most of the pilgrims to Breneman's restaurant would set Sherman wig-wagging with both ears. They are middle-aged or elderly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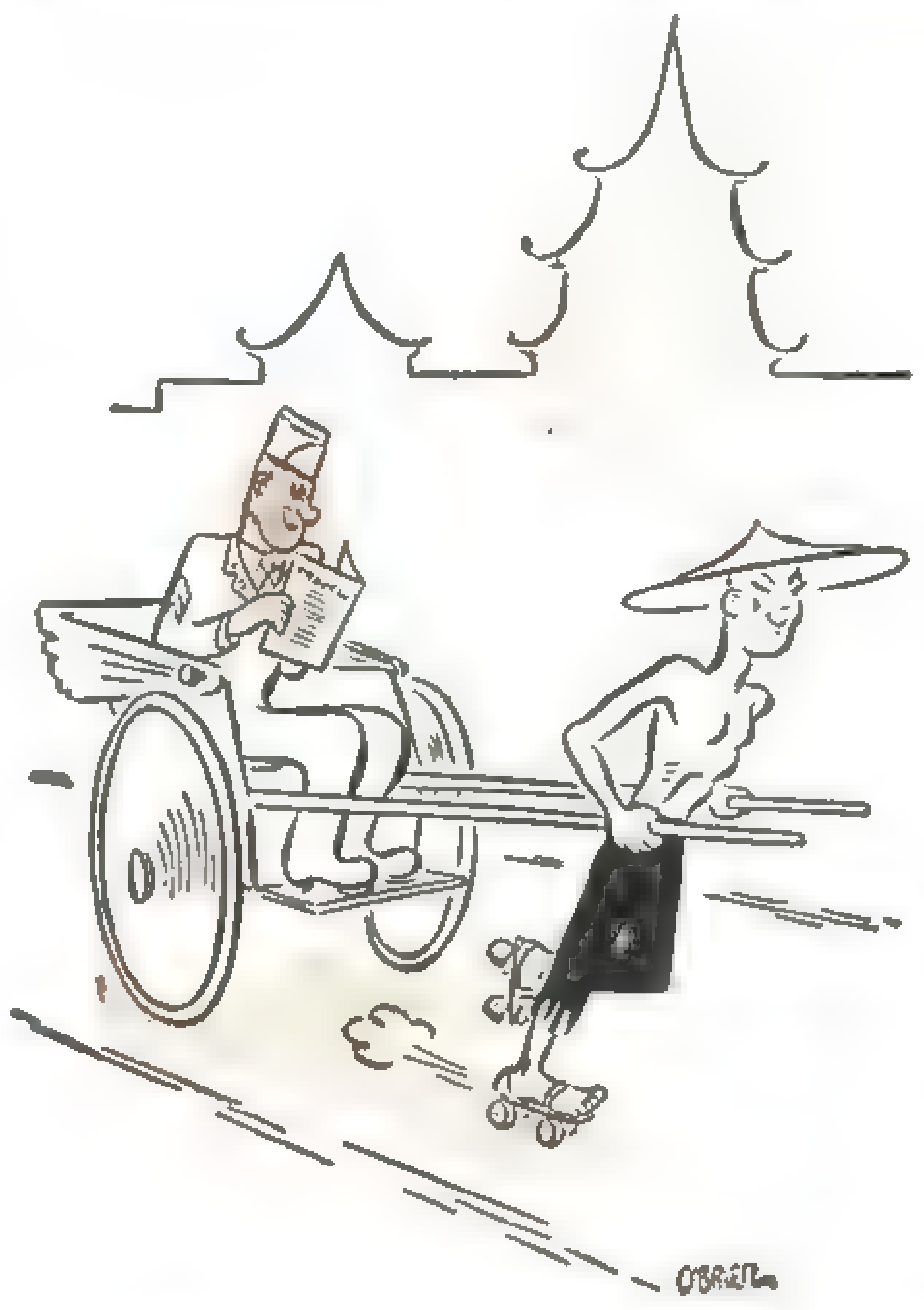
housewives, who look upon this moment as a big event in their lives. Tom's audience is the star of his air show. He's just the inquiring reporter who brings out a wife's eye view of America. As such, Tom is the sole organizer of our only ignored labor front. Wives cook our meals, wash our shirts, cure our ills, raise our children and draw no salaries. You can hardly call it time and a half for overtime when hubby gives her two dollars and says, "Buy yourself a new hat, dear. I want you to look like other women."

The only future many women can look forward to is old age. Tom tries to make it glamorous and important. He lets them brag a little about their children. And at every show two orchids are handed out. One goes to the oldest woman present. The other is air-mailed to some homebody whose friends have recommended her as a "good neighbor."

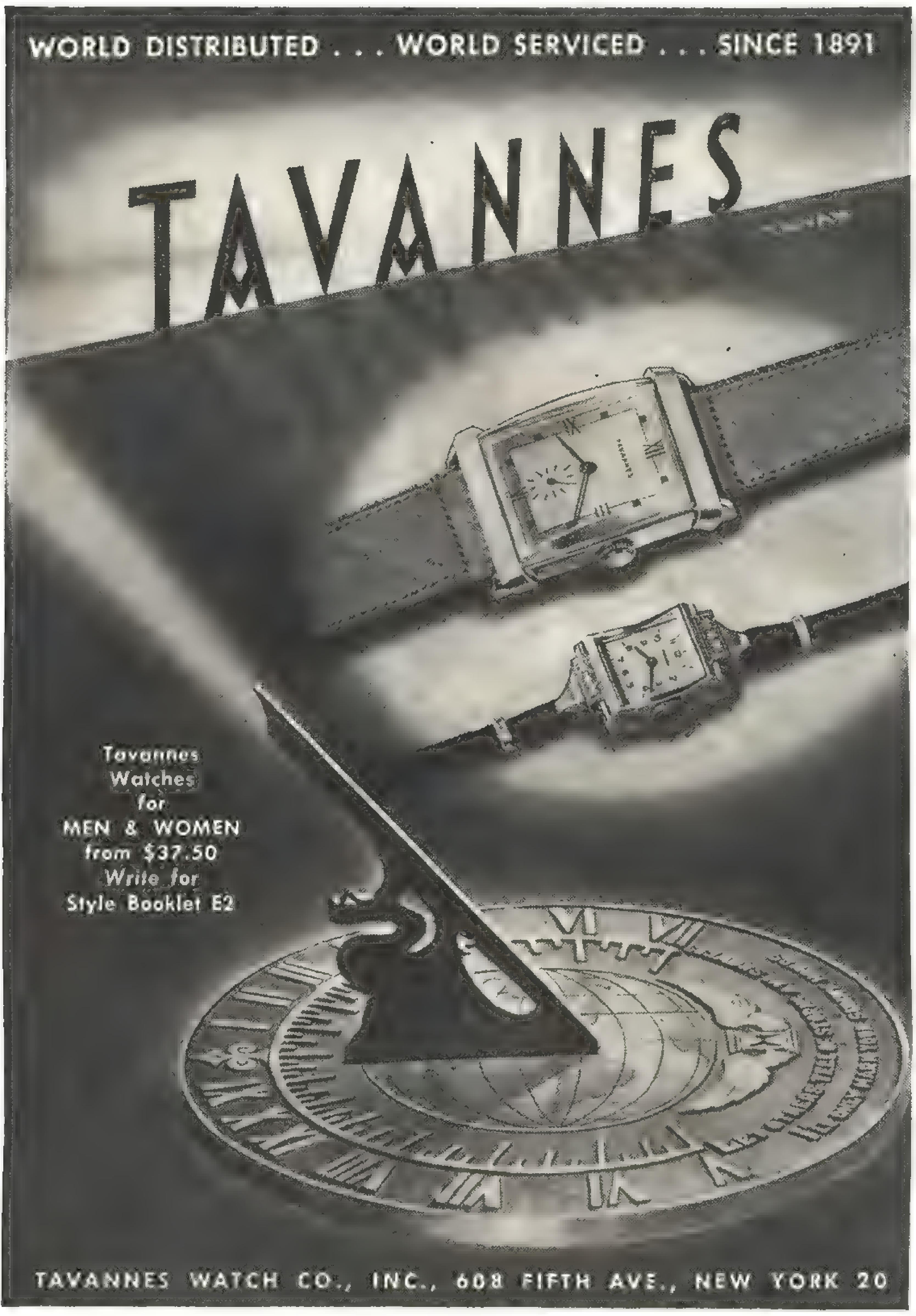
Often a genuine heartthrob is uncovered by this bit of kindly hokum. Most of the recipients never have owned an orchid. Several times this "good neighbor" orchid has been the last tribute to a dying friend, paid by poor women who had no other way of showing their respect and admiration.



Perhaps it's naïve to sentimentalize over elderly housewives. Perhaps it's more naïve to knock them. Philip Wylie, in his *Generation of Vipers* urges us to love all mankind, and suggests that we begin by hating our mothers. He was infuriated by an infantry formation spelling out "Mom" on the parade ground. Maybe the doughfeet were being corny. Maybe they also were being corny when they deliriously called for their mothers in the dressing stations at Salerno and in the hospital ships of Saipan. Or maybe Mr. Wylie was being corny. Debunking old women is a sure-fire way to public attention. But there must be a better way.

Tom Breneman has found it. Giving orchids to weary housewives seems more worthwhile than giving perfume to actresses who have the money to buy it anyway. ⌗

Continued from page 64



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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

wearing no man's collar

I am momentarily casting off my role as the quietly nauseated observer, to take violent exception to a couple of degenerate and inane statements made on page 129 of your April edition by a cretin writing under the name of O. E. Schoeffler.

The first of these two sartorial astrology readings was: "Whenever you see a man on the street without a hat, no matter whether he is wearing a topcoat or just a suit, you can put him down as an adult infantilist." I should personally "put him down" as perhaps the only individual on that particular street. The hat has come down through the ages as the symbol for those with an underdeveloped personality—those whose strength must be derived from identification with a group. There have been only three times to my knowledge when I deemed it necessary to burden my scalp with a "hat." As a child, too young and undeveloped to have the desire or physical strength to do anything about it; as an enlisted man in the late war, when by the illogical tyranny of the Army's dictators I was forced upon several occasions to don a ridiculous and thoroughly useless cloth cap to emphasize the brilliance of their brass ones; the third use is to keep excessive grease out of my hair when I find it necessary to explore and repair the obstreperous mechanisms underneath the chassis of my automobile.

"A sport shirt opened at the neck may seem very what-a-man and may also be cool. However its wearer is not completely dressed." If being completely dressed means that a man must go about in public with a repulsive piece of knotted chromatic rag noosed about his neck, I would rather be seminude. I'd rather be the despair of Brooks Brothers and the scourge of Cluett & Peabody, than humiliate my flesh to please the perverted tastes of those who consider the binding of the book of superior importance to its contents.

It is time that men removed from their shoulders the chain-mail mantle of convention in dress. Comfort, neat and tasteful appearance are the *summum bonum* of dressing.

N. Paul Bosted

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dutch uncle

A few days ago the December and January issues of Esquire reached me in this remote part of the world, bringing me not only the usual excellent articles, color photographs, cartoons, short stories (not always excellent) and what not, but, the paintings of J. Frederick Smith. Excellent!

It is sheer delight to study his paintings of that adorable creature called woman. They are a short story in itself.

As much as I am delighted with Frederick Smith's paintings, just as much I dislike the color photographs of actors.

You probably think that the average male is just simply going nuts from longing to see in what sort of clothes male actors walk about. There's only one inhuman, devilish, malicious, cruel intention in printing these color photographs of Hollywood and stage actors in Esquire—the editors of Esquire sud-

---

They're Back!

Although production is still sharply limited by available materials, we are once more permitted to put into Glover Pajamas all the famous pre-war, exclusive features that made Tailored Man Pajamas unique. Here are pajamas that really fit . . . no more bedtime bowlegs . . . no droopy shoulders . . . no safety pin adjustment at waist. Here's tailoring we're *proud* of. Not many Glover Tailored Man Pajamas are available yet—but more are coming. Look for them at the finer stores.

H. B. Glover Co., Dubuque, Iowa

QUALITY SINCE 1856

Tailored Man Pajamas by Glover

denly want to pester us; want to vex us with these grinning, smiling pans of Hollywood's glamor boys; want to hurt our sensitive male feelings; want to make us realize what ugly, plain, homely mugs we ordinary guys have!

We have always found a deep, sincere understanding in fate of the male species of mankind in Esquire, the only magazine, which ever since I bought my first issue at an Amsterdam newsstand on the Damrak in 1935, carefully avoided to hurt our delicate feelings and never brought us face to face with the hard *visual* facts of life. Esquire only gave us these glamor boys in caricature and like.

Then BANG! We get these photographs thrown into our faces.

Now why do you want to pester us? Why do you so suddenly want to develop an inferiority complex in us? Did we ordinary guys do something wrong?

P. Rudy Zeeman
2nd Lieut. R.N.E.I. Army
Soemba, N. E. I.

author's rebuttal

In the March number of your department J. C. Henneburger declares that I made some mistakes about Howard P. Lovecraft in my article on him, *Ten-Cent Ivory Tower*, though he does not state what mistakes I made. What irks him, it appears, is that I hinted there was a Lovecraft cult. That, he argues against. Well, a man in his own defense may not be as good as when he calls in a witness. W. Paul Cook was Lovecraft's best friend and severest critic over many years, and this is what he says on that cult idea, in a little privately printed magazine called *Ghost*:

"The best thing that can happen to the memory and the future reputation and real standing of Howard P. Lovecraft is to have his admirers, disciples, acolytes, devotees get at least one foot on the ground. At present they are floating or suspended in some manner in the rarefied air of the empyrean with nothing substantial to get hold of, or have their noses so closely pressed to the ground in the attitude of worship that they are blinded to all real values. As one of the idolators writes me: 'Lovecraft is almost a god to me.'

"Irreparable harm is being done to Lovecraft by indiscriminate and even unintelligent praise . . . I am afraid that what is due him has been entirely lost sight of, and that the only thing seen is the market for everything he wrote. So wide a circulation of even his worst stuff, and his worst was pretty bad, coupled with the assurance that it is the work of a master, is certain to have a definite reaction, and a very unfavorable one, as he comes to the notice of those whose knowledge of literary values is not blinded or stultified by personal friendship and unquestioning worship."

When there is a cult you can't just please the worshippers. Cook warned me. Well, members of a little cult can certainly be exasperating—but I think my friend Cook expresses it perfectly.

John Wilstach
Rhinebeck, N. Y.

and truth is beauty

In answer to Petre VanMetre's letter. . . .

To say that Lee Wiley's Jazz is *subtle*, and not purely *sensual*, seems to be verging on the screwball—which the Art has been having trouble with lately —Really, Pete. . . . Jazz and Verdi are Jazz and Verdi, and Bach is Bach. Let's not get back on the apologizing-for-Jazz kick! . . .

Gordon McNamee
Annapolis, Maryland

Continued on page 198

All over the world the watchword is
HOMIS
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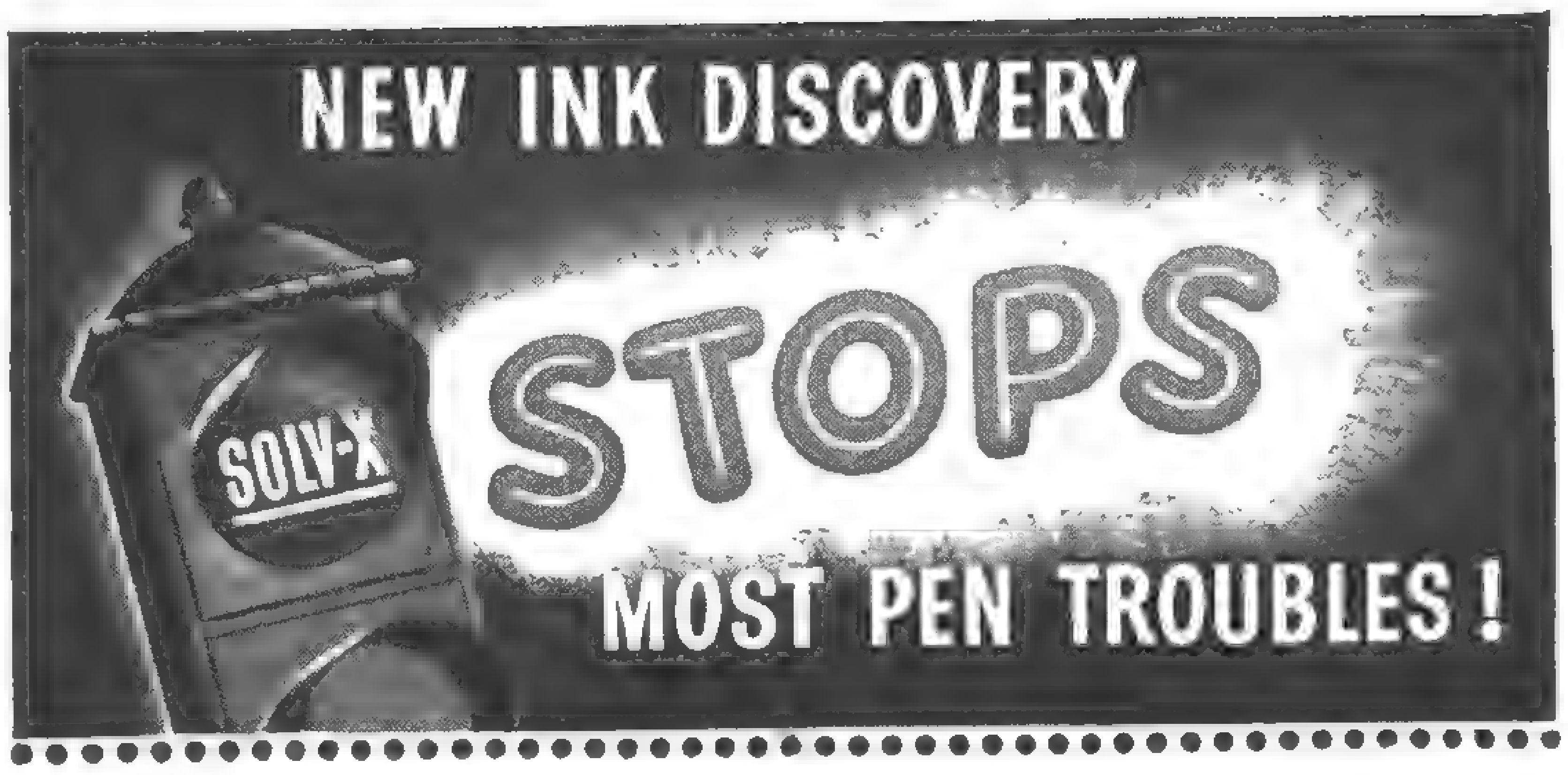
All over the world . . .
discerning people

Look to Homis

. . . a name internationally famed for five decades of watchmaking genius and designing skill. At better jewelry and department stores.

HOMIS WATCH CO. • *Manufacturers of fine timepieces since 1898* • Switzerland • Los Angeles, Calif.



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"EVERY DROP OF QUINK CONTAINS SOLV-X—PROTECTS PENS!"

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Sweet flowing and brilliant —no wonder he's pleased with Parker Quink! And Dad's just one of millions who now prefer pen-protecting Quink with magic *solv-x*. What's more, Quink costs not a penny more than ordinary inks!

Solv-x in Parker Quink protects pens 4 ways:

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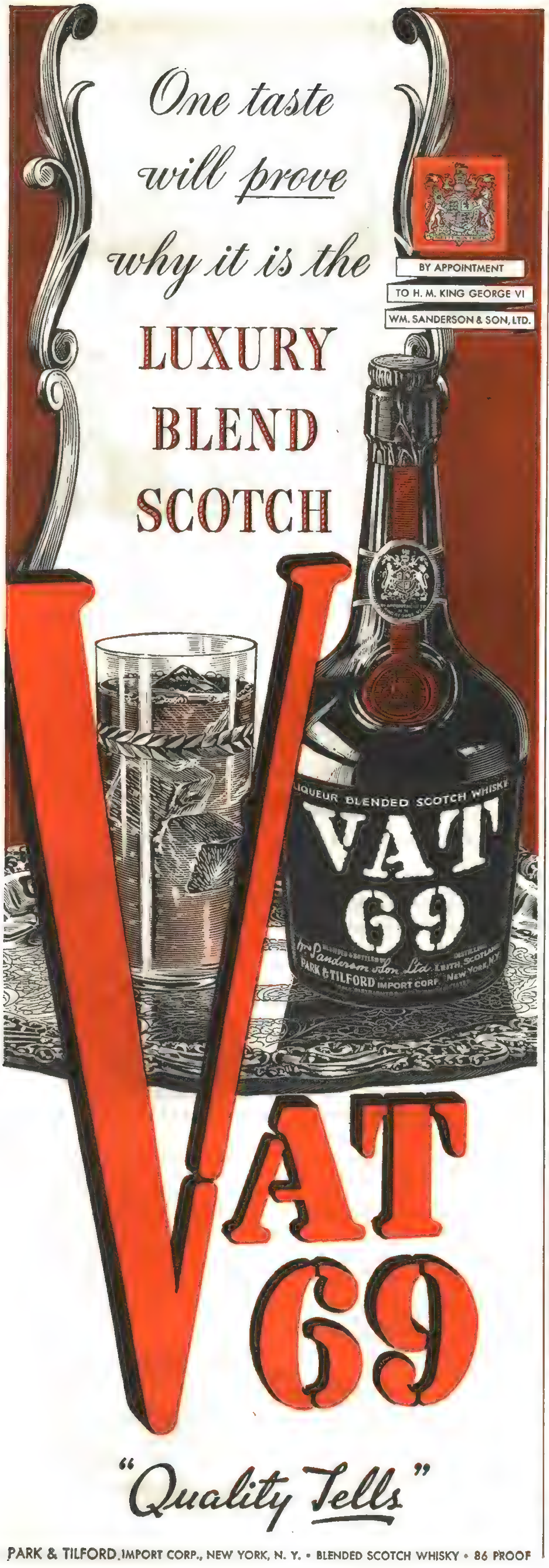

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 197

remembrance of Tahiti

Many thanks to Sidney Carroll for his very true and accurate story entitled "Mr. Simpson of Tahiti" which was featured in your April issue. We were fortunate enough to visit this island paradise during the summer of last year and we possess many fond memories of Tahiti and its people.

Shortly after the Japanese war ended we embarked upon a search for survivors among many South Sea islands. Due to the kindness of our officers we spent a three day recreation period at Papeete, which is the capital of Tahiti. Perhaps one reason that we received the reception we did was due to the fact that we were the first American vessel to visit Tahiti since the very early days of the war. Carroll pointed out that the hum of activity in Papeete centers around Quinn's. To this we can attest. We furnished Quinn's with a type of entertainment that we're sure they hadn't had in quite some time. Whether it was due to Quinn's very fine beer or the wonderful Tahiti wine we haven't decided. At any rate Quinn's was turned into a combination Club Zanzibar and Stork Club during our stay.

The bicycles of Papeete were used for many refreshing trips into the surrounding countryside. The Polynesian people were very cordial to us and we in turn to them.

The beautiful Tahitian moon beamed down upon many interested Polynesian and American couples. We recall having seen an elderly man and his bicycle whose description would answer that of Mr. Simpson's. However, there were quite a few island residents who could have been identified as Mr. Simpson.

Van R. Peters RM1/C
Rex L. Carter RDM2/C
Neal B. Hendrickson SOM3/C
Green Cove Springs, Fla.

praise loudly

I am now finishing off three years in the service with the Army, and I feel it an obligation to tell you how much Esquire has meant to me during my time in the service. I am not in the habit of writing fan letters that bubble over with praise, as a matter of fact, I have often felt that these letters are put up jobs; but I have no choice in this matter. I just have to write in praise of Esquire.

First of all, I want to praise your wonderful cartoon material. The jokes about the war have been topnotch. Secondly, I would like to throw a bouquet to the writers of Esquire's fiction stories. They really have done a terrific job.

And I can't tell you how much it meant to read the articles about clothes and men's apparel. There were times when we didn't know if we would ever get to wear any of it again, but it always was reassuring to glance through Esquire. It always came as a morale booster. That used to be one of our hobbies: picking ourselves wardrobes from Esquire.

Once again thanks for the best job a magazine has done during the war years.

Richard L. Gelb
Tampa, Fla.

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blame softly

Last August you cut out all but one of the full-page photographs you use in Esquire and started putting them in a corner of a page.

I meant to write you before but hoped in time there would have been enough protests to cause you to revert to the old form.

If it was done to effect a saving of paper I fail to see why you could not have picked on the cartoons instead of the full page photographs for your reduction. I don't think anyone would object to cutting them to a quarter or half-page size, for it doesn't take away any of their value but it does on the photographs.

I certainly hope you will restore these photographs as you had them in issues prior to last August.

J. B. Chappell

Philadelphia, Pa.

a foster home for Esky

It was only today that I heard the good news: "letters can be sent to the U. S. from Hungary again." You can imagine how glad I was to hear it! It means that after the long years of war I may hope to read your fine magazine: "The Esquire" again. During those terrible years of war I missed the reading of the Esquire beyond any expression.

Before the war I spent four years in the U. S. as "a bona fide student" at the universities of Chicago and Princeton. In those years the Esquire was my best friend. I used to read it regularly.

Right now being back at my home-country by this time as a poor pastor of an even poorer, small, rural congregation I have no means of having your fine magazine sent to me at my own cost. Owing to the war, my home is in ruins. While I was kept in a concentration camp all my books and reading material had been lost. So it may easily be understood that how dear and valuable would Esquire be to me if some subscriber could send me his copies after he has read them. It would keep me in touch with the most significant current thoughts of the U. S., that beloved and admired country of yours.

Geza Lorincze

Sellye, Baronya V. M.
Hungary

critics' critique

Normally I don't bother reading and, particularly, writing letters to the editors but in this case I'd like to express my appreciation of Esquire's new policy in the "Jazz Section"—

I was very pleased to pick up the January issue and read Charles Edward Smith's intelligent article on Joe Sullivan. I don't know whether or not Feather will be back (could he be out looking for Jazz, which he's ignored almost completely so far?) but I hope C. E. Smith is a permanent substitute. Smith has been writing about and criticizing jazz for quite a while now and his articles have always been detached and not those of the promoting press agent.

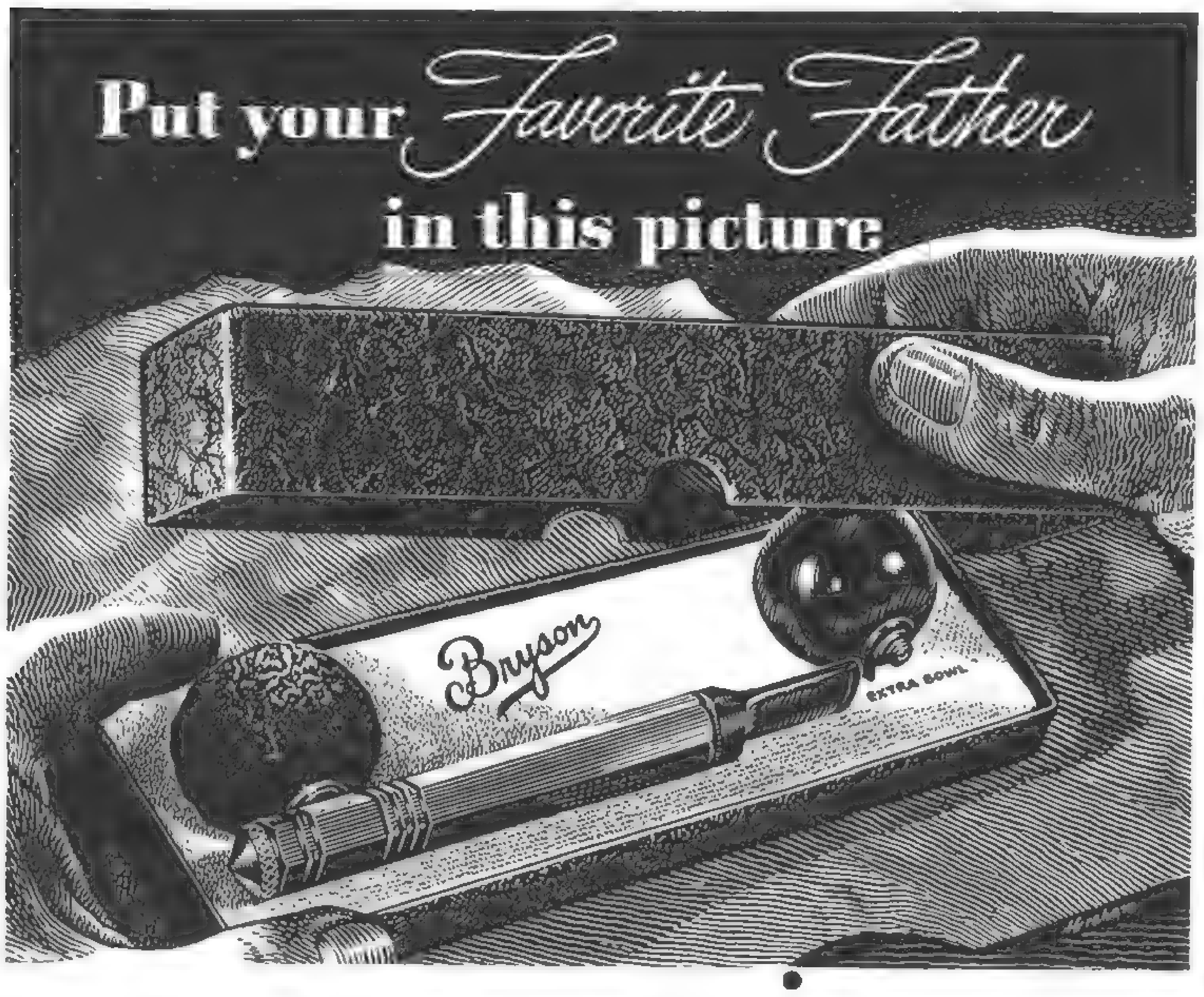
Re a recent letter by a Sgt. Compton concerning Feather's policies on commercial and popular music. True, the Miller and James bands are commercial, beautifully arranged, and precision outfits but did they play Jazz or Swing? If Jazz is improvized and free, then their bands (as well as the L. F. small riff bands) are commercial swing bands, not jazz bands.

Thank you—and more power to Esquire and Smith.

Richard S. Sears

Aifu, Japan

Continued from page 10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Man in Space

Continued from page 82

tor. "He can't have gone along that. He'd never have got 'round the corner."

"Must 've," said the inspector brusquely. "There's no other way."

Milne leaned out and shouted, "Lucian!" His voice cracked. He saw a white flicker as the policeman below looked up. There was no reply. He cleared his throat and shouted, "Lucian! This is Felix Milne. Can you hear me?" He waited a long time, but all he heard was a distant clanging.

The sergeant said, "That's the fire people."

"Shut up!" said Milne, still listening tensely.

After a long pause he drew his head in and said, "Not a sound. I think he must have heard, don't you?"

"It was just the same when I tried it," said the sergeant.

Milne said, "I'll have one more go." He leaned out again and was about to call when he heard a sound. It seemed almost uncannily near—a queer, muffled, choking noise. For a moment he could not understand what it was. Then he recognized it. He gulped suddenly and began to shout, "It's all right, old boy! Hang on a minute. I'm coming to you."

He turned back into the room and said, "Get me a rope down from the roof. I'm going 'round."

"Now, listen," said the inspector.

Milne said, "God damn and blast it. Get me a rope or I'll go without it. Can't you hear me?"

A bell clanged below.

The sergeant said, "Here we are. They'll have ladders. Let's go down."

The sun was just rising and the top of the building was in sunshine. Just below the rim of the shadow, Lucian still sat in the same position. The top of the ladder was only a few feet from him but he had not looked around.

The fireman looked at Milne curiously and asked, "Ever been up one of these things before?"

Milne shook his head.

"Well, the main thing is to go slow and steady. Remember, it's a long way up. Stop and rest when you feel like it. Keep your head up and don't try to look at your feet. You'll be all right as long as you take it steady. Hook on your belt when you stop." He turned to the inspector. "Be better really if he had someone behind him, y'know."

"He says not," said the inspector briefly.

"He's more likely to come if it's only me," said Milne.

"As you like," said the fireman, shrugging.

"Okay, sir," said the inspector

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without enthusiasm. "It's all yours. But for goodness' sake don't get too close to him. Not where he can reach you. You keep out of reach and you'll be all right. We've got him taped from down here if he tries to do any shooting."

Milne nodded, wiped the palms of his hands on his trousers and walked forward. At the foot of the ladder he turned his head and said to the inspector, "I'll try to get him to come down. If he won't, I'll try to keep him talking while somebody else gets up. I still think it'd be better from the roof."

As he started, he heard the inspector mutter savagely to the fireman, "Now, if he doesn't fall off and break his bloody neck or get a bullet in him, we're just about as far as we were before he started."

"He may do the trick," said the fireman cheerfully. "He's got guts to try, anyhow," he added in a lower voice.

"Oh, he's got guts," said the inspector moodily. "But the other bloke's got a gun."

* * *

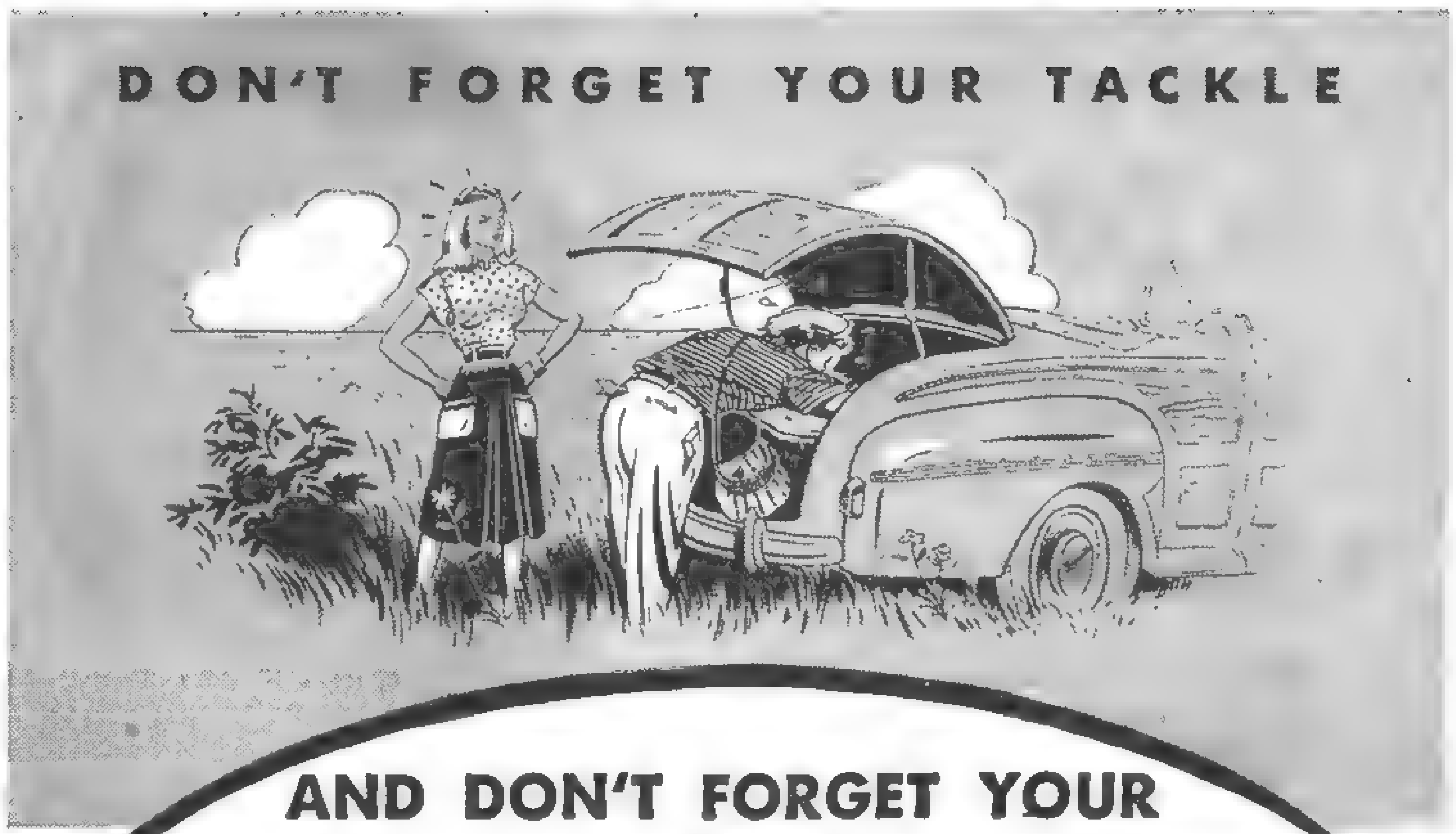
He had always been afraid of heights and climbing, and for a man of his moderate size and weight he was clumsy. Being afraid, he kept his body in too close to the ladder, so that there was no room for his knees to bend as he climbed. He had to bring his feet out and around with an awkward, splayfooted movement. The temptation to look down to see that his foot was firmly on the next rung was strong, but he remembered the warning and kept his head rigidly level as he climbed.

It was frightening to look straight ahead. Always before when he had climbed a ladder, the wall had been comfortingly close. This time it was far away. He was alone in space. He had not reckoned with the ladder being so far from the wall. It brought a sudden qualm of helplessness and sickness, and in desperation he threw his head back and looked upwards. The rungs of the ladder rushed away from him in frightening perspective. But looking upwards he could forget his awkwardly-groping feet, and at the top, just to the left, he could see the foreshortened black square of Lucian's back, which steadied him slightly.

He was between the second and third floors now. Despite the fireman's warning, he had climbed as quickly as he could, and he was beginning to pant. Once he did not raise his foot far enough, and his toe kicked against the rung, sending a jar through his whole body as he tightened up convulsively. His thigh muscles shook as he shifted the weight from one leg to another, and he stopped for a moment to rest.

This was a mistake. He was level with the top of the third floor windows, and instinctively his eye followed along the face of the building and down to the

Continued on page 202



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Man in Space

Continued from page 201

ground below. He grunted with terror and shut his eyes, leaning his body closely against the ladder. For a moment nothing seemed to work, and he seemed suspended by his hands as they clung convulsively to the ladder. But his mind slowly came back from the space beneath him, and he could tell himself that there was no more danger of falling than there had been in the first half-dozen rungs, and that what he was doing was just walking up a safe, strong ladder.

Still it was difficult to start again, because he did not want to open his eyes or shift his hands from their cramped hold. He was safe enough if he did not move, but if he moved he was sure he would fall.

He did not want to go down again.

He only wanted to stay still and safe with his eyes shut. His feet were all right, and he shifted one up to the next rung. His hands moved up automatically, and so did the next foot, and then he realized that he got on just as well with his eyes shut. He went on like that, counting the rungs as he climbed.

He had counted fifty since he stopped and he knew he must be near the top. The ladder was whipping a little now and his hands were aching dully but he was quite all right—far better than he had been before. The only trouble was that he dared not stop and open his eyes. He had a grotesque vision of climbing conscientiously right to the top and then off into space with his eyes shut.

He heard some sort of shout from the ground and knew he must be near, and threw back his head and opened his eyes, still climbing. He was close to the wall and there was a buttress with pigeon droppings all over it, and about ten feet above him was Lucian's back. His black overcoat looked green and shabby because the sun was full on it now. He was sitting quite still with his head in his hands.

Milne felt drunk, but not at all frightened and rather happy. He said, "Lucian."

Lucian said, "Yes?" without moving.

"This is Felix."

"Yes."

Milne said, "I've come to get you down. There's nothing to worry about. I'm going to look after you."

"Yes," said Lucian. He still hadn't moved.

"I'll stay here with you, and they'll send up and get both of us."

He suddenly realized that he didn't know quite how. He said foolishly, "You're all right, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Lucian again. He took his head from his hands and sat up, but did not turn 'round. Then he said, "It was the only

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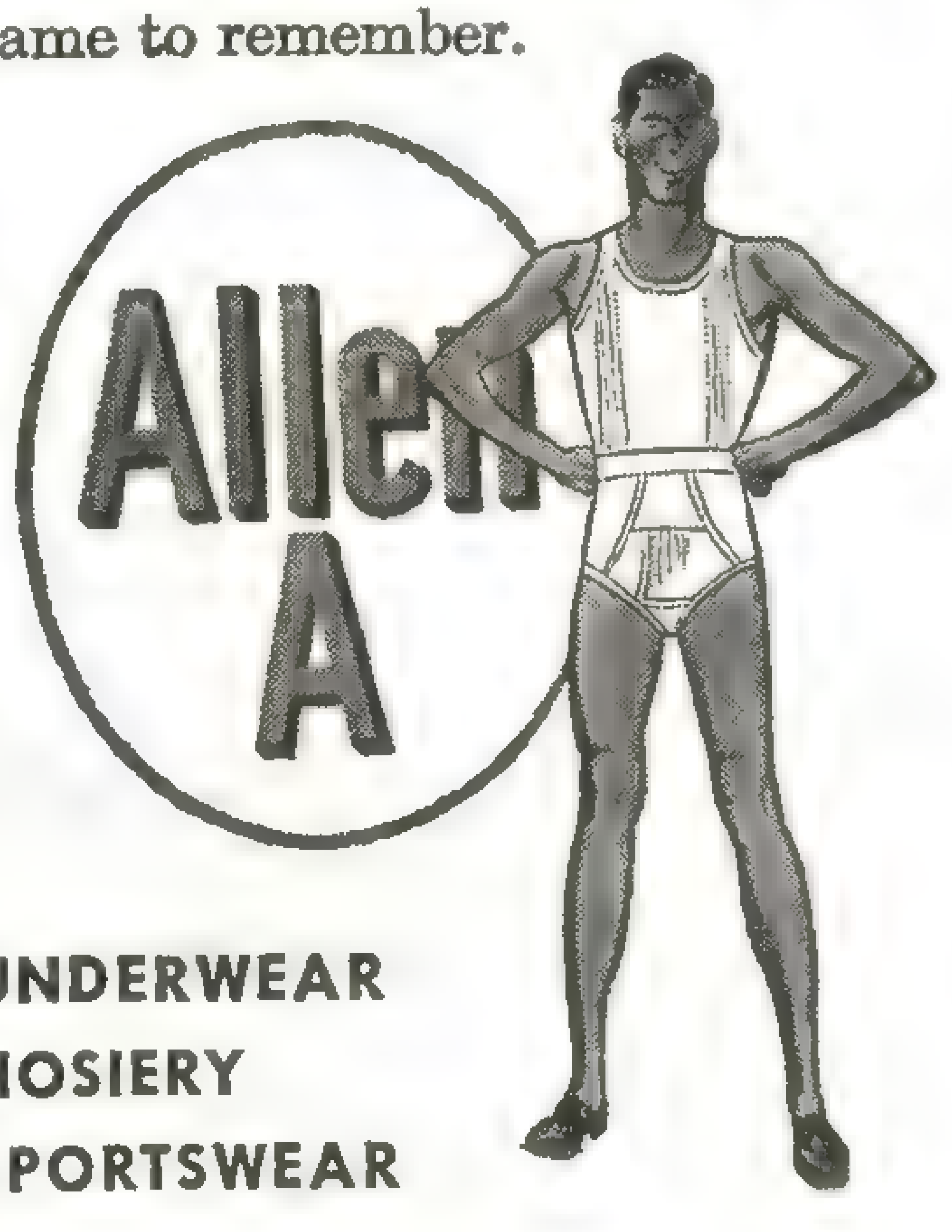

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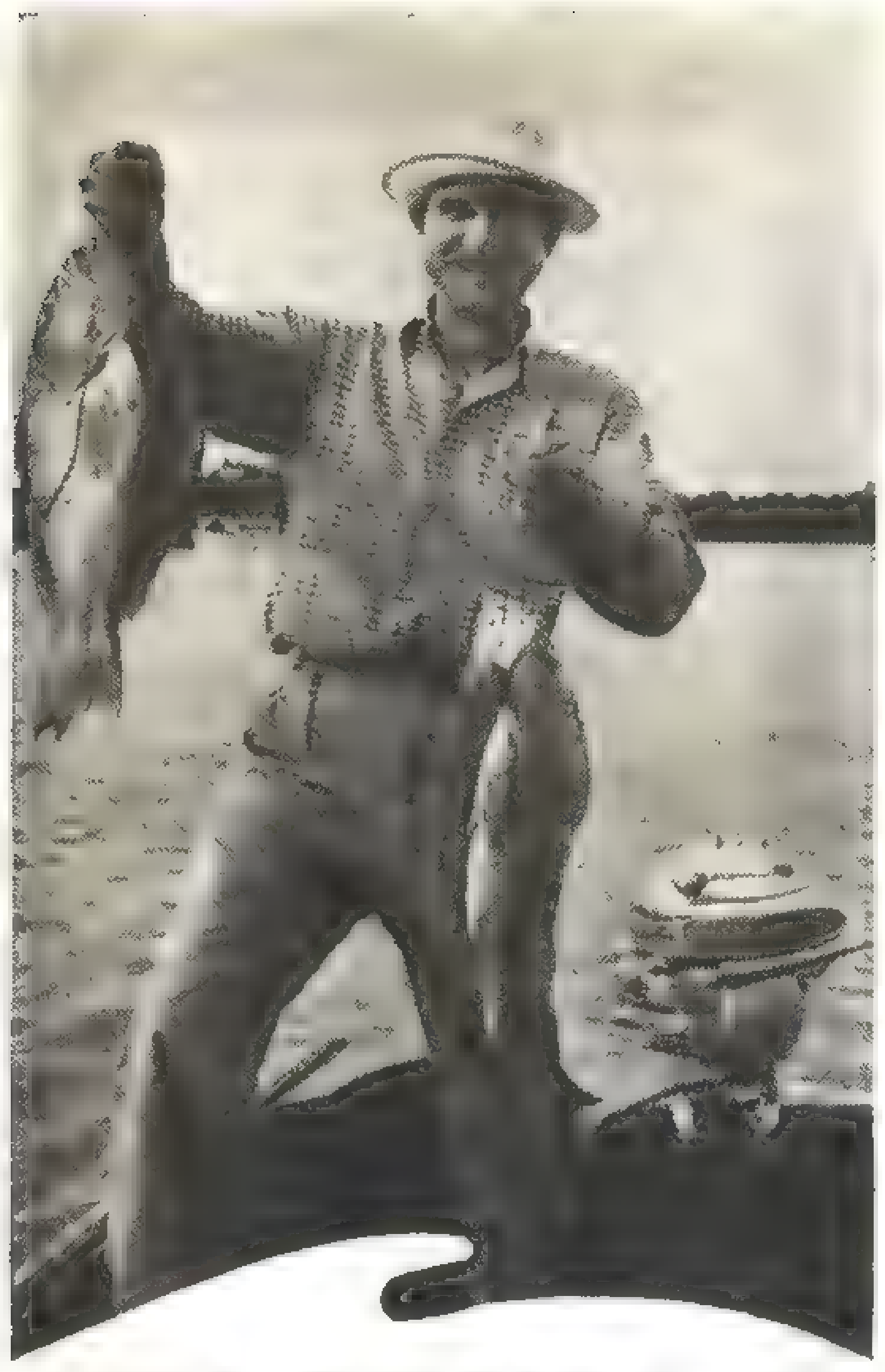

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thing to do. I quite realize that it will be misunderstood. But what does that matter? Standing there naked he was magnificent."

"You've given me a hell of a climb," said Milne cheerfully. "How did you get up here anyway?"

Lucian said, "I bashed his skull in and then shot her. His skull didn't crush. The stick bounced off it and stung my hands." He suddenly slumped forward and said, "She went to bed with him," and started to cry.

"Never mind," said Milne quietly. "It's all over now." He heard a scuffle above him. The police were up there, but he could see nothing but the sharp unbroken edge of the roof against the sky. He raised his voice so that they could hear, and said, "I should think you'll be glad to get down. You must be pretty cold by now."

Lucian stopped crying and said, "Yes."

"You can't reach this ladder or you could come down with me. Do you mind ladders? I hate the damned things. Scare me stiff."

There was more scrambling above and a voice said, "To your right. Your right."

Lucian's head came up sharply. He said, "Felix?" in quite a different voice.

Milne said, "Yes, Lucian?"

"There's a thing I want to ask you before we go down. Privately."

"Yes?"

There was a long pause and then Lucian said, "You don't think it hurt her?"

Milne said, "Oh, Lord, no. She never felt anything."

Lucian turned his head sharply. "You're sure of that?" he said with a queer, hesitant smile.

"Quite sure."

"That's fine," said Lucian. "Then we'll go down now." He stood up. Milne said, "Wait—" but Lucian brought the automatic up like a flash and seemed to fire as it was coming up. His body swayed backwards and then fell forward again awkwardly into the niche with the side of his face jammed against the wall.

Milne looked at him dully and then shut his eyes and leaned wearily against the ladder. He was quite all right as long as he stayed still, but he didn't see how he was going to get down. They were shouting on the roof. He kept his eyes shut and called, "All right. No hurry now."

The sergeant gave him the letter as he was getting into the car, but he hardly noticed, and forgot it until they were almost home. Then he put his hand in his pocket and found it. It was addressed to Dr. Felix Milne. He was hurt about that, but of course Lucian hadn't written it at the end. He tore it open, and inside were four pound notes and two ten shilling notes. He looked at them for a moment and then put them back in the envelope, and shut his eyes. He had been up all night and was very sleepy. ⌗

Continued from page 82

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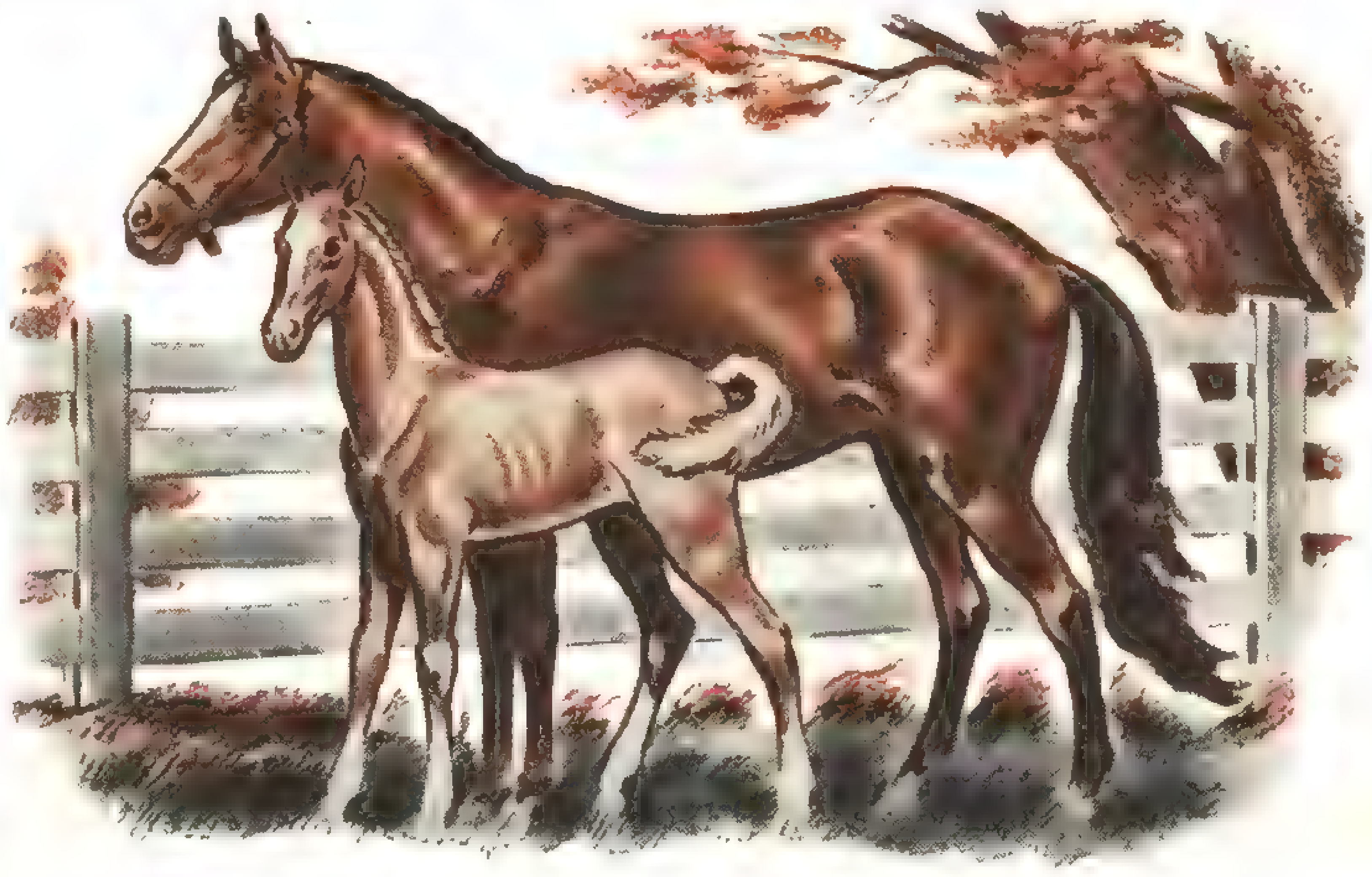

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The Ludicrous Luftwaffe

Continued from page 81

night-fighter bases up to strength with jet jobs, and activated bomber wings composed of day fighters, photo reconnaissance planes and *Fieseler Storchs*, the Nazi flying jeeps. It was dramatic, you see; it was impressive to read about in the controlled press. It caused German civilian chests to swell with pride to read that a certain *Fliegerkorps* was in action on the Russian front Monday and attacking Allied shipping in Naples on Tuesday. It created the kind of effect the Germans loved . . . that they were outsmarting the stupid enemy, moving faster, striking with "lightning blows."

To heighten this purely theatrical effect, the Luftwaffe staff had a special train which served as its mobile HQ. This train was seen frequently scooting at high speed across the Reich, bristling with flak guns and carrying a fighter-plane escort overhead. Ah, said the people. There goes Goering, busy saving the Reich from the American sky barbarians. Goering at the time was probably in his Karinhall estate, but Milch, Koller and the others were aboard. Their train would arrive spectacularly at the scene of the latest German military crisis, just in time for Hitler to see it pull in. Out of the cars would come desks, chairs, files, teletype machines and boxes of rubber "Secret" stamps. This equipment would be distributed through several hotels or private homes in the vicinity, connected by teletype, and the staff would be in business within a couple of hours.

It was all very impressive but it didn't work. The train was only the mobile part of staff facilities. All of the records, maps, photo files and reports, which the staff needed to plan forthcoming air battles, were back in the big camouflaged concrete warehouse in the Potsdam forest. When the U. S. infantry caught up with the train in April, 1945, the Russians had already grabbed the Potsdam building. The Luftwaffe staff was still in operation, going through the motions of holding staff conferences and dashing from hotel to hotel in cars. An American colonel finally told General Koller to cut it out; he wasn't fooling anybody.

In the RAF and the U. S. Army Air Force, there was nothing but cold, grim concentration on the business of smashing up Germany. In the Luftwaffe, by way of contrast, there was always the dramatic effect to consider—the impression on Hitler or Jodl which the air arm could create. The U.S. Army has a transcript of a stormy meeting of the Luftwaffe staff in March, 1944, attended by Goering, Field Marshal Milch, Field Marshal Udet and others. Hitler had just taken Goering over the coals

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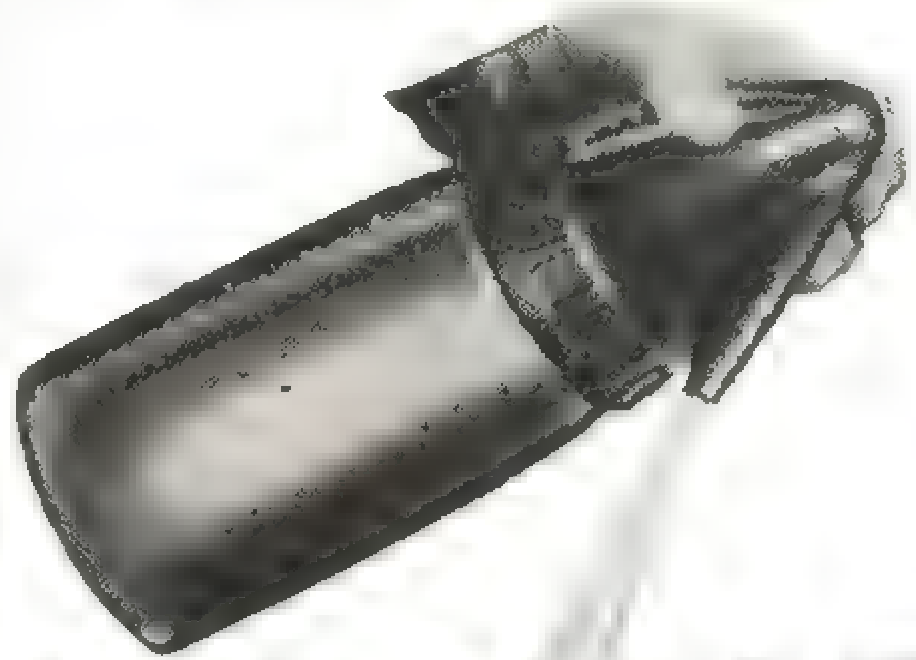

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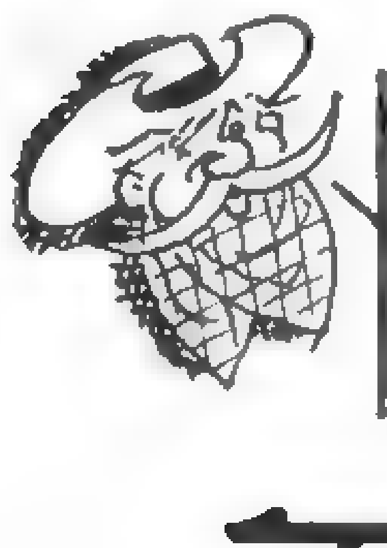
THE "JOHN HUGHES," Texas Ranger saddle tan belt of genuine vegetable tanned pigskin, lined with full grain cowhide. Tooled Snake Plant design, 1¼" wide with ¾" billet and buckle piece. $3.50.

THE "DOUBLE LONGHORN," TexTan tooled, Saddle Craft Double-Longhorn design billfold. Made of pigskin, with front trimmed in brown goatskin. Four inside card pockets, two 'celo envelopes. $6.00.

TEXAS RANGER
SADDLE CRAFT



"RAWHIDE" TANNER
Says: "Give a young buckaroo a Texas Ranger Belt and he's graduatin' to one of the finest things made of top leather."

by TexTan
OF YOAKUM, TEXAS
Los Angeles Sales Office: 608 South Hill

again for failure to stop the crushing Allied bombing raids, climaxed by the disaster to the ball-bearing works at Schweinfurt. He had threatened to dissolve the Luftwaffe entirely if it couldn't produce. He said he would put them all in the infantry where men were needed, and that Goering had better do something fast if he wanted to keep all his fancy titles.

Goering summoned his leaders and began banging the table with his huge fist. How many American planes were accounted for in the Schweinfurt raid? Forty, maybe fifty. Outrageous! On the next big American raid he wanted five hundred American planes shot down. Five hundred! Did they hear that?

Dozens of excellent German pilots died in the next three or four days, trying to knock off American bombers. They died by the score during the following week. We lost Fortresses, too, but the Luftwaffe lost ten to one. During April and May, Nazi fighters were knocked out of the sky by the hundreds.

The Luftwaffe never recovered from this. In May, 1944, I was able to say to my bomber crews in England: "Some of you will fly your entire tour of duty and never see another German fighter."

The Luftwaffe hurried its own death by still another form of self-strangulation. Even more than Germans love organization and display, they love playing spy. Under Nazism they spied on each other to a degree that makes one wonder when they had time to do anything else. My staff study revealed fully seven distinct breeds of spies operating within the Luftwaffe, exclusive of the regular military espionage service set up to spy on the enemy. These were all Germans spying on other Germans. Some were Gestapo operatives planted by Himmler; others worked for Goering and Luftwaffe topside; still others were spotted throughout the organization by the navy and the ground army.

The effect of their spying and counter-spying was to throw Luftwaffe operations into almost impossible snafu.

In some cases, entire crews of German bombers were captured alive in England. During interrogation, one would say: "Watch out for that fellow. He's a spy. He's Gestapo."

Himmler planted Gestapo agents even in air crews. They were unmasked in jobs like janitor in a barracks, bartender at a pilots' mess, anywhere the pilots were likely to talk.

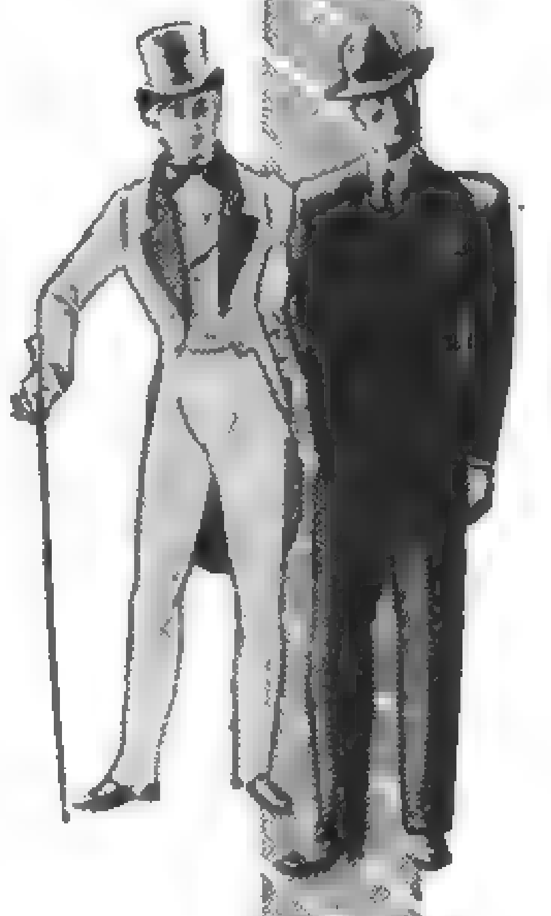
General Koller in great rage shouted to USSTAF investigators who questioned him on the Luftwaffe's collapse: "You want to know why the Luftwaffe was so badly beaten? Ask Himmler. Ask his accursed Gestapo! They did it! If they had let us alone it would have been a different story!"

He was an old man and on the point of collapse when he blurted

Continued on page 206

Hanan

for 97 years the certification of finer shoes



DUNDEE . . . a Hanan Master Last made featherlight for summer . . . Russetan or Black Calf and White Bucko.

Hanan distinction isn't just a matter of "what's new". It's *shoemaking* art that Hanan's been perfecting for close to a century. It's a certain *"know how"* with leathers that gives them field dog ruggedness—with heather softness. It's a *rare understanding* of a man's foot muscles that keeps your foot relaxing while you walk—with *exclusive Hurdler construction.* You just can't match that triple value in any other shoes.

Priced from $12⁷⁵

HANAN Shoes
BY HANAN & SON, INC., CHICAGO 22, ILLINOIS

FOREST FRESH
Spruce
TOILETRIES FOR MEN

From deep in the heart of the forest comes the scent of fresh-cut Spruce . . . bracing, masculine, vibrantly alive. Packaged with classic simplicity, Spruce Toiletries are the instinctive choice of men whose flawless grooming reflects their easy self-assurance. In sets or singly, at one to three dollars.

Wrisley

Spruce
Spruce
Spruce
Spruce
Spruce
SHAVE LOTION
Wrisley

SOAP, SHAVE LOTION, TALC, SHAVE BOWL, DEODORANT, HAIR DRESSING

The Ludicrous Luftwaffe

Continued from page 205

out this accusation. Some of us thought he was just trying to denounce the Nazis to the winnning side. Although the general was obviously trying to provide an alibi for his own failure, he had a point.

Certainly, it was physical fear of the Gestapo and the Waffen SS which led to the humiliation of the Luftwaffe in the last dark days of the war. Their airports smashed, their gasolineless aircraft bombed into burned-out skeletons, their leaders in a frenzy of name-calling, the men of the Luftwaffe ran away. They deserted in great numbers. They came into army units, grabbed rifles and took their position in the ranks. They went back to the hidden salt mines and tried desperately to help the foreign slave workers build more fighters and distill more gasoline. They vanished into the milling mobs of refugees on the roads. They were herded into the concrete tunnels of V-bomb sites and deserted so fast they had to be replaced by foreign slave workers. A few of them who could find the necessary gasoline flew Luftwaffe planes to Sweden, to England, to France, and landed as prisoners, their faces wreathed in broad, happy smiles.

The Luftwaffe numbered more than two million men at the beginning of 1943. At the war's end it had practically ceased to exist. American paratroopers, airborne detachments and stolid, relentless miles of infantry marched over silent and deserted airdromes. The G.I.s helped themselves to expensive souvenirs from hundreds of Nazi planes: clocks, instruments, flare pistols, swastika insignia and numerous other items. Nobody made even the slightest attempt to stop them.

The stunned Luftwaffe commanders never expected to be herded into prison cages and forced to wash their own socks. But they didn't care much. There was a curious apathy about them, as if they somehow were glad to be out of the Gestapo's clutches even at the price of defeat. They had tried to fight an air war without knowing how. They had run the Luftwaffe in their own way, but it was the wrong way. They could not have learned any other way, because of the rigid discipline, the class snobbery, the emphasis on secrecy and spying in their training.

In its collapse, the Luftwaffe provides a prime example of the disaster that follows poor leadership in a major war. It didn't fail technically. Its planes were superb; its research facilities were as good as any in the world; its physical equipment was always the best. Its pilots frequently excelled ours in audaciousness and flying skill. It failed because its leaders failed. ⌗

Continued from page 81

THE JEFFERSON

CASUAL COAT OF

CORDUROYAL
ARISTOCRAT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
OF CORDUROYS

You'll wear your JEFFERSON sports coat everywhere! With smooth, contrasting slacks in town . . . with rough tweed trousers in the country—on vacation, at work—why it's even dress-up enough for cocktails or dancing at all but the most formal occasions! Precision-tailored with trim, clean lines, it has that indefinable air of carefree leisure. CORDUROYAL is one of the longest wearing fabrics made—it's supple, rich, colorful, and comfortable! In your choice of Sand, Saddle Brown, Lovat Green.

about $14.95

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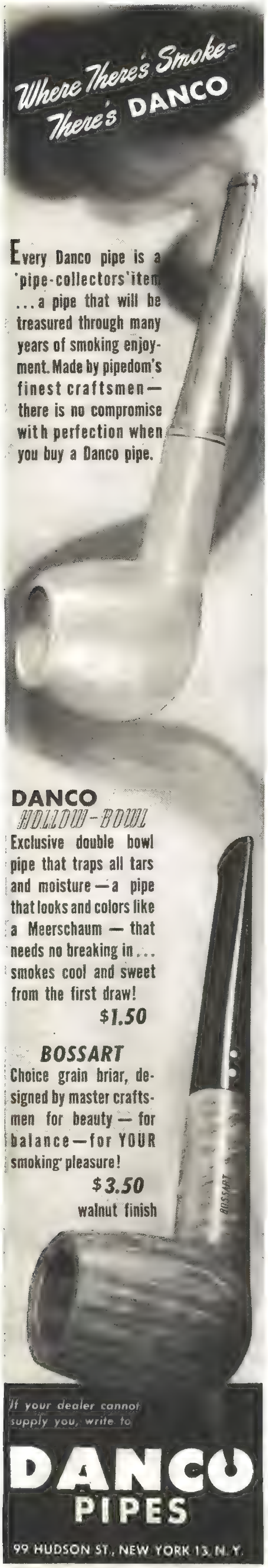

Every Danco pipe is a 'pipe-collectors' item ... a pipe that will be treasured through many years of smoking enjoyment. Made by pipedom's finest craftsmen—there is no compromise with perfection when you buy a Danco pipe.

DANCO
HOLLOW-BOWL
Exclusive double bowl pipe that traps all tars and moisture—a pipe that looks and colors like a Meerschaum—that needs no breaking in ... smokes cool and sweet from the first draw!
$1.50

BOSSART
Choice grain briar, designed by master craftsmen for beauty—for balance—for YOUR smoking pleasure!
$3.50
walnut finish

If your dealer cannot supply you, write to

DANCO PIPES

99 HUDSON ST., NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

I'll Take the City

Continued from page 92

into the advertising business together. Later they separated and each opened his own agency, with Milton burying his bothersome name as the middle initial in Charles M. Storm, and Toothwash emerging as Ruthrauff, of Ruthrauff & Ryan.

Another name to become nationally known is down on my list of playmates just as "Ted." He was that boy (there's one in every neighborhood) who did not join in our outdoor games. Ted spent most of his after-school hours in singular devotion to a combination pool and billiard table in his basement. Ted Raynolds in time grew tall enough to reach for the national championship in pocket billiards. He competed as an amateur; I can't recall that he ever turned professional, as Willie Hoppe did. Towheaded Willie opened a six-table billiard parlor on 80th street at about the period when we were all getting used to long pants. Soon this location proved much too inconspicuous, and the billiard tables were shunted downtown to the Roaring Forties where the fans could more conveniently watch Willie Hoppe, the new billiard marvel.

One small boy began our acquaintance with a most unhappy sartorial embarrassment. Ours was the day when boys wore full-length, thick, black cotton stockings that sagged always to a bulging ring at the level of our shoe tops. Harry's mother sought to fix all this by sending her small son out to us on his first day with his chubby legs incredibly encased in stockings of sheer and shiny *silk*! Promptly we turned the new boy over to rub him against the sidewalk. One rub severed the silk fibres at the knee.

Harry was the small son of Madame Bijur, volatile, French, outraged and stubborn, and for three days she set her will and more silk stockings against the forces of small boy nature. As fast as she reclad him in silk stockings, we rubbed holes in them. Finally, she gave up the fight, and from that day forward there were no further influences to turn out Harry any different from the rest of us. He grew up to solid citizenship as a prominent maker of automobile starting and lighting systems.

More than anything else, competition activated the self-development of another friend, Winthrop Taylor. He was born clumsy. The largest stock size in shoes pinched him, and in adolescence he had the rolling gait of a cinnamon bear, brought on by tortures from ingrown toenails.

In his late teens, Win Taylor set out to get his astonishing satchel feet under control. He chose self-instructed dancing as the way to grace, and every evening after supper danced in the street, whirling and dipping through two-steps and waltzes with an imaginary partner. Then,

Continued on page 208

THE FORTY-NINER
by
Speidel

GIVE *Father* YEARS OF ENJOYMENT
WITH THIS HANDSOME WATCH BAND

Sneak a peek at Father's watch tonight. If it's dulled by a limp, lifeless strap, then your Father's Day gift is obvious—a Speidel Forty-Niner expansion watch band!

- It's genuine 10k gold and stainless steel—adds luxury to any watch.
- The 32 links e-x-p-a-n-d, so the Forty-Niner fits perfectly and can't fall off his wrist.
- No catches, buckles or adjustments; it just slips on or off.

So, if you want a gift that combines beauty and protection, man-size service and satisfaction ... give him a Speidel Forty-Niner!

MEN'S FORTY-NINER
$32.50
MISS FORTY-NINER
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FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED

At better jewelers, or write for information to

SPEIDEL CORP • PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

Alto, muy alto!

High, very high above the blue Caribbean they distill this famous "Mountain Rum"

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Up goes your enjoyment of rum—when the rum is Ron Merito. This delectable "mountain rum" is distilled in Puerto Rican uplands, where nature helps man to achieve taste perfection. The better the rum, the better the drink. Better use Ron Merito!

WRITE FOR THIS INTERESTING RECIPE BOOKLET. IT'S FREE.

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THE PUERTO RICAN MOUNTAIN RUM

AVAILABLE IN BOTH GOLD AND WHITE LABEL. 86 PROOF. WRITE NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, DEPT. E32, P. O. BOX 12, WALL STREET STA., NEW YORK 5, N. Y.

I'll Take the City

Continued from page 207

out of earnings made by selling magazine subscriptions, Win acquired several pairs of custom-built shoes of ample acreage. To one pair he attached outsize ice skates, custom-made of tubular aluminum with knife-thin blades, utterly unsuited to a beginner. They were skates with a purpose—to win a race. That goal seemed ridiculous, for national champions were always among the entrants at the St. Nicholas rink.

Any one of us would have bet that in ice racing or dancing, Win would never win. Yet he came through on both counts. As a dancer, he won a dozen cups. And as a racing skater, he made Class A rating and wore three rows of medals across his St. Nicholas Club sweater.

At twenty-one, Win became the junior partner of his father, a private banker who lent money to impoverished scions of socially important families.

Win died suddenly in his early thirties, but he crossed the finish line well out in front. He left what is called a fortune—in other words, not quite a million.

When outsiders talk about New York money, they usually mean Wall Street. However, Wall Street claimed only one of my twenty best remembered playmates—Jack Lethbridge, who started in as a curb messenger and later emerged as Lethbridge & Co., and the father of a 200-lb. Notre Dame football tackle.

On my list are the names of only five girls. Prettiest of them by far was Helen Henderson, who rivaled in sheer gorgeousness the ravishing stage beauty of the day, Lillian Russell. Helen married one of the Horton boys. He became an executive of the great dairy combination that supplied the city with most of its milk. When I last heard of this city-bred couple they were living in a twenty-two room house and had revived a great American tradition. They had nine children.

Grace Hegger's distinction was in being the first of our girls to be wooed and won by an outsider, a young man who had just written his first published novel. She became Mrs. Sinclair Lewis. Within the next eleven years he wrote *Main Street*, *Babbitt* and *Arrowsmith*.

The other three girls I'll mention worked out careers in the arts, and three is a very high percentage for an era that was not at all career conscious.

Edith, a tiny girl with wistful eyes, was kept under home influences traditional to the Deep South. Her family, by some quaint custom, required that I be sent a written note when the invitation was no more than to come over and sit on the stoop. She was still as sheltered when she had become the celebrated actress, Edith Taliaferro, young star of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*.

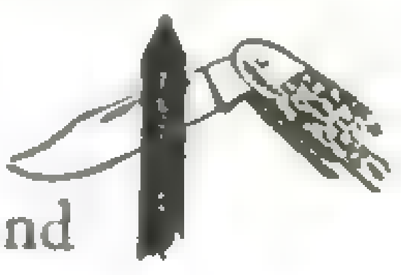
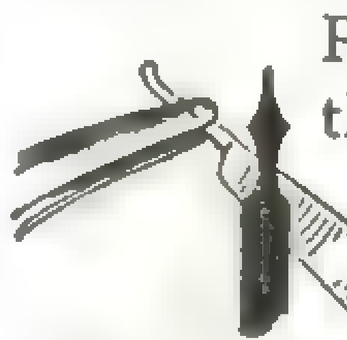
Gretchen was the disconcert-

"I wouldn't have believed the difference it makes..

...until I tried PAL HOLLOW GROUND myself"

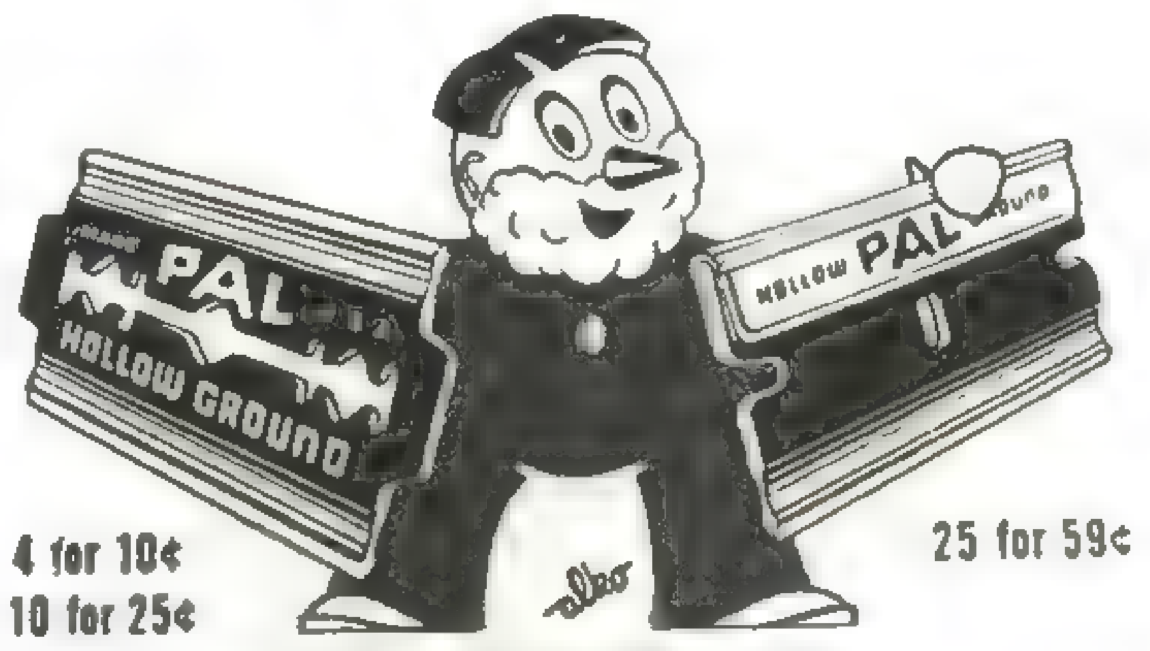
Lots of men have said "Razor blades? They're all alike!" Now, they say "They're all the same—*except Pal!*"

Ordinary safety razor blades are ground like a pocket knife.



Pal Blades are different—they're *Leather Stropped* and *Hollow Ground* like a barber's razor.

Result: Pal Blades are flexible in your razor—follow facial contours effortlessly. Your shave is cool, quick, no "bearing down". And delicate edges last longer, too. That's why millions call it the Pal

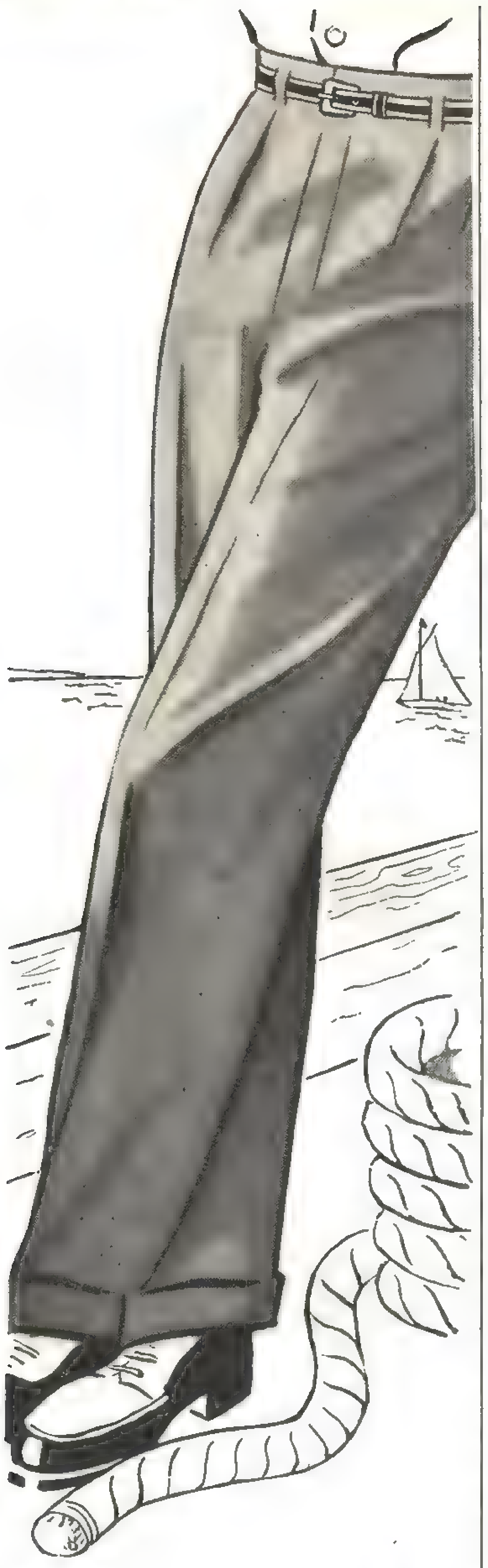
"Feather Touch" shave



4 for 10¢
10 for 25¢
25 for 59¢

SINGLE AND DOUBLE EDGE
MONEY SAVING ECONOMY SIZE 50 BLADES $1

PAL
Now—RUST-RESISTANT
HOLLOW GROUND RAZOR BLADES



1st mate

. . . and fit mate for your smoothest sports shirt, your swankiest leisure jacket . . .

Seven Seas Slacks are the most versatile item in your wardrobe. For you can mix 'em or match 'em with just about everything. Wear 'em on dates, for golf, to work. They're practical, long-wearing, reasonably priced — and the best-looking, best-fitting, best-tailored trousers you ever pulled over your shanks.

Seven Seas SLACKS

GOOD SLACKS
SINCE 1894

AT BETTER STORES

Moyer
Manufacturing Co.
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

ing girl of our small-fry days, for she was a perfectionist. In her twenties Gretchen became a concert pianist. She then switched her career with equal success to that of a concert singer. Then she became a power in the Metropolitan Opera Company as Gretchen Dick, press agent for Edward Johnson, the tenor who became and still is head man of the greatest operatic organization in the world. The last I heard of Gretchen was through a plushy invitation from a New York art gallery to view an exhibition of her water-color paintings.

Dorothy, the fifth girl on my list, was our tomboy. In an era of ladylike decorum, she raced through the neighborhood on a loudly explosive motorcycle. Dorothy Rice dashed off to Europe early, studied oil painting with the masters, came back to have her own "one man" shows, and then told all in her book, *Curiouser and Curiouser*. In this book, she calls herself Polly. We called her Dolly. You've probably called her, across a bridge table, the marvel of the tournaments, Mrs. Hal Sims.

The last name on my list, Frank Burley, is at the foot as an anticlimax. It was to his house that our parents came to make first acquaintance with a wonderful new device displayed by Frank's father and invented by Mr. Edison, a talking machine. Frank had many early influences that should have been imaginatively stimulating. Yet he'd have to be given zero rating, as a city calculates distinction. He became head accountant for a fashionable shop on Fifth Avenue. In a small town that would be substantial success. The city sees in such an achievement only a pale reward.

Well, that's the works. And now that I've set the stuff down, I'm more than pleased—and proud. Somehow or other, the kids I grew up with provide dramatic evidence that the city is the best place to rear children. For all the flapdoodle about growing up in the country with gobs of fresh air, dew-damp vegetables, a cozy set of morals and some immunity from traffic hazards, I think the city wins the argument hands down.

There is stimulation in the city. It brings things out.

There is health, too, in the city. Better still, stamina. And being born in the country has nothing to do with getting places in the city afterwards.

Just for the record, I asked my wife (small-town bred and reared, remember) to prepare a list of twenty of her most vividly remembered playmates. She's done some careful checking as to how things stand with them today. Here's her report in a very brief memo:

"Not with any of the twenty can I find an achievement worthy of a paragraph, or even a sentence, or even an adjective. They've remained nice, wholesome people, but not one of them has done a darn thing!" ♯

Continued from page 92

EMPEROR
WORLD'S CHOICEST BRIAR

MAJESTY IN BRIAR

Emperor

EMPEROR IMPORTED BRIAR

Look for this
Hallmark of Quality

FOR symmetry, for rugged strength, for rare beauty of costly imported briar—here is true perfection. Every Emperor is a masterpiece created in the custom tradition. It is fashioned of the world's choicest briar —hand-fitted with mouthpiece of traditional design— equipped with removable aluminum cleaner to suit your smoking mood.

Truly, your Emperor is a pipe you can discuss confidently with any pipe-lover.

The shapes illustrated above can be had at

$3.50 $5.00 $7.50

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HARVEY'S
IMPORTED
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CHOICEST FULL PALE
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SHERRY
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PORT.
SPAIN

Since 1796, rare Sherries and Ports from Spain and Portugal have borne the name of Harvey. They were the choicest these countries produced—first in quality, first in taste. That standard of excellence has become a Harvey tradition, a tradition maintained vigilantly for nearly 150 years. Serve Harvey's in *your* home.

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Echoes on Beale Street

Continued from page 61

leans in the fall, and north again to St. Louis in the spring, making Peewee's their stop.

It was the original home of Mac Harris and Casino Henry, noted card sharks, who played their famous three-day-game that was a nip-and-tuck battle until both fell exhausted.

Easy riders like Slop Crowder, John Doyle, Jack Cummings and Lew Hall hung out at its crowded bar; and Lovie Joe, the famous race-horse tout, who had one hundred suits of clothes and changed them as many as four times each day, made Peewee's his stopover.

Peewee's was the breeding place of a line of musicians, among them being Jim Turner, a trick violin player, whose nimble fingers enabled him to pick cotton, shoot dice and handle the violin with equal dexterity.

It was Jim Turner who was the teacher of W. C. Handy.

And there was William Grant Still—hailed as one of the world's leading composers, who was around when the blues were born and played the cello and the oboe in Handy's band.

It was a Saturday night heaven of plantation Negroes, who came there on week-end excursions to spend their cotton money, and Peewee's took it away from them ofttimes with crooked dice. In order to curb the use of crooked dice, Peewee inaugurated the famous "Hadden Horn," a leather device with the shape of W. C. Handy's trumpet. The horn was made by a Negro patron who is still alive and who continues to make the horns.

The horn was named for Mr. Hadden, the picturesque mayor of Memphis, who often rode through the streets astride a white mule. But Mr. Crump had little use for the wholesale moral backsliding on which Peewee's had flourished under Mr. Hadden and other mayors.

So in his campaign speeches he thundered against Peewee's and its habitués. He promised to drive the easy riders and sweet men out of town. But Peewee's and its underworld colony thundered back at him:

I don't care what Mr. Crump don't 'low,
I'se gonna bar'l-house anyhow.

Mr. Handy, who was still hanging out at Peewee's at the time of this emotional revolt, was able to put together such extemporaneous laments, and from them he created the *Memphis Blues.* When his band opened the campaign for one of the political candidates at Main and Madison Streets, he had a new blues song. He gave it everlasting voice with his red hot trumpet.

A flood of rhythm went rushing to Broadway, to Paris, to Singapore, and back to the dreamy atmosphere of Peewee's Place. The

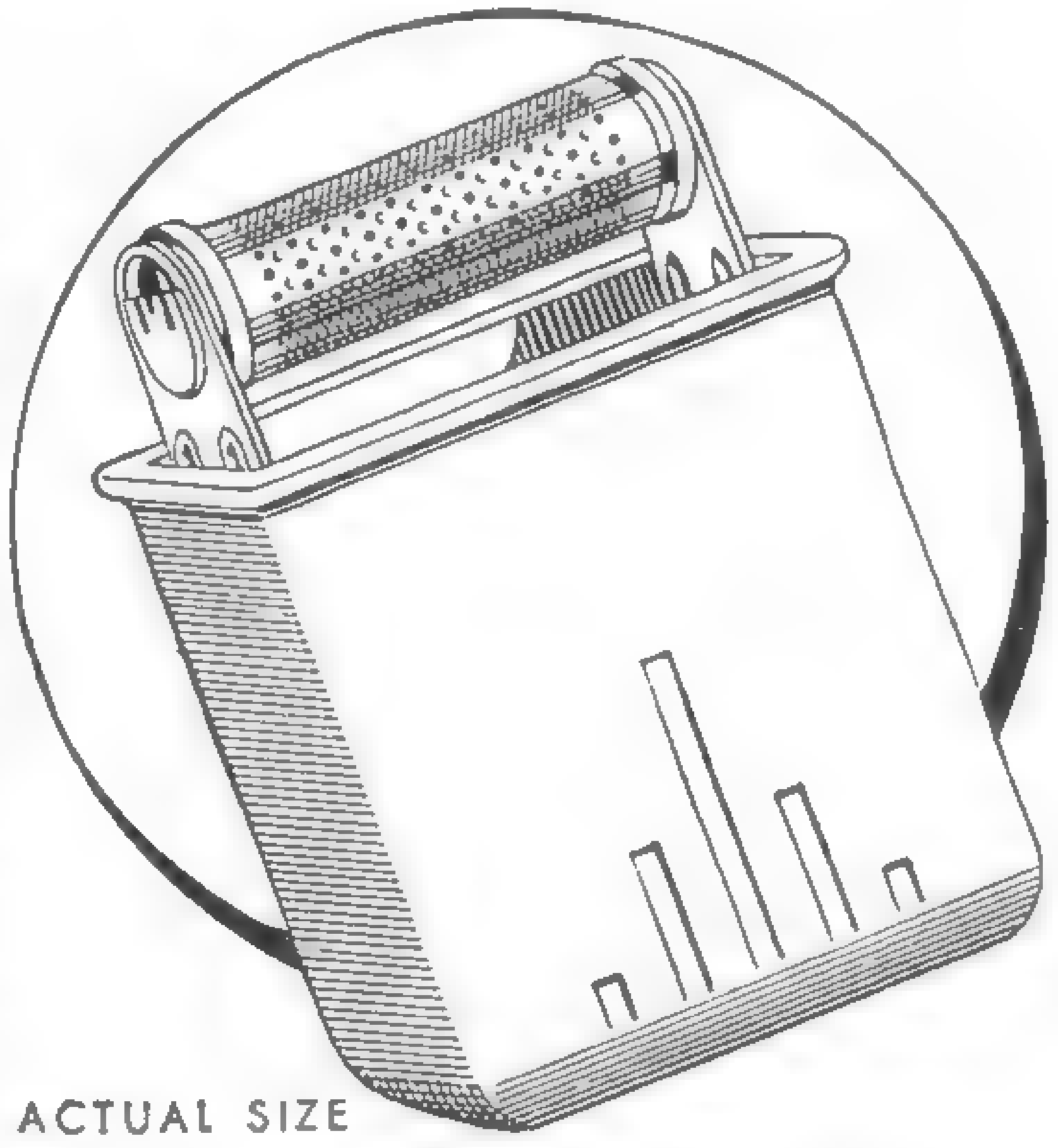
WHEN YOU'RE ALL SET TO PUT OVER A BIG DEAL...

AND YOUR WHISKERS ARE SPROUTING LIKE CROCUSES IN APRIL....

DON'T GET THE BRUSH OFF...

BE SMOOTH–USE VESTPOK

VESTPOK
dry shaver by WARD



ACTUAL SIZE

Vestpok dry-shaver is the greatest invention since the face! Small as a match folder, you can carry it in your vest pocket; keep it in your desk drawer; use it *any* time, *any* place for a quick, comfortable shave. Vestpok can't scrape, nick or burn. Needs:

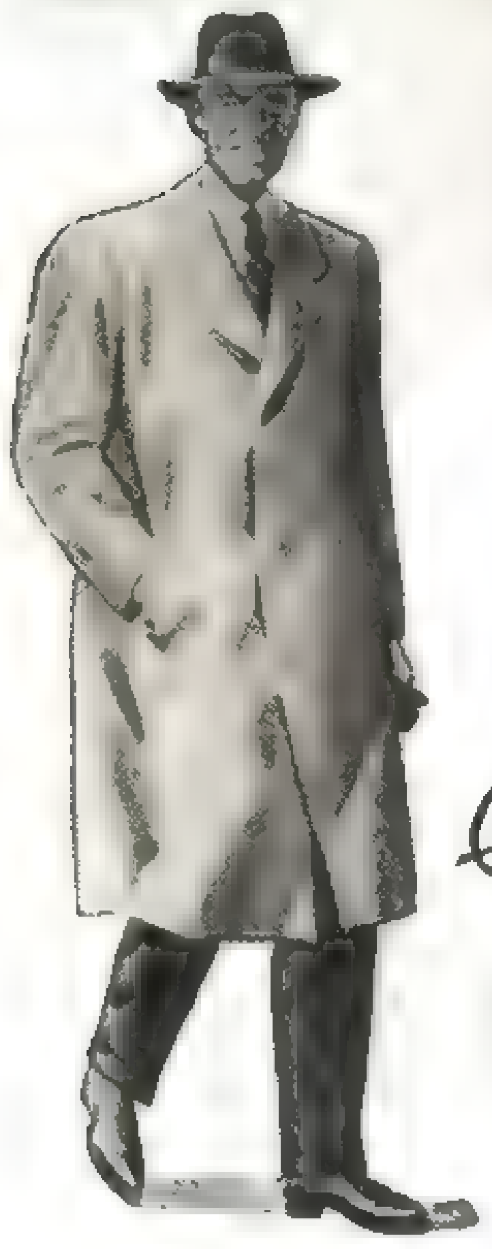
- **NO ELECTRICITY**
- **NO SOAP OR WATER**
- **NO MIRROR**

$3.00 (with 10 of the finest razor steel blades) at leading men's furnishers, department stores and jewelers. If you can't find Vestpok at your favorite store, write Vestpok, Ward Machine Co., Inc., Brockton 64, Mass.

Leading with your chin?
Be smooth...use VESTPOK

"You'll soon be seeing 'em" ✻
THE MARX BROTHERS in David L. Loew's "A NIGHT IN CASABLANCA"

"Gleneagles"



Pitch Shoulder
REG. US PAT. OFF.
TOPCOATS

"Gleneagles"

Contour Fit
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SLACKS

"Gleneagles"

Pitch Shoulder
REG. US PAT. OFF.
RAINCOATS

✻ Good news!--You'll soon be seeing THE 3 MARX BROTHERS in David L. Loew's "A Night in Casablanca"--and you'll soon be seeing these 3 "GLENEAGLES" garments in your favorite store when conditions permit. Believe us, both of these trios are something to look forward to!

For address of your nearest dealer write--
LAMM BROS., Inc., Balto. 2, Md.

song was first named *Mister Crump*, but later Handy changed it to the *Memphis Blues*.

Mister Crump won't 'low no easy riders here,
Mister Crump won't 'low no easy riders here,
I don't care what Mister Crump don't 'low,
I'se gonna bar'l-house anyhow.
Mister Crump can go and catch hisself some air.

Many Negroes of the upper strata contemptuously referred to Handy's new blues songs as "low-down, filthy music." They would have no part of it. But while they were sneering on the sidelines, Handy found among the habitués of Peewee's the bread of encouragement.

And when George Gershwin took the blues to his heart and made them world famous, a half-dozen cities claimed its birth certificate and millions of Negroes were proud to call them their most enduring gift to the nation's treasury of song.

Now, Vigelio Maffi, (Peewee), has gone to sleep in Italy. Time has battered beyond recognition the old two-story building that lingers like a specter on Beale Street. The lobby where gay and carefree revelers gathered in the golden nineties is now a hairdressing emporium, where brown ladies come to acquire feminine allure.

The passing of Peewee's Place was more than the passing of a night spot—it was the breaking of a golden link in a chain of pleasure which bound the present to a more sordid era of the dim past.

While the mandate of Memphis city officials against Beale Street dens may be construed as the death warrant of Peewee's Place, the kind of life known to Peewee's and other honky tonks on Beale Street began to fade out slowly when steamboats loaded with passengers, freight, cotton and crooning roustabouts passed into history with the rise of more rapid travel on the railroads.

However, it was when W. C. Handy packed his trunk and left that voices around Peewee's developed an undertone of nostalgia for the line of musicians who had drifted away to other parts of the country.

If the boys in Handy's band hadn't been so anxious to get back to Peewee's for a spending spree after a successful concert in Atlanta, perhaps Handy never would have left Memphis. The boys' pockets were bulging with money, and they wanted to cancel their engagement at the University of North Carolina to get back to Memphis and Peewee's. Handy was stubborn about it, and wanted to fill the engagement. When the boys in his band refused, he broke up the band and headed for New York, where he set up a publishing house.

But despite the loss of Handy and his hundred band members, Peewee's struggled along bravely. When prohibition came, there was

Continued on page 212

Look Right!*

Feel Right!**

Wear Wright!

* Dash and smartness appreciated by men who know what the right hat can do for their appearance.

** The airy comfort of lightweight straw to see you through the hottest summer day.

THE WRIGHT HAT
ROTHSCHILD BROTHERS HAT COMPANY • *Manufacturers*
SAINT LOUIS • CHICAGO

a LION for LOOKS!
Austinized
WHITE RAYON BROADCLOTH

Successful executives who like to look the part like this white shirt by Lion. It's Austinized — combines the long life of broadcloth with the rich texture of rayon. Sanforized* to hold its shape. Crown Tested for washability. Honestly tailored in the Lion manner.

*Maximum shrinkage 1%.

Lion

LION SPORTSWEAR and LION of TROY SHIRTS
are available at your favorite store.
M. Nirenberg Sons Inc., 1140 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Echoes on Beale Street

Continued from page 211

moonshine to cheer the spirit of the carefree revelers. It came from the big stills on President's Island, just a few miles from Memphis, in the Mississippi River. No revenue man had ever been able to find these stills, which were hidden deep down in the swamps.

Then came one of those mysterious police shut-down orders that made Peewee's like a graveyard.

The little master of Peewee's didn't worry as much about that as he did about the loss of Handy and his band. He knew that the police lid would be lifted eventually; but he couldn't forget Handy—neither could his customers.

The melody of Handy's blues songs kept coming to haunt Peewee, as though their ghosts peopled the walls. The famous lines that Handy had penned on Peewee's cigar counter, breathing defiance of Mr. Crump's authority, were now moving in reverse.

After thirty years, Mr. Crump had at last decided against catching himself some air, but rather to give a little air to the underworld, the sweet men and easy-riders, the pickpockets and hand-me-downs.

The police hung a padlock on Peewee's door and twenty other places of its kind. Thus ended a period of wild and reckless night life which had made Peewee's known far and wide.

All these incidents flicked in and out of my mind as I stood there daydreaming in front of Peewee's.

I had lost all sense of time until I was aroused by the mournful wail of a steamboat whistle which came up from the river. I turned quickly and moved on with the crowd which jammed its way down Beale Street. I felt a strange tightness in my throat—why would such a famed blues cradle that had lured sightseers from every quarter to gaze upon the scenes of its vanished glory be destroyed?

"Would the *Memphis Blues*, *St. Louis Blues*, and the *Beale Street Blues* slip down to oblivion with it," I wondered.

And then, as if to answer me, the music from the electric piano in the little café blared forth in a sound triumphant. Echoes rolled down Beale Street with the drift of the wind. Echoes of the *Memphis Blues* that breathed and pulsed with life—the kind of life that had been known at Peewee's.

In a little while, the echoes faded out like Peewee's name; but they left me sure in the faith that those sad sweet songs would be a permanent monument to the downtrodden people who emerged from bondage eighty years ago and patiently began the long climb from suppression and poverty. ###

Continued from page 61

MADE FOR YOUR
"Royale" Pleasure
CROIX ROYALE
Brandy
Super Fin
84 PROOF

You'll discover its extra richness and smooth mellow flavor at the first taste. It takes real, old-world pot distilling methods...the choice wine grapes of California's famed San Joaquin Valley... slow, painstaking care. But *just taste the difference!*... the greater enjoyment you find in Croix Royale Brandy!

CROIX ROYALE BRANDY—84 PROOF
CROIX ROYALE FRUIT BRANDIES:
Apricot, Plum (Slivovitz) Peach, Cherry (Kirschwasser) 84 proof.

Free—*16-page booklet on wine and wine recipes. Write Department* E6

CAMEO VINEYARDS CO., FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

The Luck of Robert Casey

Continued from page 95

Dakota where he regained his health and also met and married Marie Driscoll.

The twenty-year-old benedict supported his wife by working at jobs varying from piano playing in a Deadwood, South Dakota, nickelodeon, to attempting to interest Omaha restaurant proprietors in fly traps in the dead of a particularly cold winter. He won a puzzle contest in a newspaper, and was awarded a piano as a prize. This widely-traveled piano, which is in his home in Chicago today, has eaten up several times its original cost in storage charges.

It was after selling a story to *Adventure* Magazine that Casey decided to become a newspaper reporter. He latched onto an eighteen-dollar-a-week job as a cub of all work with the Des Moines *Register and Leader* and promptly got himself hit with a brick during a streetcar strike.

Casey went to Texas, because he erroneously thought that he wouldn't need to buy an overcoat there. He became staff photographer on the Houston *Post* merely because, while studying chemistry, he had learned to make the silver emulsions used on photographic plates. Although Casey is today an expert movie and still photographer, he wasn't so good then.

One of Bob's first photographic assignments was to take a picture of a visiting celebrity—the president of the Southern Pacific Railroad, a man named Scott. When the picture was developed, that part of Scott's head from the middle of the forehead up was missing. Casey had a cartoonist paint a derby on the president, and the photo was published.

Scott telephoned to the paper. "How," he inquired of an editor, "does it happen that you have a picture of me wearing a derby?"

"The camera doesn't lie," said the editor.

"It must," said Scott. "When your photographer snapped me, I was wearing a straw katie."

When Casey moved up to the Chicago *Journal*, the editor and publisher was a fire-eating martinet named John Eastman, who was actively engaged in quarreling with half of Chicago and thinking of ways to pick a fight with the other half. Eastman gave Casey the unique assignment of acting as his proxy in personally delivering abuse to city and county officials.

It was hazardous work, standing before a mayor or a police chief, reading the vituperative outpourings of the Eastman pen, but Casey somehow escaped physical violence. His hide was toughened for the years that lay ahead.

Casey interrupted his career to enlist in the artillery in the first World War, emerging a highly decorated captain. Then he served a stretch on Hearst's *American*,

Continued on page 214

Whittle While You Work!

For those 1001 cutting uses there's nothing like the "1001" Re-Blade Knife* with interchangeable blades

You'll do *better* whittling, chiseling, modeling and cutting, *faster* and *easier*, with "1001"— the *perfectly balanced* re-blade knife with colorful plastic handle. Keen, ever sharp, ever ready, its new, patented, chromium finish blade holder simplifies the insertion and removal of "1001's" various surgical steel, carefully tempered blades, and keeps them firmly locked in place. Get a "1001" and get a bigger kick out of your work!

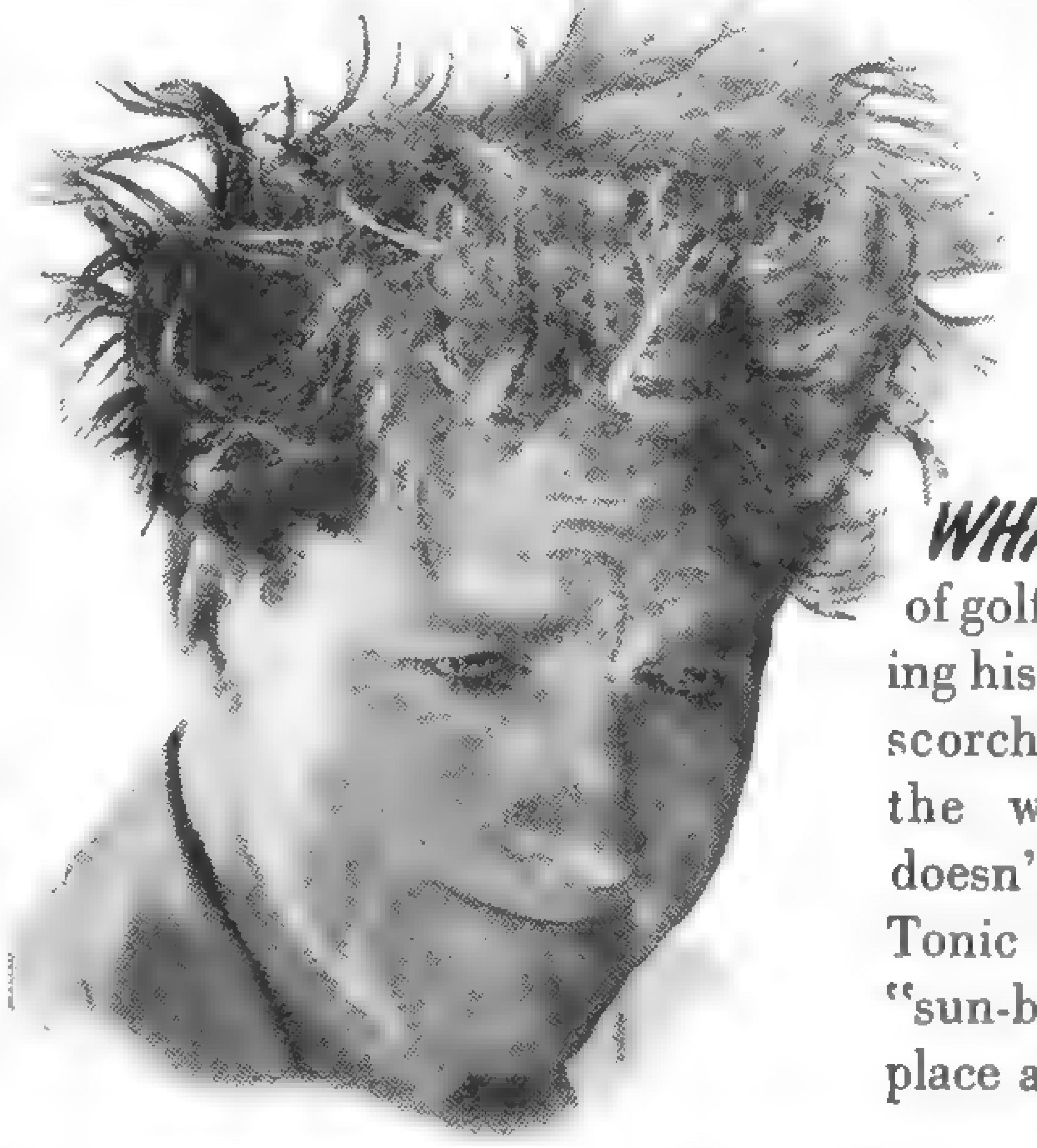
As illustrated, $1.29; with 3 extra, different blades and honing stone, $1.59

● *Buy "1001" wherever hobbycraft tools are sold. If your dealer cannot supply you, send check or money order for $1.29 (or $1.59) direct to*

SOMAR SPECIALTY CORP.
(Dept. G5) 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

*PAT. PENDING

Keeps dry, wild "SUN-BAKED" HAIR looking Handsome all day!



WHAT A MESS! After a day of golf, tennis, swimming or gardening his hair looks a *sight.* Baked and scorched by the sun. Frazzled by the wind. Combing with water doesn't keep it in place. Kreml Hair Tonic is *famous* to groom dry, wild "sun-baked" hair. Keeps it neatly in place all day.

WHAT A MISTAKE! And what a *drip* with the ladies. Thinks he's well-groomed with his hair plastered down like a dummy's. How gals laugh at him. If only he were up-to-date and would try Kreml. It keeps hair looking so handsome yet so MASCULINE — never greasy, oily or dirty.

WHAT A MAN! How trim and attractive his hair always looks even on sun-scorched, windy days. Kreml makes tangled hair so easy to comb. It grooms dry, "sun-baked" hair so handsomely—keeps it looking its best at all times. Let Kreml help improve the appearance of *your* hair!

● Ask for Kreml Hair Tonic at your barber shop. Buy a bottle at any drug counter. Use it daily for a *cleaner scalp*—for *better-groomed* hair.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

KREML Hair Tonic

A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.

Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy—
Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp—Removes Dandruff Flakes

Imported once again!

CHERRY HEERING

world famous liqueur since 1818

an old delight from Denmark

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ABOVE...HOME OF CHERRY HEERING IN COPENHAGEN

Now again you can enjoy this fine Danish liqueur, made by the same family in Copenhagen for over 125 years. It is a departure from the usual in liqueurs—with a bouquet one likes to linger over.

Delight your guests with Cherry Heering to make the moment memorable.

49 Proof. Schenley Import Corporation, New York, N. Y.

IMPORTED by Schenley

The Luck of Robert Casey

Continued from page 213

where, as he puts it, the tempo of the city room was two notches above hysteria.

Casey and another rewrite man practically wrote the first edition. Then, between conducting telephonic symposiums, such as asking ministers what they thought of sin, they doctored up the leads of local stories in nine subsequent editions.

Fed up with a smoking typewriter every sundown, Casey switched to the *Daily News* in 1920, when he was thirty, and has been there ever since. In striking contrast to the streamlined home of the *News* today, it was then housed in an ancient building and a half-dozen adjoining firetraps.

This somber office, with its golden oak counters, curly grills, electrically wired gas fixtures, and grey-haired women who had started with the *News* in their youth, was a page out of the past. The city room still had a handringer telephone, probably one of the last of its type in Illinois.

Casey's human interest stories soon won him a regular spot on the front page. He could take a run-of-the-mill happening from a police blotter, a hospital receiving room or a family court and give it a humorous or pathetic twist that soon had people buying the *Daily News* to read Casey.

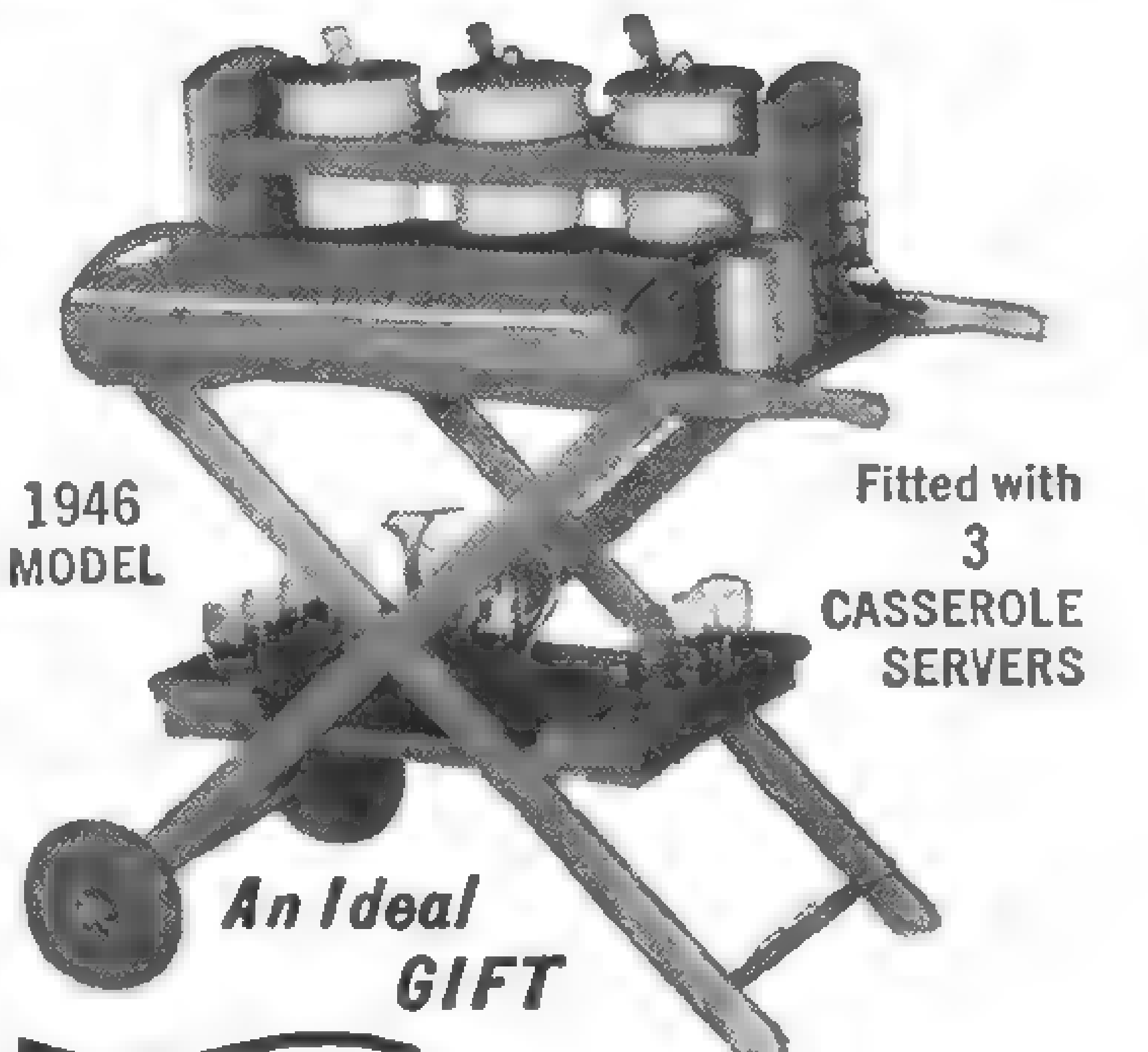
Several memorable feature subjects emerged from Casey's front-page spot. A physician in suburban Evanston, who regularly fed an owl, heard that the police were going to exterminate the disturbing night hooters. The doctor tied a white ribbon around the neck of the owl he had come to like, informed the police of the identification, and asked that the bird be spared. Casey introduced Chicagoans to the "Owl with the White Necktie." The bird's adventures provided many a chuckle.

Casey's predilection for the unusual made him a magnet for cranks of all kinds. One day he was visited in the old *News* building by an unwashed man in his fifties who had a fanatical light in his eyes and who described himself as the Ghostcatcher.

Casey did a tongue-in-cheek piece about the man, reporting that he could de-ghost haunted houses, and the Ghostcatcher was so pleased that he made the *Daily News* his headquarters for years thereafter, living off Casey, a notoriously soft touch. The old man showed his appreciation by getting a job with a florist and intercepting funeral wreaths, thus being able to present his benefactor with fresh flowers daily.

The Ghostcatcher moved with the *News* to its handsome new building. One day an official of the paper was showing some South American publishers through the glossy plant. He was embarrassed to find the Ghostcatcher, incongruously attired in a filthy overcoat

NEW PORTA-BUFFET YEAR 'ROUND FOOD SERVER



An Ideal GIFT

Slide-away Sandwich Board and Work Table
•
Large Compartment for Silver and Napkins
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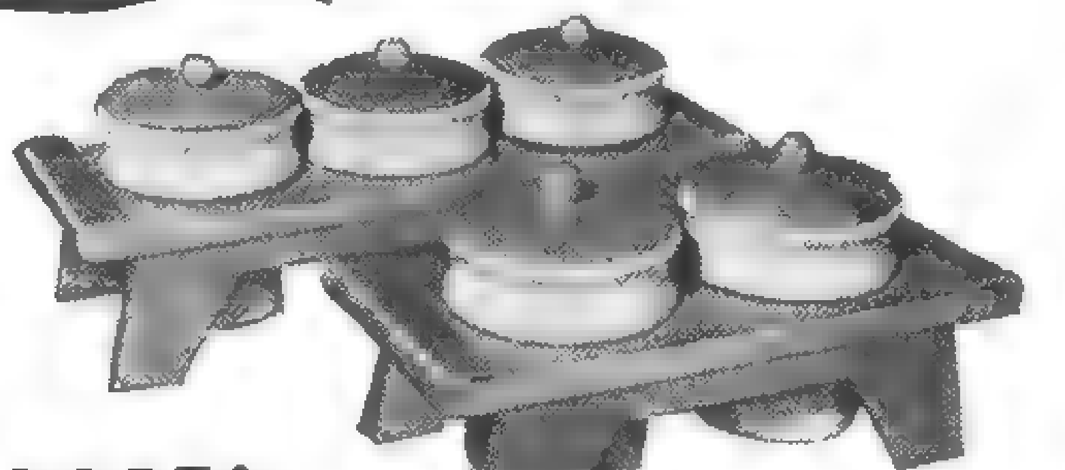
Nonspill Beverage Tray
•
Mustard Jar Salad Oil, Salt & Pepper Shakers
•
Folds to Small Size
•
Rolls Easily Indoors or Outdoors

SERVE appetizing foods to any number of guests, easily and quickly from clever Porta-Buffet. Three 2-quart casseroles, in removable carrier, keep beans, spaghetti and such, piping hot . . . salads, sherbets, icebox cold. *New, improved design;* sturdily built. Wheat Straw finish. Size 37x20x36 inches. **About $39.50.** If your dealer is not listed below, write for name of convenient source.

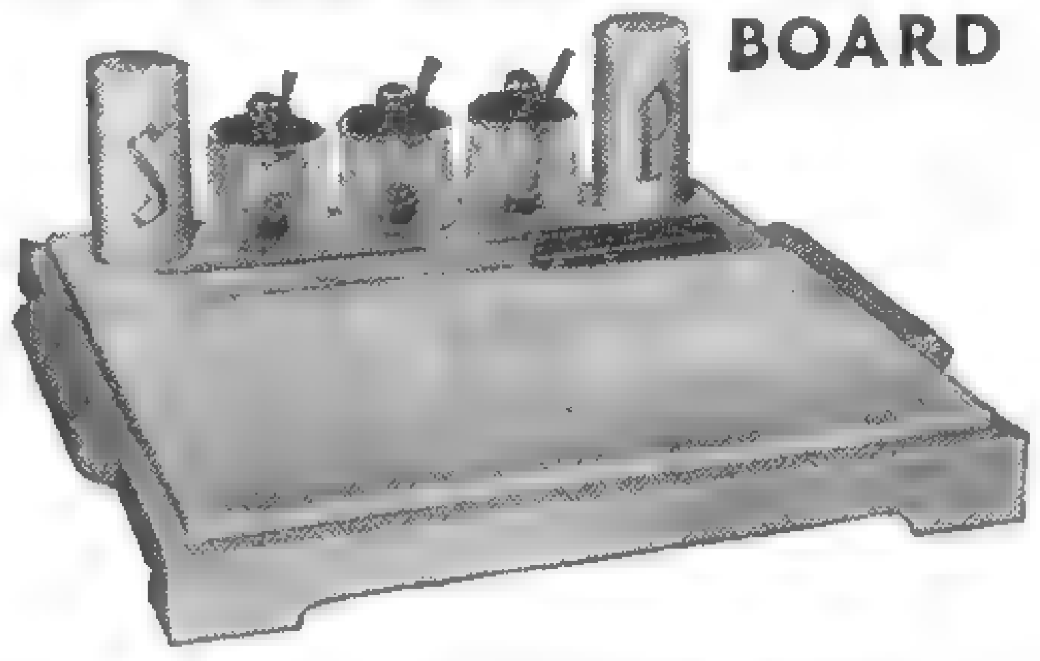


PORTA-SERVER... *Senior & Jr.*

MAKE serving a joy with convenient PORTA-SERVER, SENIOR, as an extra servant. Three 1-quart special stoneware Casseroles retain heat and cold. Prepare dishes in them; bake in oven or chill in refrigerator. Meat pie and such kept steaming hot; salads kept crisp and cold. Turned Wood Lids, separate Carrier in matching Wheat-Straw finish. **About $8.75**

PORTA-SERVER, JUNIOR, same convenience and quality, has two 1-quart Casseroles. *Makes a welcome gift.* **About $5.95**

SERVING AND CUTTING BOARD



LARGE cutting and chopping block in attractive Natural Ash Serving Frame. Includes 2 high quality Carving Knives in removable holder; 3 Relish Jars with Lids and Serving Ladles; Salt and Pepper Shakers. **Complete, about $12.50**

MASON-WILLIAMS CO., Dept. L-6
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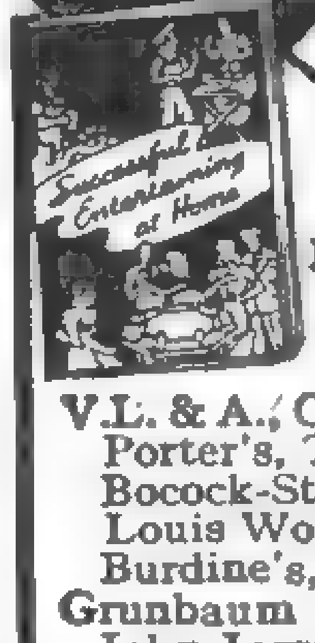

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La Salle & Koch, Toledo
Buffum's, Long Beach, Calif.
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Broome Furniture, Albuquerque
Maison-Blanche, New Orleans
V.L. & A., Chicago; Oshman Outdoor, Houston
Porter's, Tucson; Heather Furn., Amarillo
Bocock-Stroud Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.
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And 3,623 other dealers from coast to coast.

Executive by Progressive

A Man's Best Friend

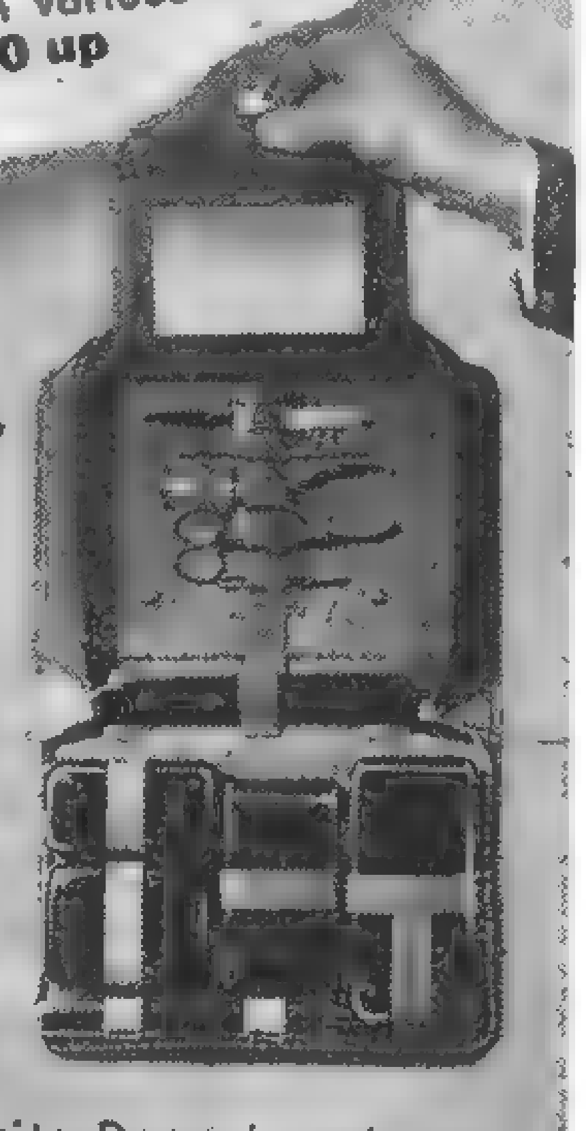
Chief Executive*

Crafted in fine leathers with swing windows for cards; two emergency key holders; famous Secret Pocket for big bills . . . $3.50 up

Necessary Accessory for the Smart Woman!

Lady Executive*

Beautifully styled in colorful leathers with convenient change purse; removable pass case; famous Secret Pocket for large bills. In various models $3.50 up



Hang-a-Pak*

Handy, hangable Toilet Kit for a man on the go. Fine leather, waterproof lined, fitted with necessary grooming articles $12.50 up

At your favorite Department Store, Luggage Shop, Haberdasher, Jewelry Store—or write:

Progressive
LEATHER GOODS CO.
33 W. 34th St., New York 1, N.Y.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

and straw hat, sitting at an editorial desk, composing a poem. That was the end of the Ghostcatcher.

In 1927, Casey made a trip to Indo-China to gather material for one of twenty books he has written. The highlight of the journey was his discovery, after a dangerous and solitary trip through a jungle, of the remains of an Oriental city that had never been seen by the eyes of a white man.

It was three years later, in the midst of the hurricane season, that Casey, seeking material for another book, set out aboard a small schooner for Easter Island, a ten-mile speck in the South Pacific. The Portuguese captain announced, after part of the journey had been made, that because the chronometer was broken they would have to turn back. The compass was out of order, too, but the Tahitian navigator assured Casey that he could find Easter Island "the old way."

"That," said Casey, "is good enough for me. Pull up the hook. We're on our way."

Buffeted by four gales and two hurricanes, after twenty-eight days the redoubtable Casey arrived at his destination. The object of the trip was to determine whether the island was proof of the existence of the lost island of Atlantis. Casey came away convinced that Easter offered no such proof.

Typically, Casey checked into the St. Regis Hotel in London just in time for the great September blitz of 1940. Within a week, he had been bombed out of six hostelries.

After one bombing-out, during which he lost his wardrobe, Casey appeared at the desk of another hotel attired in red felt bedroom slippers, khaki trousers and a fireman's blue shirt with big white pearl buttons. The clerk, regarding Casey as the most obvious type of transient, demanded payment in advance on the theory that Casey might not be around to pay his bill the next day.

"Nuts," said Casey. "How do I know this *hotel* will be here long enough for me to get what you want me to pay in advance for?"

Casey can't tolerate inefficiency, and he is fastidious about clean dishes in restaurants. He also believes food that is supposed to be served hot should be served hot. He loudly complained to the bleak headwaiter of a war-time London hotel one morning when his breakfast eggs were on the chilly side. "Under present conditions," asked the headwaiter, "could you do any better?"

"Hell, yes!" bellowed Casey. "The war's got nothing to do with the temperature of eggs." With that, Casey started for the kitchen, stopping en route to take an order for some hot eggs from Lady Margot Asquith.

When, after Pearl Harbor, Casey went to the Pacific, found fault with some of the things the Navy was doing, and said so in print, he began a celebrated feud with Naval security officers. An over-all complication was the fact

Continued on page 216

STOUTS!

SLIM down.. COOL off...

V-LINE Breez

THE SLENDERIZING COOL SUIT

Here's V-Line's exclusive scientifically slenderizing design in a summer-weight suit that's light as a feather, C-O-O-L as a breeze. You'll look pounds lighter . . . you'll feel cooler and more comfortable! The specially developed "BUR-MIL" fabric is crease-resistant...it can really take hot weather wear! Colors and patterns that make you look as cool as you'll feel. At your clothier or department store...or write V-Line for the name of store nearest you.

It's Light as a Cool as a Breez

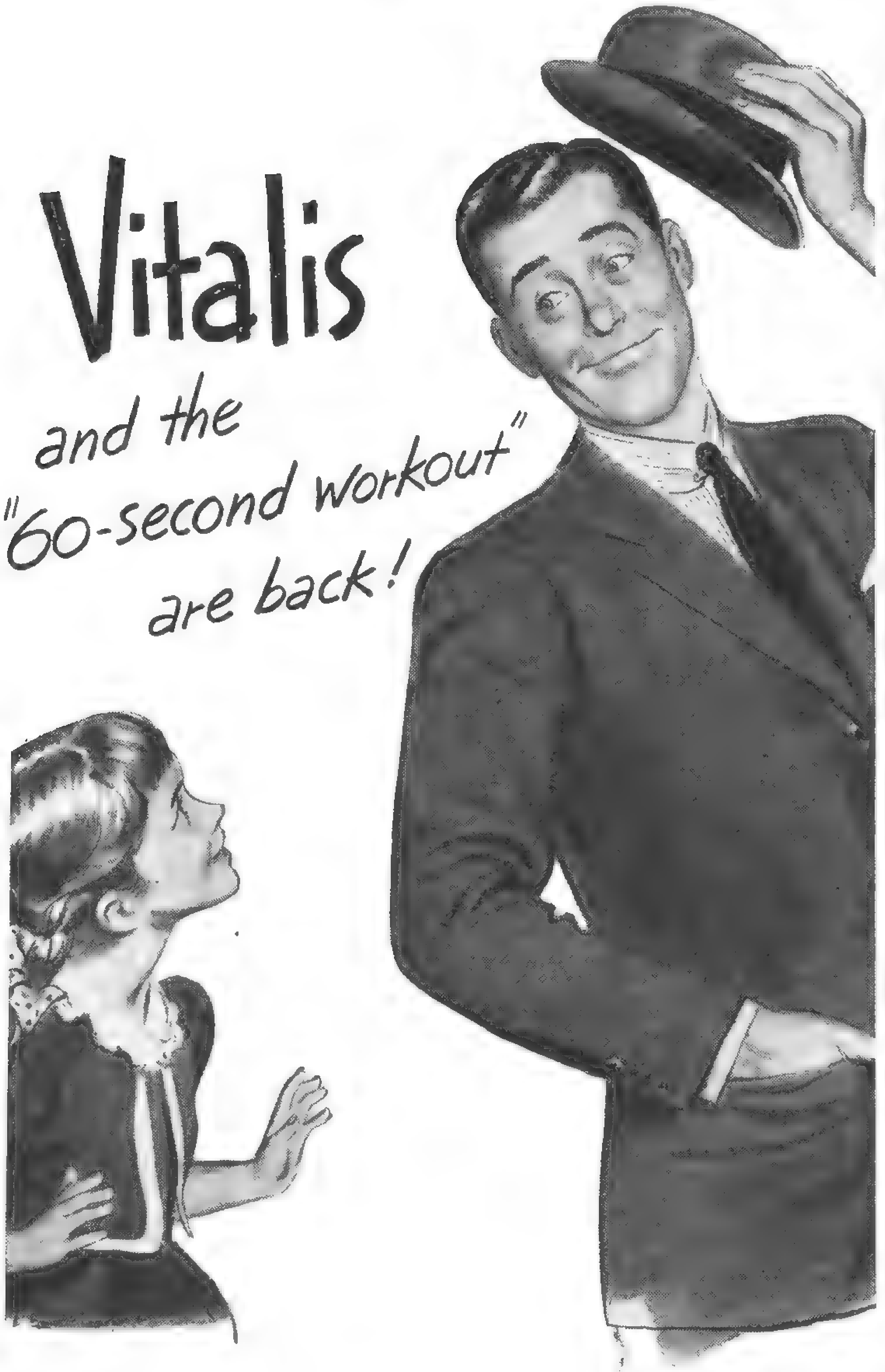
MADE OF BUR-MIL QUALITY RAYON FABRIC

V-LINE CLOTHES CO. • PHILADELPHIA 30, PA.

Now a minute'll make you the handsomest man you've been in years!

In just 60 short seconds, Son, you can now get all the scalp-tingling stimulation, the Hollywood-Here-I-Come good looks that you've missed all these years! BECAUSE . . .

Vitalis and the "60-second workout" are back!



Yes, Vitalis is back! Now you can get *genuine* Vitalis at your nearest drug counter. Get some today . . . and start tomorrow with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout." Treat yourself to the handsomest head of hair you've had for months and months!

VITALIS
Stimulates the Scalp
Dresses the Hair
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
NEW YORK

Product of Bristol-Myers

Vitalis and the "60-second workout"

Just one minute to look magnificent! 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your tight, dry scalp (this routs loose dandruff, prevents dryness, helps retard excessive falling hair.)

Now . . . 10 seconds to comb, and look at you! Ever think you could look *that* good? Get that bottle of Vitalis today!

The Luck of Robert Casey

Continued from page 215

that Casey and the officers who were holding up or emasculating his dispatches were both working for the same man—Frank Knox, Secretary of the Navy and publisher of the *Daily News*.

One day in Hawaii Casey got a phone call from the mainland. Discovering later that the Navy had tapped his line, he went to the officer who had put the tap on and shot the fellow's blood pressure up twenty points by stating, "It may interest you to know who was on the other end of that call you listened in on. Fellow by the name of Frank Knox."

Authorities on the subject consider Bob Casey one of the few really great reporters of World War II. Among the big-time correspondents he has earned distinction as a man who stuck around a place long enough to find out what was going on, reported the news exactly as it happened and refrained from stuffing his own opinions down the throats of his readers. Casey's four books about the war—*I Can't Forget, Torpedo Junction, This Is Where I Came In* and *Battle Below*—are somewhat unique because they are about war rather than about Casey.

Today, Casey's room in the *News*, which has no windows and is as hot as a furnace in summer, has its walls filled with memorabilia that reflect the occupant's career. One wall is completely covered with worthless stocks. There are unlucky Irish sweepstakes tickets, Christmas cards, including one from Sally Rand showing Santa Claus doing a bubble dance, a membership card in the North Montana Horseshoe Pitchers Association, a vivid photographic warning about baldness, prize newspaper boners, cartoons of Casey, a photograph of Charlie McCarthy sitting on his knee, and phone numbers written in red.

A hat rack from the *News* building of the 1920's occupies the place of prominence in the room. On it hang the horns of a Texas steer, decorated with green plush, a Japanese umbrella and Casey's hat. The room is decidedly out of place in the modern *News* building. But Casey is sentimental and touchy. He likes the hat rack. When its presence in the new building was questioned, Casey said if the hat rack couldn't move in, he wouldn't, either.

At the moment, Robert Joseph Casey is in a state of comparative quiescence, functioning as feature writer and drama critic of the *News*, but Chicagoans, and visiting Thespians whose talents come under Casey's iconoclastic, slightly jaundiced gaze, have their fingers crossed. Casey, the unpredictable, might, in an eruption of anger or whimsy, blow drama criticism from its cloistered surroundings inside the paper and make it front-page stuff, letting the hams roast where they may. ##

Continued from page 95

Andover CLOTHES

ALWAYS A STEP AHEAD IN THE STYLE PARADE

Andover Clothes, Inc.
841 W. JACKSON BLVD., CHICAGO 7, ILL.
Sold by Leading Dealers Everywhere

NEW—
Totally Different from your blade!

KANT-RUST STAINLESS STEEL BLADES

KANT-RUST
Blades

Made and unconditionally guaranteed by the makers of famous Cooper Blades.

15 to 30 Shaves per Blade

Because it is made of patented new stainless steel which is 19 times tougher than any other blade steel.

100% Rust-proof
No Wiping—No Drying
It's stainless steel...it can't rust! Just shave and rinse...your razor won't rust. It's plated!

12 for $1.00
(up to 12 months' supply)
Trial Package—
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At selected dealers or order direct

COOPER • 35 York St., Brooklyn 1, N.Y.
Makers of America's Finest Blades

ALL OUTDOORS
IS YOURS ON A
HARLEY-DAVIDSON!

THE fun and beauty spots are calling you! Majestic mountains — lakes and rivers — forest and open country — broad highways and country lanes — are awaiting you and your NEW HARLEY-DAVIDSON. Pack your evenings, weekends and vacation days with pleasure! Join other Harley-Davidson riders on tours and endurance runs — or take in race meets, hillclimbs and other thrilling motorcycle events. See your Harley-Davidson dealer *early*.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
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Write for free copy of ENTHUSIAST MAGAZINE filled with motorcycling pictures and stories.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON
MOTORCYCLES

CHATEAU LEJON

Portal

No oaken door guarded a treasure-filled cellar more carefully than the Lejon cork guards the flavor of its own white wine. Chateau Lejon, bottled at the winery, comes to you sealed with the bouquet that all who drink enjoy.

Chateau Lejon
BRAND
CALIFORNIA
WHITE WINE

Distributed by National Distillers Products Corp.
New York, N. Y.

The Indianapolis "500"

Continued from page 47

speeds. Batteries and generator add weight and involve wiring, so by using a magneto for the spark—and starting the cars at the pits with a lead-in wire—they save about fifteen pounds.

Racing tires are sold at cost: twenty-five dollars each. They have thin treads and use hydrogen instead of air, because it doesn't seep through the tube or give the pressure build-up familiar to the tourist. Practically all entries today could finish on their original rubber, nearly all changes being precautionary. In the past ten years there hasn't been one true tire accident.

Tire changes, incidentally, are done in a fashion that makes the average bystander gasp. About ten seconds per wheel is the usual allowance.

Another surprising feature of the racing cars, to the layman, is that their engines are about half the size of a typical passenger car motor. They have smaller displacement than the average low-priced car, yet produce about three times the revolutions per minute of an airplane motor. Most of the motors have only four cylinders.

In 1928 the official lap record of 124 mph was set by an engine not much bigger than that of a motorcycle. In order to qualify, you must average 115 mph over a twenty-five-mile run—which means driving up to 160 or better on the straightaways. New entrants must take an "apprentice test": driving ten laps each at 80, 90, 100, 105 and 110 mph before a jury of veteran drivers. About half of the hopefuls flunk.

Fourteen races were run before an average speed of over 100 mph was hung up for the full 500, and it was seven years more before the figure moved up to 104 mph in 1932. The race record is Floyd Roberts' mark of 117.2 set in 1938. This included all pit stops.

For all its breakneck drama, the "500" is dedicated to a purpose far more important than providing thrills for huge crowds of spectators. The Speedway is the greatest automotive engineering proving ground in the world. Radical improvement of fuels, lubricants and engines for aircraft, tanks and P-T boats can be traced to the Indianapolis races. You may think that 100 octane is "high-octane" gasoline? The boys at Indianapolis were mixing the equivalent of it twenty years ago!

European countries have long recognized the value of the auto race track as a testing and developing ground for war materials. Germany subsidized its engine manufacturers in building motors for racing cars. It is not surprising that those very engines were later adopted in the Messerschmitt fighters encountered by the RAF. On the other hand, the

Continued on page 218

See this Royal Oak Cologne and After-Shave Lotion gift set in pickled oak tray at better stores, $5. Other Royal Oak gifts from $2.50* to $7.50.**

The Gift that complements the things Dad Loves

JUNE 16

Does your Dad like the sparkle of the sun on a woodland brook? Then he'll like the shimmering flagons of Royal Oak.

Does he like the grain and texture of fine woods? Then he'll like the richly polished, lavishly crafted design of Royal Oak.

Does he like the clear and bracing air of early morning? Then he'll get an exhilarating pleasure from the subdued, masculine fragrance of Royal Oak. So honor him with this distinctive Father's Day gift. He'll be proud to display the elegance of Royal Oak.

** Tax on lotions and colognes only.*

ROYAL OAK
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
DISTINGUISHED REQUISITES FOR MEN

A Watch to be proud of whether you buy one for yourself or as a gift for another

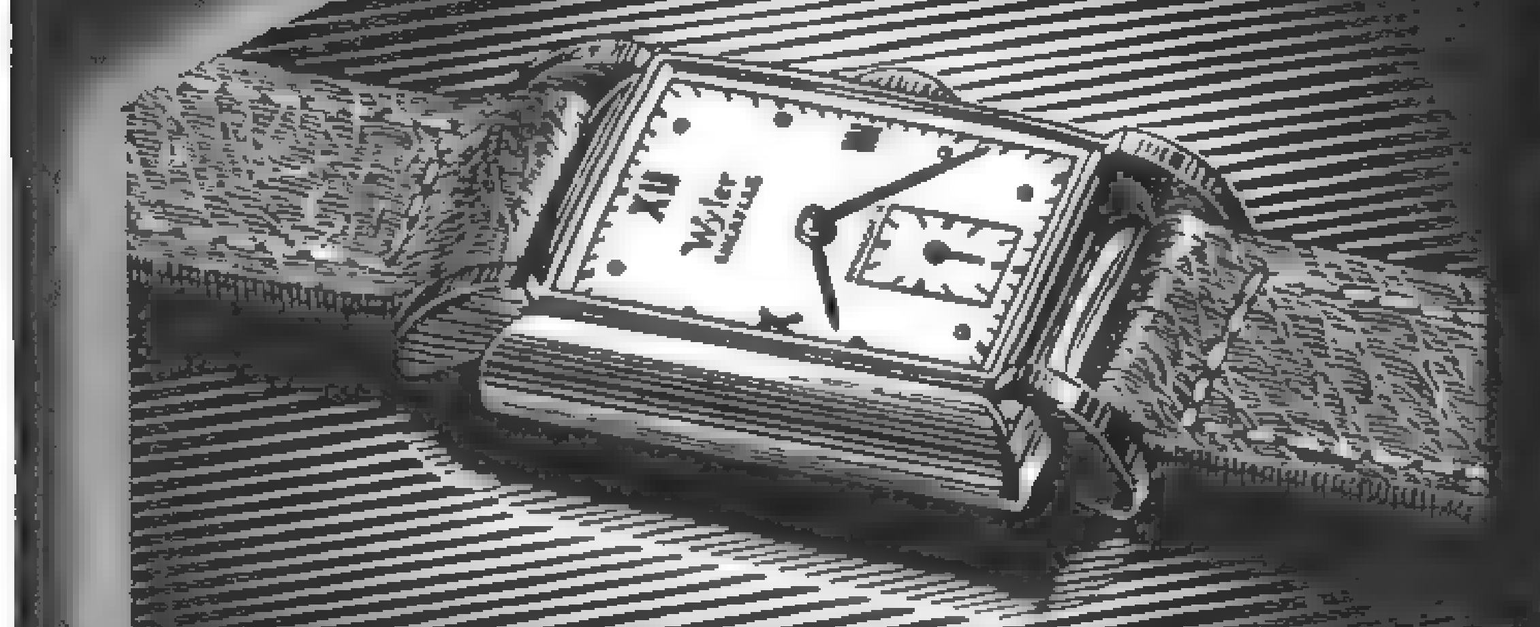
Wyler Incaflex*

ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT WATCHES

Famous in 52 Countries

The Cambridge

14K gold filled case. Guaranteed protection against shock, anti-magnetic, with 17 jewel movement. 52.50

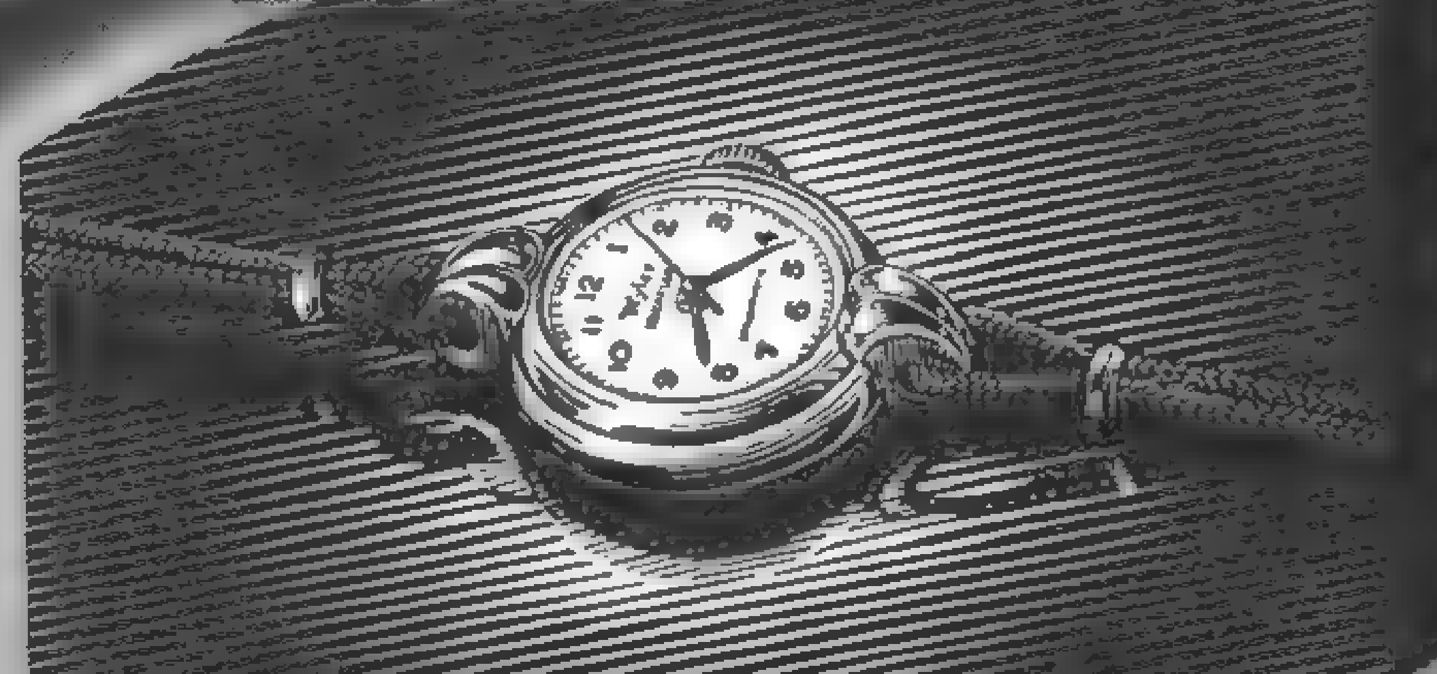


Externally Beautiful

...INTERNALLY RUGGED

The Saratoga

14K solid gold case. Guaranteed protection against shock, anti-magnetic, 17 jewels. Sweep second hand makes it ideal for professional use. 62.50



*THE ONLY WATCH IN THE WORLD WITH THE F·L·E·X·I·B·L·E BALANCE WHEEL THAT COUNTER-ACTS SHOCK

SHOCKS CAUSE DAMAGE
SHOCK PROTECTED

ORDINARY CONSTRUCTION
Straight, rigid spokes transmit the shocks that frequently damage "the heart of the watch"!

INCAFLEX CONSTRUCTION
Spiral spokes, flexible in action, counter-act shocks, prevent damage to balance mechanism!

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Because, the balance wheel mechanism, "the heart of the watch," is *unconditionally guaranteed.*
Because, the Wyler watch with *exclusive* Incaflex construction provides the *inner flexibility needed to counter-act shock.*

WYLER WATCH AGENCY, Inc., Rockefeller Center, Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

The Indianapolis "500"

Continued from page 217

engine which beat those Messerschmitts out of the skies was the British Spitfire's Rolls Royce-Merlin, likewise developed by racing men for racing.

It was the same story in this country. The Allison Division of General Motors, builders of some of our fastest fighter-plane motors, is merely the outgrowth of a workshop established on the track thirty-five years ago by one of the Speedway's founders, James Allison. And when the AAF tested all makes of tires to find the best for use on fast pursuit planes, one make was so far ahead that its secret formula was written into Army specifications for all airplane tires from then on. That tire was the "high speed construction" type developed for the brutal torture of the Speedway.

The average motorist has reaped dividends from the "500" ranging all the way from the rear-view mirror to independent wheel suspension. Balloon tires came directly from the Speedway. Practical wire wheels and demountable rims developed out of the need to cut pit stops to a minimum. Even four-wheel brakes won quick acceptance because they made for quicker pit stops and equalized tire wear.

Pressure lubrication developed because, as engine revolutions increased, it became more difficult to get oil on the moving parts by conventional methods and engines burned out. To cite an extreme case: when a supercharger bearing is turning at 35,000 rpm, it is impossible to put oil in its natural state on the bearing. In fact, if a solid drop of oil should strike the part at that speed, it would shatter the metal. So the racers developed the idea of atomizing the oil and blowing it under pressure—although bearing experts said it couldn't be done. The supercharger itself was the answer to the plea for more even distribution of fuel to give increased power and smoother performance.

Now with the return of the big race we can look for further developments. Some of these are four-speed transmissions; the setting of engines at a 45° angle; the rear-engine, four-wheel drive; the extensive use of magnesium parts to reduce weight; the cartridge starter; a new aluminum braking system which promises to be the finest yet. One canny driver has perfected a "tire trouble indicator" which flashes a signal when an incipient blowout starts. Another veteran, worrying about the excessive tire roll and wear on fast turns, has come up with a wider rim which seems to solve the problem.

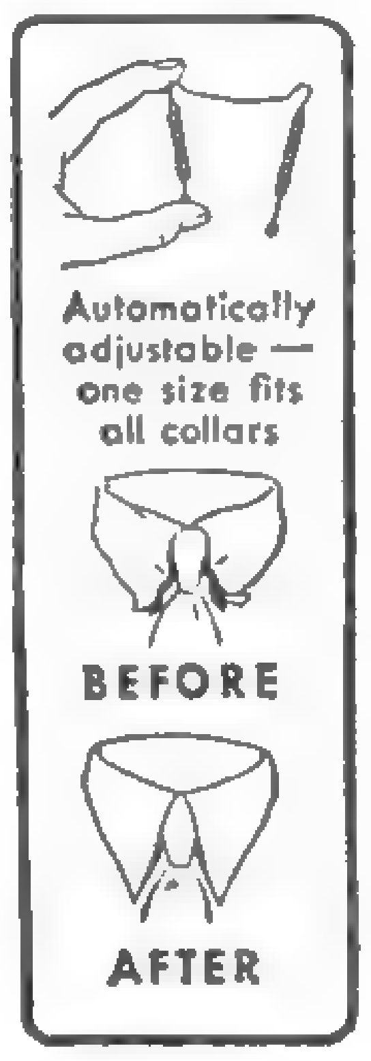
The Indianapolis "500" is the only laboratory in the world where an automotive engineer can subject his latest brain child to the rigors of 50,000 miles of life in a fleeting four hours. ‡‡

Continued from page 47

Don't be a "CURLY COLLAR"

Keep Collar Points Down

Wear this *comfortable featherweight* SPIFFY COLLAR "STAY-DOWN" under your *collar. Slips on in a jiffy*—insert pin points under tips of collar points. *Entirely invisible.* Starched collar neatness with soft collar comfort. Saves shirts. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct—4 for $1, postpaid.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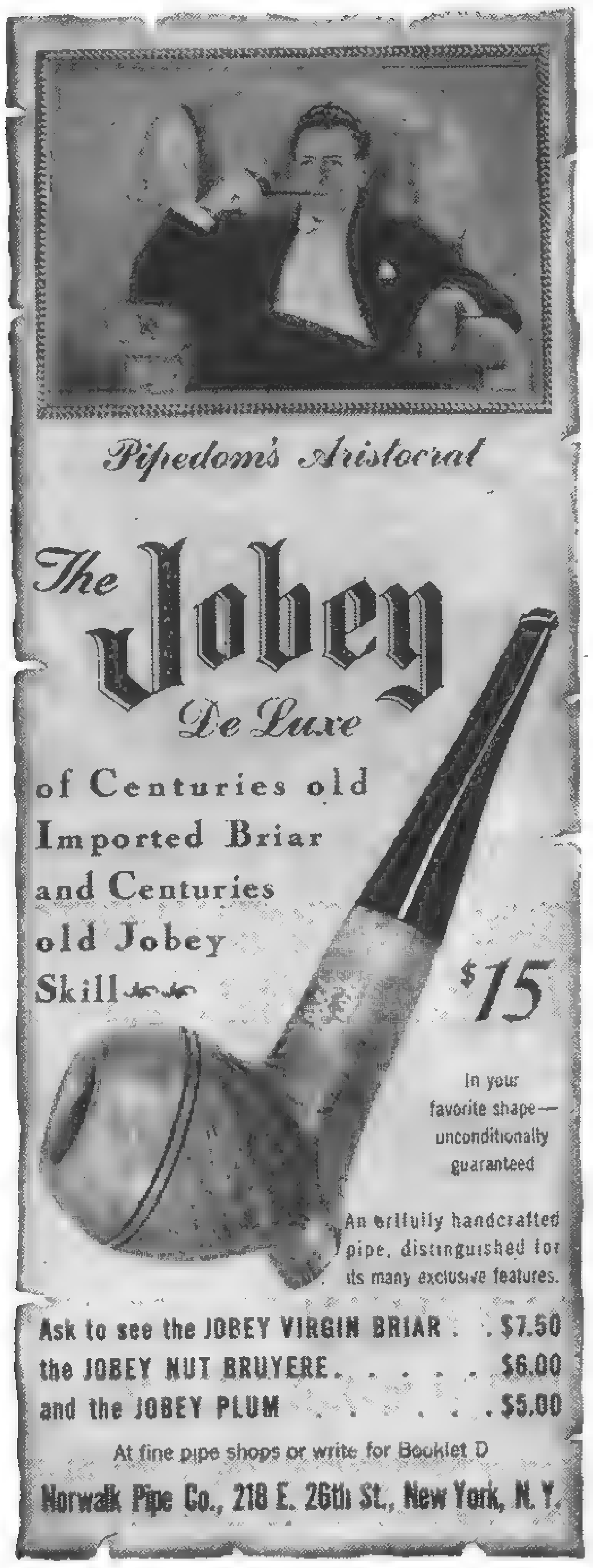
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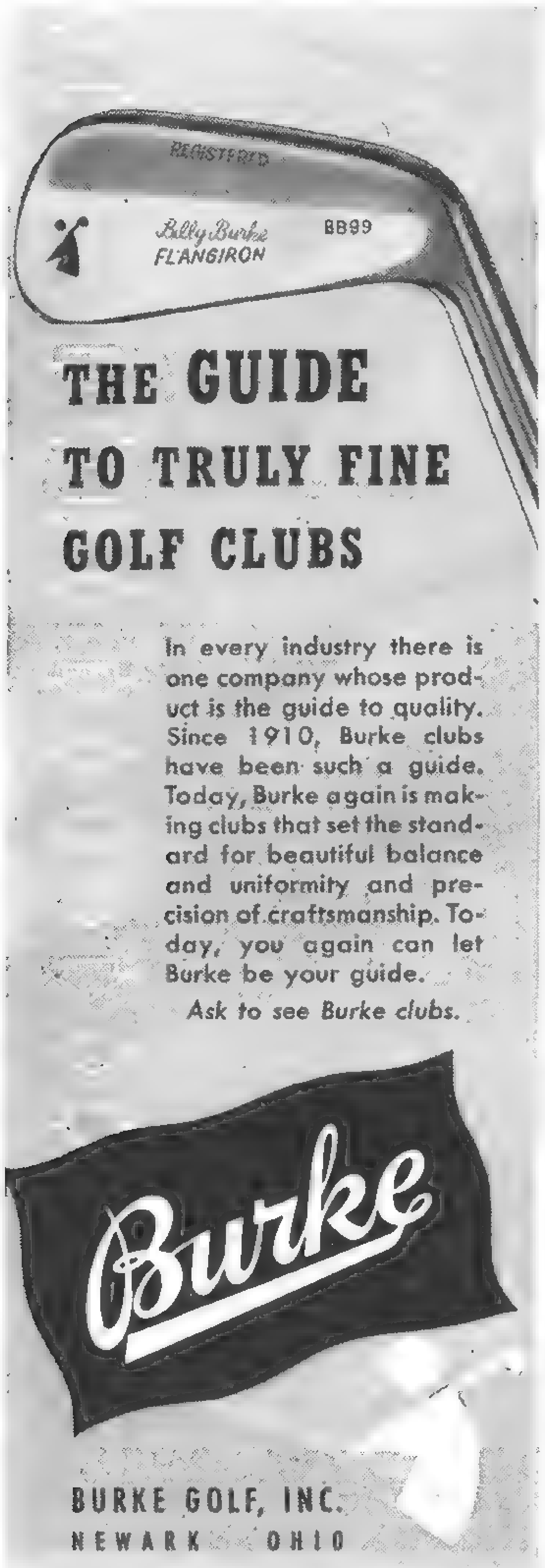
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BURKE GOLF, INC.
NEWARK OHIO

Trout Tackle for Bass

Continued from page 76

of water. You must harden yourself, and be ready to strike swiftly, a maneuver that requires a nice sense of timing. He can eject a fly in a split second.

Not infrequently you will find a bass that will, apparently, strike a half-dozen times. Yet, when your wrist flexes in the instinctive rod strike, you don't feel your fish even momentarily. It makes you feel pretty silly and the experience has been known to generate some memorable profanity. Your bass isn't really striking; he is merely trying to drown the fly. If this should happen to you, refrain from striking when the bass jumps and splashes. After he hits the water, raise the tip of your rod and pull the fly under. You will be pleased at how often the bass will move in for the kill. The second you feel that under-surface strike, do your stuff. Delay an instant and you have lost your bass.

He's a tricky beggar, the bigmouth. His favorite trick, after being snagged, is to rush the boat and swing under it, hell-bent. To avoid disaster, you will have to move swiftly when the bass adopts this tactic.

He can jump, too, with a spectacular leap, as thrilling as that of a rainbow. Watch out for tricks. This fish has weight, strong fins and a cunning brain. He is given to sounding, going straight to the bottom, standing squarely on his blunt head and then kicking the devil out of the delicate leader with powerful wallops of his tail. Give line easily when this happens. If you don't, the leader will break, or the vicious tail strokes will tear the fly from the mouth of the bass. I've lost many bass in this manner.

Stream fishing for smallmouth is almost precisely like trout fishing. Streams may be larger, but the water will be just as fast. The hazards and obstacles are often larger than encountered in trout fishing. If you think there is no possible comparison between a brook trout and a bass, wait until you snag a two- or three-pound smallmouth in fast water. He has agility and strength. Like the trout, he knows how to make that swift current work for him and against you. He knows every hidden snag and how best to take advantage of it. His tenacity, his will to live, will be found to equal that of any trout. He isn't yours until he is netted and safely in the creel.

Fish wet, by all means. Fish upstream, of course, and cast quarteringly across the current. Keep your line taut and be expectant and alert. Your smallmouth has more curiosity and is a little more deliberate than a trout. Time and again I have watched a smallmouth follow a wet fly through the water in a semi-cynical, slightly curious manner. He is calmly appraising the

Continued on page 220

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Trout Tackle for Bass

Continued from page 219

situation, turning over in his wicked mind whether or not he is hungry enough to grab that lure. He is a trifle cautious because the fly isn't acting naturally. While he is slow to make up his mind, when he decides he acts promptly, dashes away like a shadow, or grabs the fly and starts elsewhere in high. This is a trifle disconcerting, especially if you have failed to watch the fly intently.

Last year I persuaded a friend, a dyed-in-the-wool, skeptical purist, to join me in a jaunt after smallmouth. He had been casting for three-quarters of an hour and had had no strikes or rises. Standing hip-deep in fast water, legs apart, he began grousing about the alleged sport of fly fishing for bass. Suddenly, as he was about to lift his fly from the water, a big, lurking smallmouth, grabbed it and dashed in between my friend's legs. The little rod arched alarmingly. My friend tried to pivot and lift one heavily booted leg over the taut line. Failing, he sat down suddenly in four feet of ice cold water that swept him ten feet down stream before he could get to his feet.

He emerged spouting water and raging in eloquent language, but still grimly held his prized fly rod. Then his oratory reached a new high when he discovered that the bass was still on. For fifteen minutes he and the bass fought it out. There were times when I cheered each contestant. At last the fish was netted—a beauty, eighteen inches long. Later he tipped the scales at an even three pounds.

My friend squished to the bank of the creek, sat down and grinned.

"You got any of that brandy left?" he inquired. He took two generous doses and a dividend. Then he lit a cigarette and beamed.

"You know," he acknowledged, "there's something in this idea of fishing for bass with a fly! I never had more fun, got madder, or had more fight on my hands than this fellow gave me. I'm going to like this!"

He's an addict now, and catches his share of bass every season just a few miles from home. He claims that his fly casting accuracy has greatly improved too.

In almost every area it is easy to find so-called fished out lakes, ponds and streams—stretches of water that live bait, plug and spinner fishermen swear are barren of bass. Don't take their word for it. Purely as an experiment, give these waters a good workout. Some of the biggest creels I have ever taken have resulted from working such water. Fine adventure may wait for you, just a short distance from home—and you'll have no competition, either.

If bass have once inhabited a certain piece of water, some of them are bound to be left, provided the water is not contami-

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nated. Many of them will be old pioneers, big, crafty and cautious. Because there are so few of them to an acre of water they grow fat on the abundant natural food.

Go after them with all of the casting skill at your command. Cast carefully. Don't give up. You'll get plenty of action if you are patient and thorough. Bass taken in such waters are usually much larger than those you will take in average, well-fished lakes and streams.

You may find some waters where you will be unable to get a single rise or strike. That doesn't mean there are no bass. You may simply be fishing at the wrong time of day, with the wrong flies and improper technique. Possibly the weather is against you. When you try again, your patience may be richly rewarded. Four trips to a small lake in Ohio failed to net me a strike or rise. The natives told me there wasn't a single bass in the lake. But the following week I gave the lake another workout, and in two hours netted five fine bass, averaging over three pounds each.

Bass are not the only fish you can take with a fly rod. Don't overlook the pan fish family—including sunfish, bluegills, perch, horned dace, crappie, and even the lowly bullhead.

They are called pan fish for a good reason. Properly cleaned and intelligently cooked, they are fine table fish—sweet, full of flavor, fit for an epicure.

It's grand sport catching them, too. Early in the morning, late in the afternoon, even in midday, these small chaps are hungry, eager to smack at your flies. For bluegills, sunnies, crappie and rock bass, use your smallest trout flies. If you have an extra-light rod, the kind the British call a "wand," a fragile affair of about three ounces, use it for pan fish, by all means.

As a rule, your best pan fishing will be found in ponds and lakes. If the bait fishermen tell you the waters are barren of pan fish, pay scant attention to them. The chances are they'll prove plentiful, if you go after them properly.

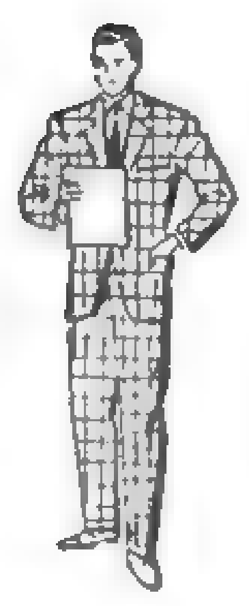
Watch for the telltale circles that inform you of a feeding fish. Cast toward that dimple in the water, letting the fly light as carefully as if a five-pound bass were lurking there. Then watch out for a spectacular strike. These fat, hungry fish come all the way out of the water to seize your fly. And they put on a good show.

Remember these fellows have tender mouths. Strike gently and bring them into the net with delicate skill. The rewards will be great if you happen to strike a school. This is really consolation fishing at its best, because you can almost count on having a strike with every cast. Incidentally, I always use a barbless hook on my flies and release the fish I am not keeping.

If the pan fish won't take a fly, try a small bass bug, using a dark pattern for bright days and white

Continued on page 222

UNDER
Tails or Tweeds



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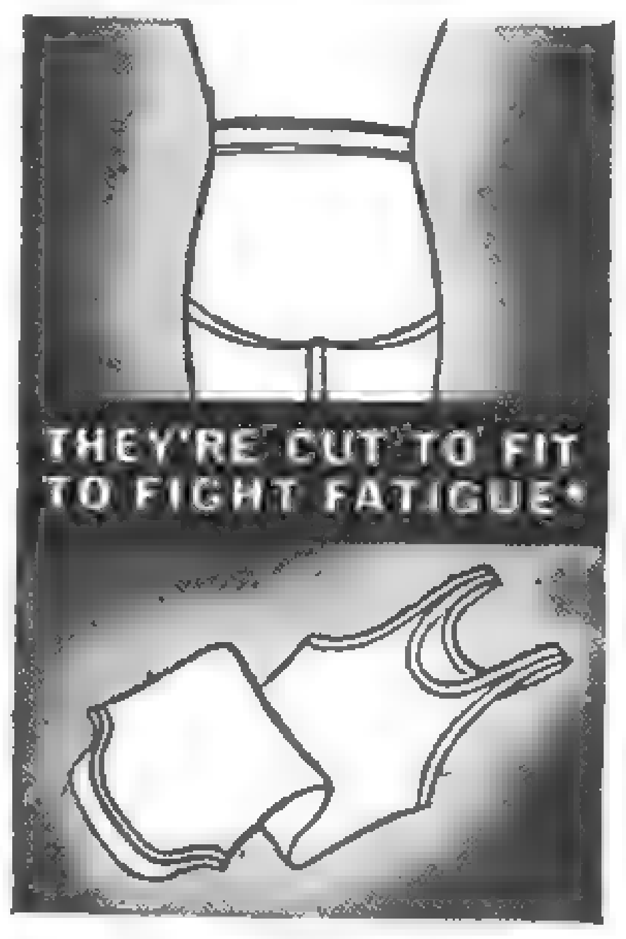
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NOTE: These few examples show how reasonable it is to send flowers by wire to any U. S., Canadian or overseas city.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY INTERNATIONAL
484 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit 7, Michigan

Trout Tackle for Bass

Continued from page 221

and colored patterns for dark days. A half-pound sunnie or bluegill will give your rod a fine workout, especially when he turns his broad body sideways and scoots through the water.

Perch? There's plenty of fight in these beautifully marked, plump fish, once you know how to get 'em. I've had my best luck on dark days, using a Scarlet Ibis and a tiny spinner, casting far from shore or from a boat, letting the lure sink deep and bringing it in with short jerks that keep the spinner turning attractively. Perch are seldom surface feeders. You'll have to fish deep for them.

Watch out for perch! Once you have a strike, keep your line taut, keep your perch coming toward you. They have an interesting and annoying habit, if you give them the chance, of burying themselves deep in a tangle of bottom weeds and lily roots. Getting them up is a devil of a job and a heavy strain on a light rod.

Perch are greedy and active, their coloration a delight to the eye. They come in outsizes once in awhile, and when they do, reeling them in is a once-in-a-lifetime thrill. I've taken eighteen-inch perch that gave me a fight equal to any fish of that size that I have ever caught. When they are fried in butter, they have a flavor that warrants a twenty-one gun salute.

Even bullheads will take flies! They are strictly bottom feeders, too, a fact I discovered by accident. One day while I was eating my lunch, I cast my fly out in the water to keep the leader soaked and limber. I started to lift the fly and found I was fast to a heavy fish. He gave me a real tussle and came in to net sluggishly. I was amazed to find a two-pound bullhead. He had swallowed the fly, darn him! But, here was another fine pan fish of superlative flavor.

These days most of us who fish have several angles to consider. As always, we want exciting, line-tingling sport, but with transportation still a prime problem, we can appreciate the extra pleasure represented by a few fat, sweet-fleshed bass and pan fish snared in near-by lakes, streams and ponds. Perhaps bass and pan fish are not considered fine table fare to be classed with trout, but I have proved to my satisfaction that they can be delicious and enjoyable enough to pique the palate of the most appetite-jaded gourmet.

Try trout tackle on bass and pan fish this year. Go about it seriously, and I'll guarantee that you will find good sport, plenty of thrills and some heavy creels. Meantime, console yourself with the thought that perhaps trout are prospering, multiplying apace in your once favorite trout streams. ⵌ

Continued from page 76

NEW COMFORT
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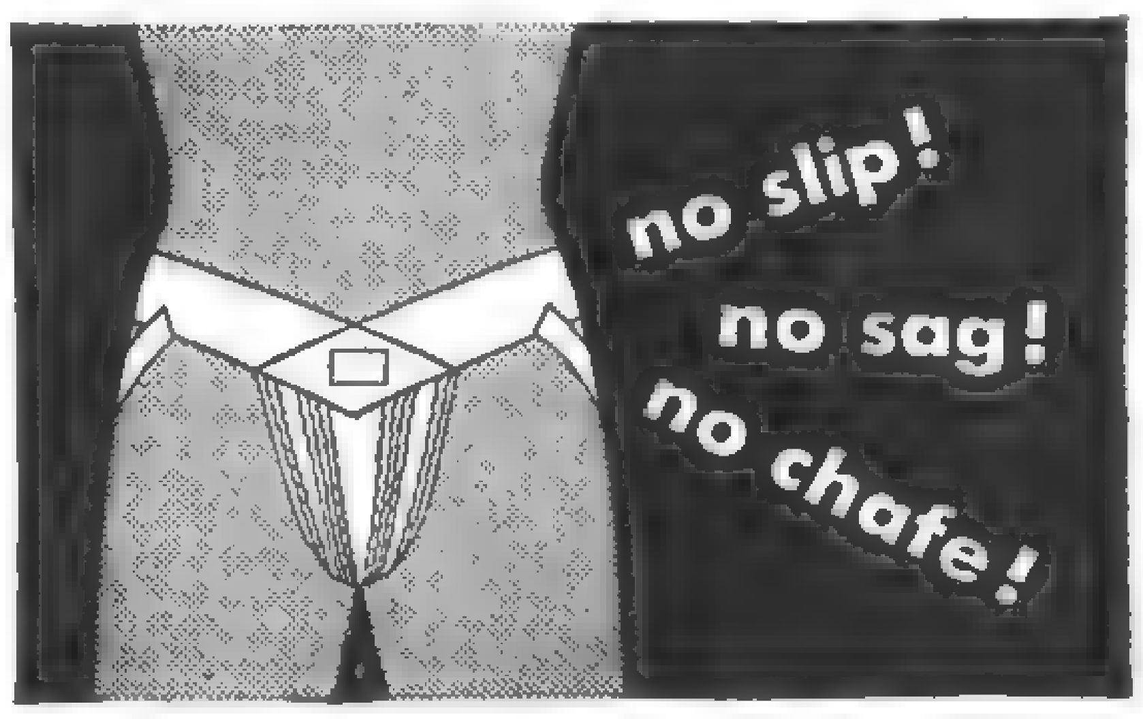
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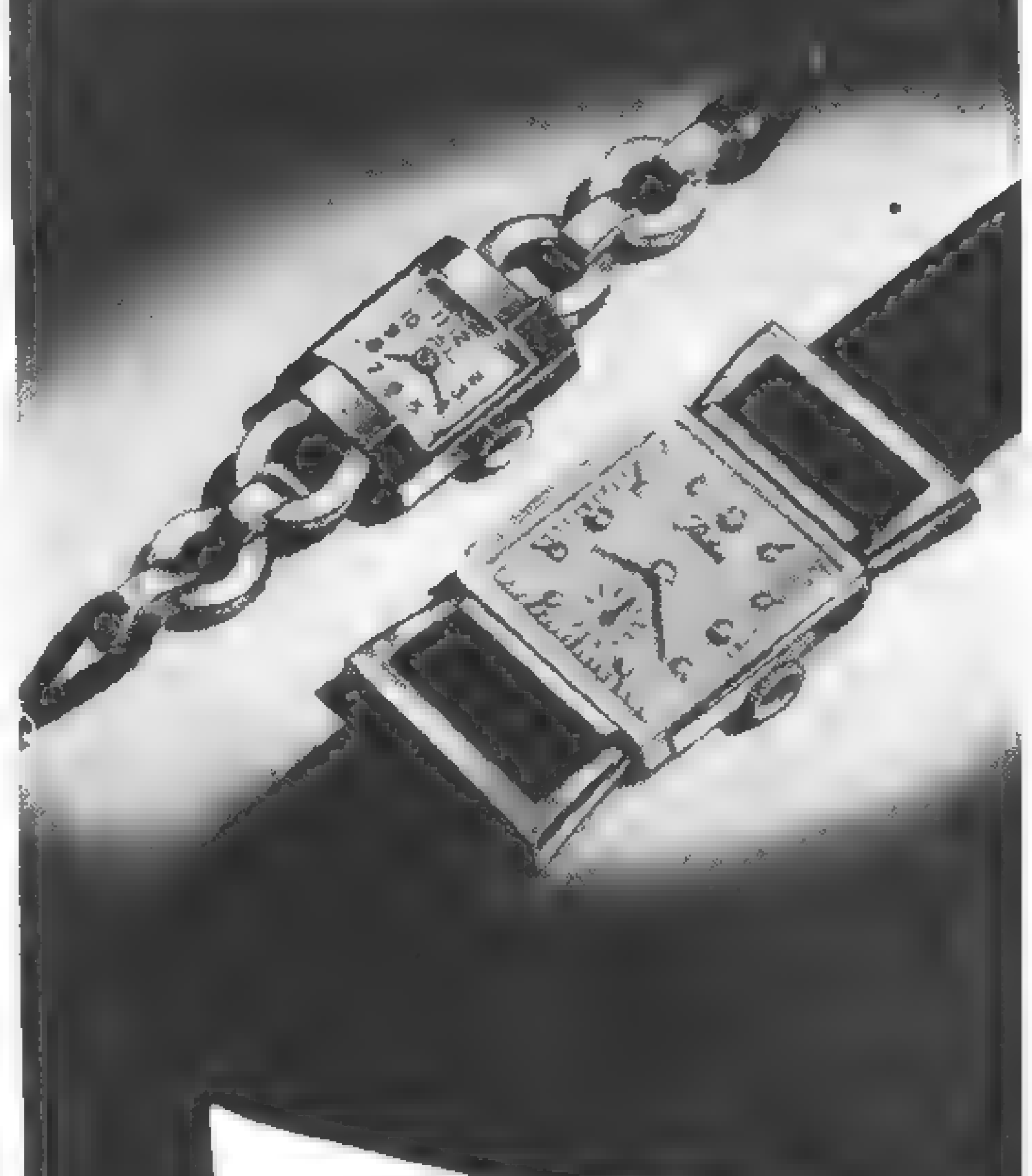

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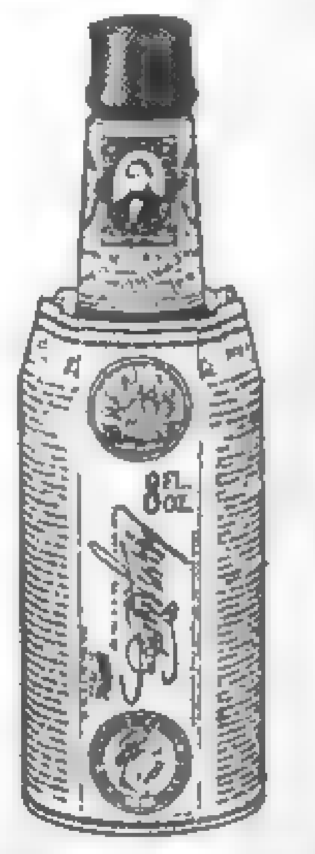

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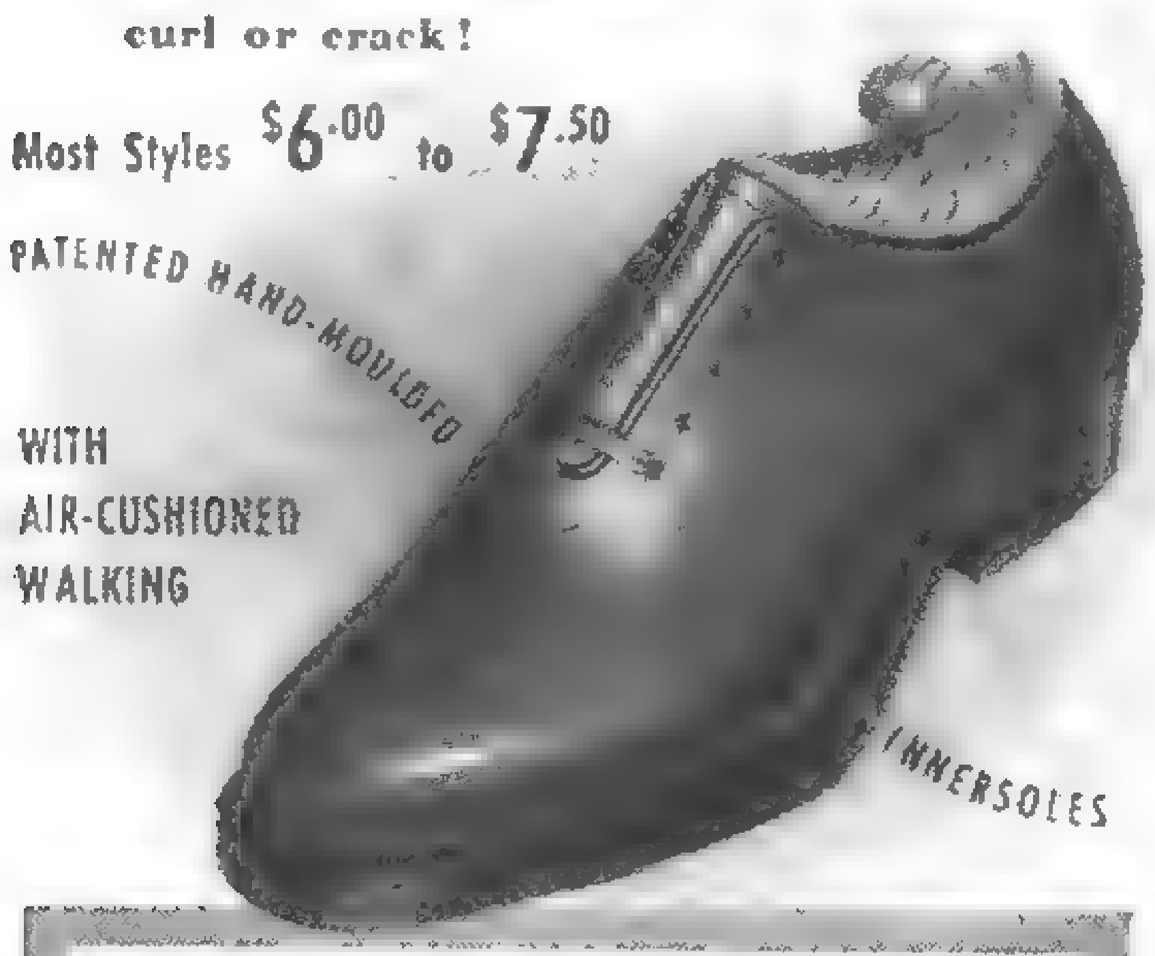

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General Saito's Last Order

Continued from page 63

came back with word that Nagumo had tried to commit hara-kiri but had failed, and his flag lieutenant had shot him. His own plans were better. He only wished that he could lead his men in the last charge, but age and physical weakness would not permit. He was sure his staff understood that it was not fear that prevented him. He knew the plan had no chance for success—only a chance for a glorious death.

He picked up the order lying beside his dagger and read:

"I am addressing the officers and men of the Imperial Army on Saipan.

"For more than twenty days since the American Devils attacked, the officers and men and civilian employees of the Imperial Army and Navy on this island have fought well and bravely. Everywhere they have demonstrated the honor and glory of the Imperial Forces. I expected every man would do his duty.

"Heaven has not given us an opportunity. We have not been able to utilize fully the terrain. We have fought in unison up to the present time, but now we have no materials with which to fight, and our artillery for attack has been completely destroyed. Our comrades have fallen one after the other. Despite the bitterness of defeat we pledge, 'Seven lives to repay our country.'

"The barbarous attack of the enemy is being continued. Even though the enemy has occupied only a corner of Saipan, we are dying without avail under the violent shelling and bombing. Whether we attack or whether we stay here, there is only death. However, in death there is life. I will advance with those who remain, to deliver still another blow to the American Devils, and leave my bones on Saipan as a bulwark of the Pacific. As it says in the *Senjinkun*, 'I will offer up the courage of my soul and calmly rejoice in living by the Eternal Principle.' Here I pray with you for the Eternal Life of the Emperor and the welfare of the country, and I advance to seek out the enemy. Follow me, Signed, Yoshitsugo Saito."

He knelt on a windswept northern rampart of Mount Tapotchau, facing the "Misty East." He called his adjutant:

"You fully understand my order—what you are to do?"

The adjutant nodded his head.

Saito slowly turned his eyes toward Tokyo, and raising his dagger he drew some of his own blood. In a voice so low that the adjutant could barely hear him, he said, "*Tenno Heika! Banzai!*"—"Son of Heaven, may you live Ten Thousand Years!"

The crack of a pistol rang out and Saito crumpled forward.

The adjutant had executed General Saito's last order. ##

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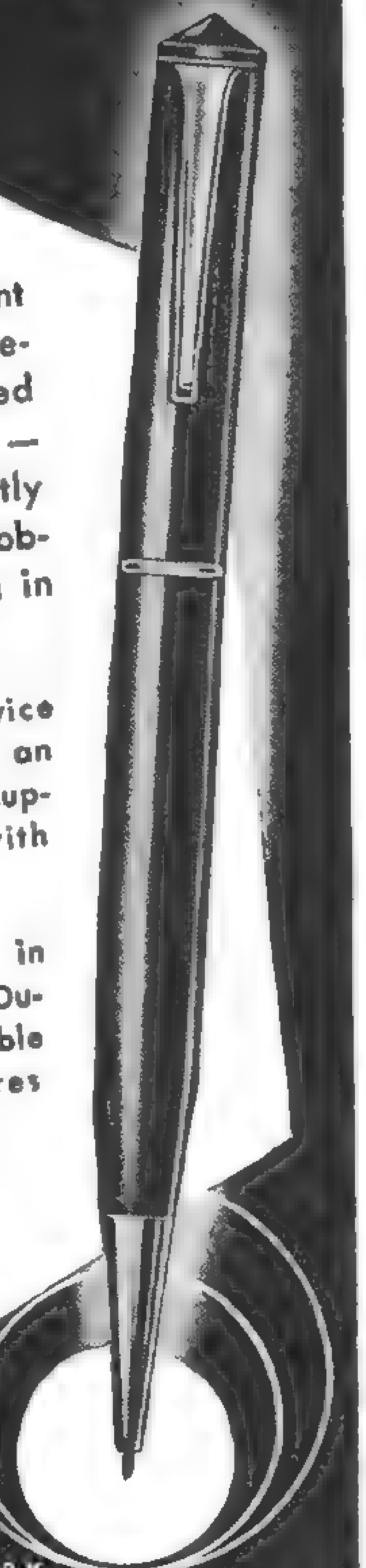

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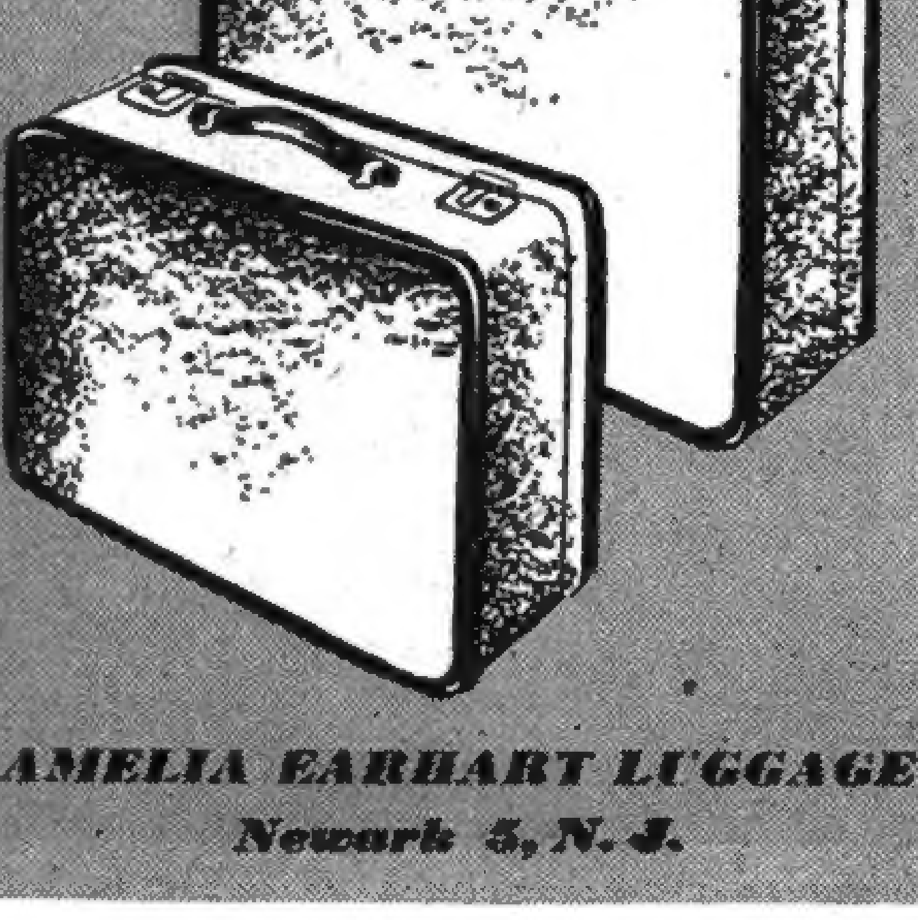

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Newark 5, N. J.

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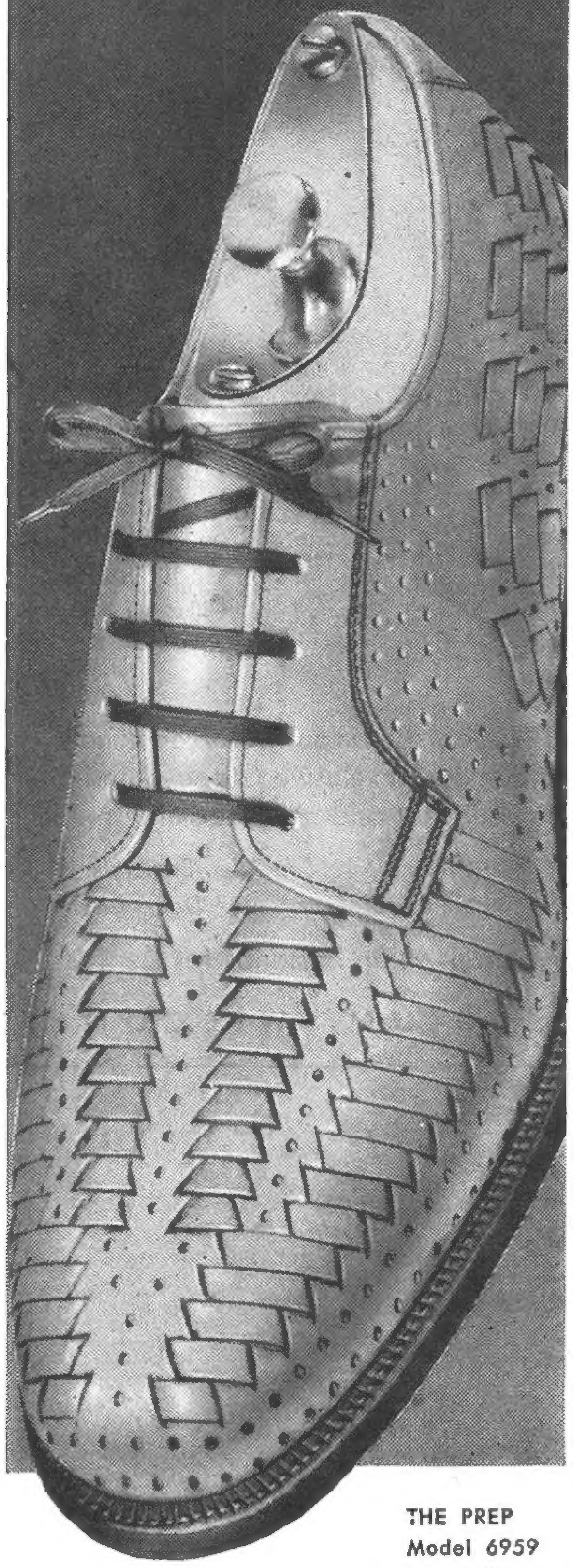

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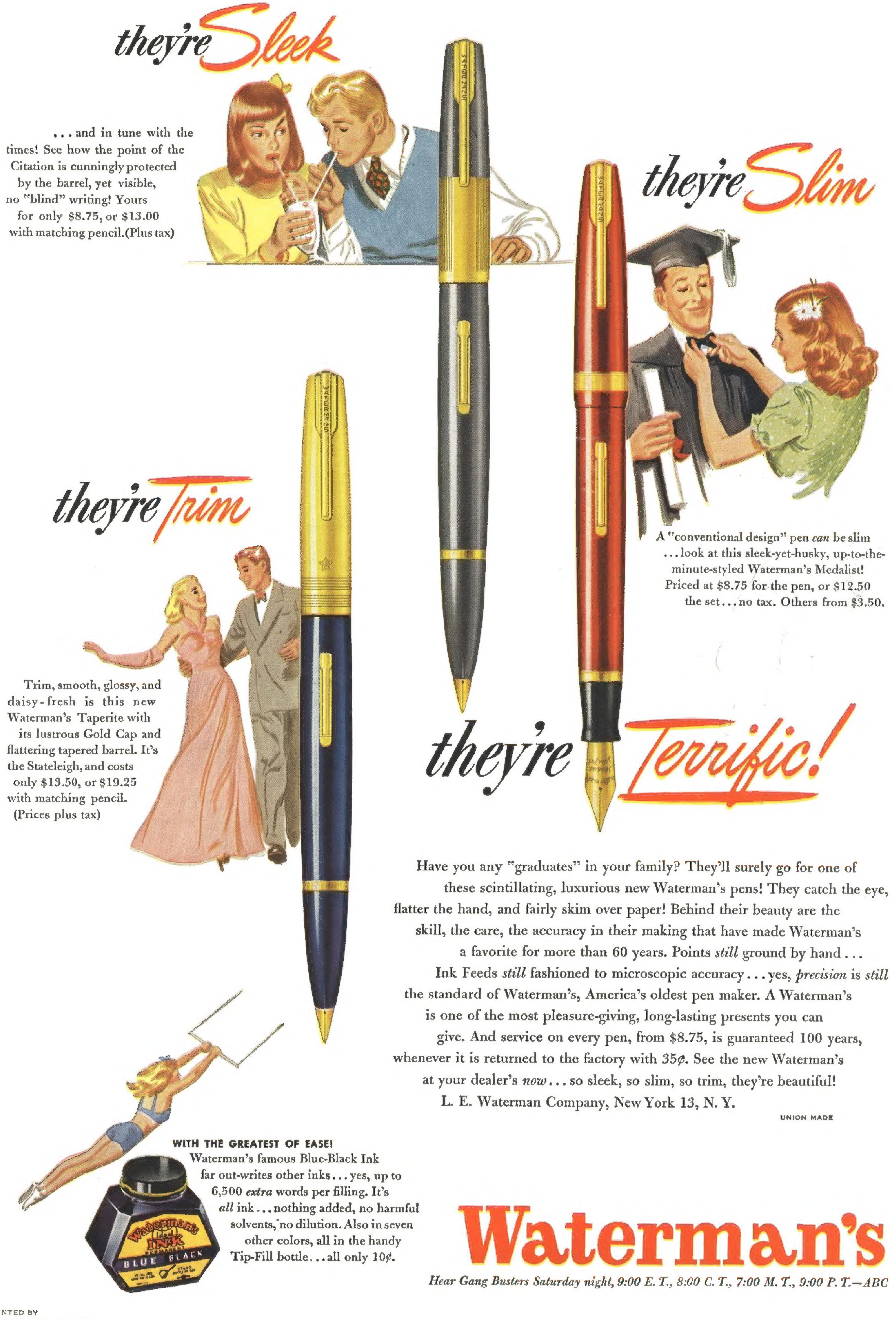

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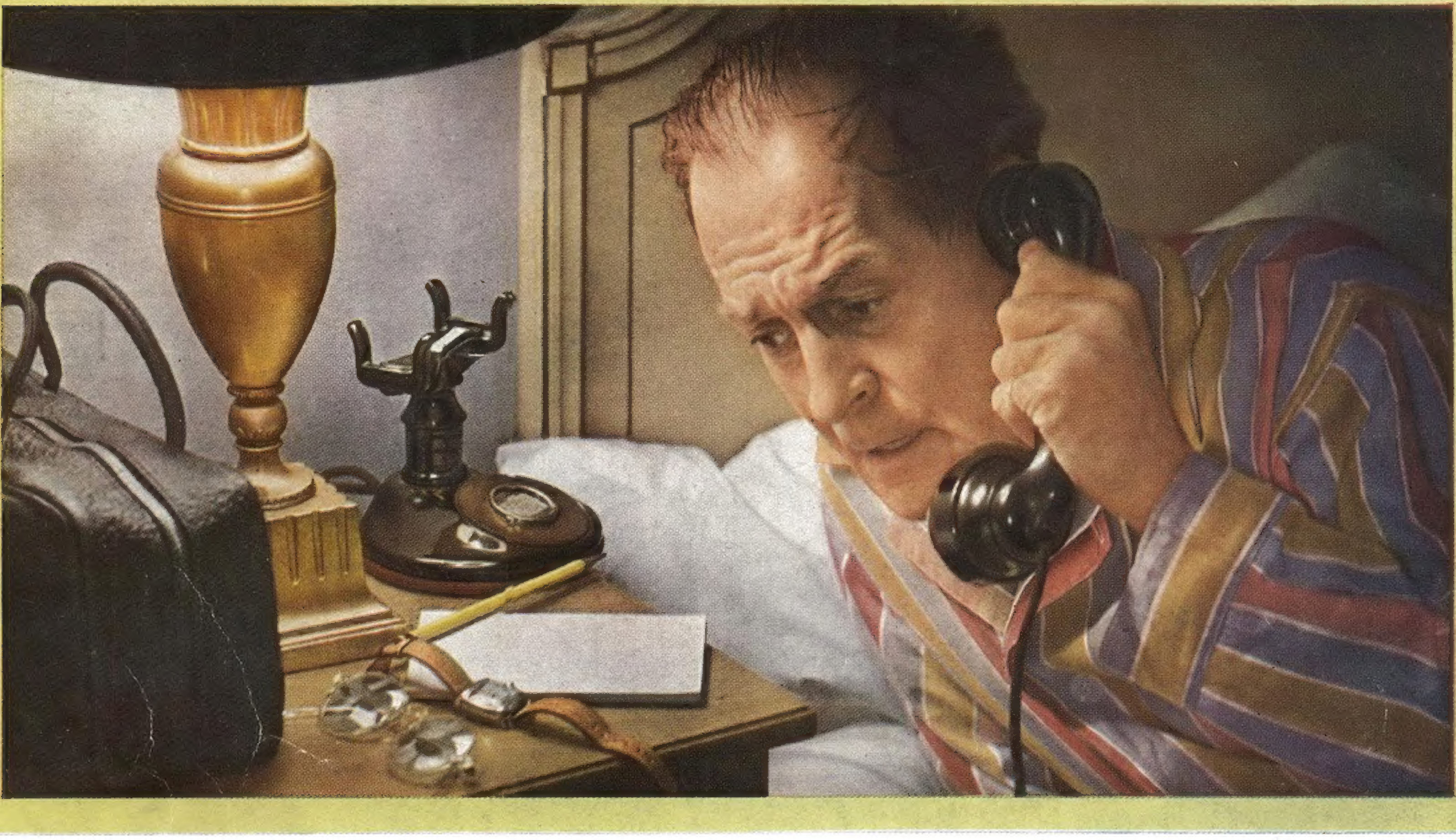

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE!

THREE leading independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors to name the cigarette they themselves preferred to smoke.

The answers came in by the thousands...from doctors in big cities, in small towns...from general physicians, diagnosticians, surgeons, specialists—doctors in *every* branch of medicine! Results? More doctors named Camel as their smoke than any other cigarette!

Yes, a doctor, too, smokes for pleasure. Full flavor, coolness, and mildness mean just as much to him as they do to any other smoker. Smoke Camels and see for yourself.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

THE "T-ZONE" TEST WILL TELL YOU

The "T-Zone"—T for taste and T for throat—is your own laboratory for any cigarette. For only your taste and your throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...and how it agrees with your throat. On the basis of the experience of many, many millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

CAMELS *Costlier Tobaccos*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.